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EUROPE AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH
Roger Greenacre

JUSTICE FOR ROBERT BRIDGES
A. L. Rowse

THE CROSS, THE CRESCENT AND THE STAR
Charles Foster

THE CITIES AND COUNTRYSIDE OF AUSTRIA
Richard Mullen

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EUROPE AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

by Roger Greenacre

ONE of the most colourful figures on the English literary scene between the two world wars was Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953). The son of a French father and an English mother, he was a confident and aggressive Roman Catholic apologist, a man whose stocky physique and literary style combined to conjure up the image of a prize fighter. His comic verses — most of them intended, in principle, for children — have certainly stood the test of time; what was arguably his worst book, *Europe and the Faith*, published in 1920, is chiefly remembered today for the slogan that punctuates its argument: 'The Faith is Europe and Europe is the Faith'. He argues that those who are not Roman Catholics 'look upon the story of Europe externally, as strangers', but that the Catholic 'as he reads that story does not grope at it from without; he understands it from within'. He argues too that the church assumed and continued the tradition of Graeco-Roman civilization: 'The Faith is that which Rome accepted in her maturity; nor was the Faith the cause of the decline, but rather the conservator of all that could be conserved'.

Most readers of Belloc's book today would be appalled at the prejudices he so belligerently displays; he is at one and the same time antisemitic, antimasonic, anti-Byzantine, anti-Protestant and anti-Prussian. But underneath the prejudices and the tendentious manipulation of history is a claim not lacking in a certain seductive quality; any Western European Christian with a sense of the history and culture of his continent, reading Dante, visiting Chartres Cathedral, listening to a Mozart Mass, could well be beguiled by it. But even for the Christian — or, rather, especially for the Christian — the thesis is fallacious and must be resisted for two reasons in particular.

First of all, it has to be admitted that Europe itself has never been totally Christianized (even in the most superficial or nominal sense). No other religion than Christianity can claim to have marked so profoundly the European consciousness or to have had the same European influence. Nevertheless, the history of Judaism from the Fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 to the Return to Palestine is largely (though not exclusively) European and Jews have played a prominent role in its intellectual and cultural history. One has only to think (taking a handful of names at random) of the contribution of such figures as Spinoza, Mendelssohn, Marx, Freud, Bergson, Buber and Chagall.

In our own time too, Islam is surely on the way to acquiring a European context and therefore a European development which it has not had since the so-called 're-conquest' of the Iberian peninsula. It is often forgotten that in the eighth century the Arabs over-ran Spain and that their further advance into France was only halted by the decisive victory over them of Charles Martel near Poitiers in 732. From that time the Arab and Islamic influence in Spain was strong, and although the 're-conquest' began to get under way in the ninth century, it was only finally completed in 1492, when Ferdinand and Isabella expelled all Jews and Muslims from Spain. The recent proposal to beatify Queen Isabella on the 500th anniversary of that expulsion showed a remarkable lack of sensitivity. In fact Spain can celebrate 700 years of Arab civilization, a civilization which has contributed so much to Europe, both directly and through its preservation and transmission of some of the lost masterpieces of classical Greek literature.

It must not be forgotten either that Spain was not the only centre of Arab and Islamic influence in Europe. Another prominent example is Sicily; the Cappella Palatina in Palermo still demonstrates to visitors today the extraordinary and harmonious synthesis of Arab, Byzantine and Norman artistic and architectural skills which reached its apogee during the reign of Roger I in the 12th century.

At about the time that Islamic culture was being finally extinguished in Europe's farthest south-western corner, another kind of Islamic advance was taking place with the extension of the Turkish Ottoman Empire into the Balkans, a threat which was to menace Christian Europe until the defeat of the Turkish fleet at Lepanto in 1571 and the defeat of the Turkish army outside Vienna by John Sobieski in 1683. It has to be admitted however that the Turkish contribution to European civilization has been less fruitful and less positive than that of the Arabs in Spain and in Sicily. Yet the remaining traces of Turkish cultural and political influence in the Balkan states and the continued existence of a small part of Turkey on the European side of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles are a challenge to any too facile an equation between Europe and Christendom.

In the 20th century, however, the culture of Europe is predominantly secular and this is no recent phenomenon. The 18th century, the century of Hume and Voltaire, saw the dominance of the rationalist spirit of the 'Enlightenment'; indeed since the 17th century non-religious philosophies have been fighting with Christianity for the soul of Europe. One of the strongest challenges in the last hundred years has come from Marxism and, although at the political and economic level the most recent past has seen the apparent collapse of Communism in Europe, the intellectual influence of Marxist ideas is still strong and likely to endure.

It is only one part — and not the most important — of any critique of the identification of Europe and the Christian Faith to demonstrate the considerable influence of non-Christian, pre-Christian and post-Christian culture in European history: the main thrust of the argument must lie

elsewhere. The Christian Gospel claims to be universal, to be *Catholic*, and it must stand or fall by that claim. A dangerous distortion takes place when the Roman Catholic Church is praised and admired by a man like Charles Maurras as the continuing vehicle of Graeco-Roman civilization (he was far less happy about its Hebrew inheritance) and as part of the necessary structure in any attempt to conserve or rebuild a Europe of traditional values (throne and altar), but admired from outside — for in fact until his trial and imprisonment after the Second World War, Maurras was neither a believing nor practising Christian. The confused history of the alternating changes in the policy of the Papacy towards *Action Française* (the movement led by Charles Maurras) illustrates the ambiguity of such a situation. As the Belgian historian, Roger Aubert, commenting on Pope Pius X's initially enthusiastic assessment of the agnostic Maurras as a 'valiant defender of the Holy See and of the Church', put it with gentle and delicate irony, the Pope had apparently failed to notice that what Maurras was praising was 'the success of these institutions in having contained within barriers borrowed from the wisdom of ancient Rome the more explosive elements in the message of the "Hebrew Christ".' If the Church's claim to catholicity is serious, then either its message is true and true for the whole of humanity or it is a lie and to be rejected by all. In the last analysis the essential Christian message cannot be more European than it is Asian or African.

Such a universalist approach is crucial to the integrity and credibility of the Gospel, but it does have to take into account a paradox that is also, in its own way, an inescapable element in the historical reality of the Gospel message and of its transmission in the life of the Church. This paradox has been described by the 20th century Swiss Protestant theologian Emil Brunner as 'the scandal of particularity'. This phrase is used to underline the essentially historical character of Christianity. Christians believe that what we know about God is the result not of man's unaided intellectual search but of God's own self-revelation and that God has chosen to disclose himself in a privileged and exceptional fashion in a particular history (that of the people of Israel) and supremely in a particular person, Jesus of Nazareth. This historical revelation has necessarily also its geography, though that geography is better defined in terms of the Mediterranean than in terms of Europe. The 'particularity' — the *hic et nunc* — of this revelation has been transmitted to us through three cultures and three languages — the three languages of the title of the cross — Hebrew, Greek and Latin. The paradox is that God's self-disclosure, though intended for the whole of humanity without exception, discrimination or favouritism, is conditioned by three historical (and geographical) factors.

The first is the particular and strongly marked culture and history of the messianic people Israel, a people whose tenacious sense of their identity as the 'People of God' almost inevitably involved not only a pronounced consciousness of being different and apart from their neighbours but, even more, a fierce hostility towards them.

The second is the notion of 'the fullness of time', as St. Paul puts it, in connection with the moment of the irruption of the divine into this world, in the Advent of Christ. The Incarnation of the Word of God necessarily involves the coming of the Eternal into Time and the choice by God for this 'coming' of a particular place and a particular time — Palestine at a period when it was part of the Roman Empire — must be considered as part of his providence.

The third is the fact that the Christian message — although not spoken by Jesus in Greek — was first committed to writing and first articulated (and debated) theologically in the Greek language and in the framework of the Graeco-Latin civilization of the Roman Empire. The Roman Empire constituted at the time what was referred to as the *oikoumene* (the whole inhabited world) and, though the Gospel did at a fairly early stage penetrate beyond this *oikoumene*, the Graeco Roman world was the matrix not only for the Church's normative period, that of the first Christian community and of the New Testament writings, but also for what has been called its 'building period', that of the Fathers, the early Ecumenical Councils, the Creeds and the early Liturgies. For Churches in the Eastern Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Anglican traditions (and for many others too) a real authority attaches to this 'building period' as well as to the normative period of the New Testament scriptures.

The vital importance for main stream Christianity of *Tradition* (primarily, of course, for the more 'catholic' Churches but increasingly now for the Churches of the Reformation also) means that this cultural and doctrinal history can never be ignored, denied or undone. The fact that the Creeds and the great conciliar definitions are considered to be 'irreformable' does mean that they are held to exclude what is erroneous; it does not mean however that they can never be restated or reformulated subsequently in ways that harmonize better with other linguistic and cultural traditions, provided that these do not contradict, pervert or undermine their original formulation. This point has been made clearly and concisely in the First Agreed Statement on Authority in the Final Report of the First Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission:

> All generations and cultures must be helped to understand that the good news of salvation is also for them. It is not enough for the Church simply to repeat the original apostolic words. It has also prophetically to translate them in order that the hearers in their situation may understand and respond to them. All such restatements must be consonant with the apostolic witness recorded in the Scriptures; for in this witness the preaching and teaching of ministers, and statements of local and universal councils, have to find their ground and consistency. Although these clarifications are conditioned by the circumstances which prompted them, some of their perceptions may be of lasting value. In this process the Church itself may come to see more clearly the implications of the Gospel.

Yet even here some reservations have immediately to be added. It can be argued that there was a providential presence of the Greek language

at the early and most crucial stages of the development of Christian doctrine. That language, with all the depth and subtlety of its philosophical resources was to hand when it was most needed for the vital credal and conciliar definitions of Trinitarian and Christological faith. Yet this language was also a direct cause of misunderstanding to those Christians who did not share a predominantly Graeco-Roman culture and many of whom lived outside the *oikoumene* in the tragic story of the so-called Nestorian and Monophysite schisms of the 5th century, resulting from the non-acceptance respectively of the Council of Ephesus (A.D. 431) and the Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451). The Churches then formed have never died out and some of them indeed are experiencing considerable growth and renewal in our own time. The dialogue between the Chalcedonian and non-Chalcedonian Churches, currently in progress, is gradually resolving many of the differences, largely through the realization that the two theologies had been kept apart not by formal contradiction but by misunderstanding resulting from cultural and linguistic factors. The vigour of the non-Chalcedonian Churches of Syria, Armenia, Egypt, Ethopia and South India is a continuing witness to the importance and vitality of non-European expressions of Christianity. These ancient Churches point too to the challenge of *Inculturation*, the need to find expressions of the theology, liturgy and spirituality of the Christian Church which can engage meaningfully with the different cultures in which the Church has to live and work.

The debate in the Church over inculturation has to struggle with two imperatives. There is first the call for faithfulness to the universal Christian tradition and to the maintenance of unity and communion within the Universal Church. The Church in one country or in one cultural tradition must be able to recognize in the Church of another country or another culture that it is essentially the same faith that they both confess, the same sacraments that they both celebrate and the same Gospel by which they both try to live. There is, no less necessarily, the call for legitimate diversity (diversity-in-unity) not only for the sake of liberty but, more importantly, for the sake of effective witness; a witness which demands a degree of adaptation to the thought forms, languages and traditions of other cultures. The history of Christian missions in Asia and Africa has shown how difficult the Churches have found it to give due and balanced weight to both these imperatives.

A classic and tragic example of a clash between them is to be found in the so-called 'Chinese Rites' controversy — a long drawn out history which began with the Italian Jesuit, Matteo Ricci (1552-1610), and his enlightened policy of identification with Chinese culture. This led to a lengthy debate about adaptation to Chinese costume and way of life, the legitimacy of the traditional honours paid to one's ancestors and to Confucius, the use of Chinese in the liturgy and the choice of Chinese words and phrases for a Christian vocabulary. The Jesuit policy aroused misunderstanding and suspicion, was denounced to Rome, and was finally and unambiguously condemned by Pope Benedict XIV in 1742 to the

great and lasting detriment of the Christian cause in China.

The problem if inculturation also raises very sharply the significance of European theological controversies and denominational divisions in a non-European setting. At the first World Missionary Conference, held in Edinburgh in 1910 and attended by delegates from Anglican and Protestant Churches, an unknown delegate from the Far East made a notable intervention. After thanking the European missionaries for bringing them the Gospel, he went on to reproach them for exporting to them also the divisions which had all taken place on European soil and which were a stumbling block and counter witness to the credible and effective proclamation of the Gospel of reconciliation in their culture.

So it is that today both the Christian European, aware of the deeper consciousness of a common cultural heritage and common destiny among so many European peoples and anxious to win back the peoples of Europe to Christian faith, and the non-Christian European, trying to identify and make sense of the same cultural heritage, will need (perhaps together) to engage in a re-reading of European history. The balance sheet will be a complex one, for they will need to make an inventory of both positive and negative factors arising from the Christian contribution to European history and the European contribution to Christian history.

Christians and non-Christians should be able to agree on at least some of the positive and impressive achievements of the Christian Church in Europe.

First of all, there is the crucial role of the Church (and in particular in the West of the monastic tradition) in keeping alive the flame of civilization in the darkest time of the barbarian invasions after the collapse of the Roman Empire.

There was therefore singular appropriateness in Pope Paul VI's proclamation of St. Benedict as Patron of Europe when in 1964 he reconsecrated the Basilica of Monte Cassino after its wartime destruction. It was however no less appropriate for Pope John Paul II, himself a Pole, to proclaim St. Cyril and St. Methodius, the 9th century Apostles of the Slavs, as Co-Patrons of Europe. Since that prophetic declaration, the disappearance of the Berlin Wall and of the Iron Curtain have further reminded us that the concept of Europe must not and cannot be confined to its western half. The European therefore who rejects Christianity is in an uncomfortable position; he is in fact having to reject the most powerful force in the evolution of any kind of European consciousness, powerful not only in its own message and its own life but also in its transmission of the riches of the civilization which preceded it. As we say this, we have, of course, to recognise that the same may seem to apply in reverse to Christians living, for example, in China and Japan; at this point everything depends on the credibility of the Christian claim that Christ is able to affirm and fulfil all that is true and noble in other religions and philosophies.

Secondly, there is the no less crucially important role of the Christian message in feeding and firing the imagination. Without imagination there

can be neither art nor poetry, neither literature nor music, and so much of the imagination that has been behind the creation of the masterpieces of European art, music, literature and architecture has been either directly or indirectly fuelled and inspired by the Church and by the Church's faith. In order to enter into this cultural heritage it is absolutely indispensable, if not to share, at least to make the effort to understand with some sympathy that faith. The European who refuses to do this is cutting himself off from the living springs of his own culture.

There are also negative factors in this balance sheet and this no Christian should attempt to deny. Just as every Christian is called to holiness but remains a sinner, so human sin also disfigures the countenance of the Christian Church — of all the Christian Churches. At least three negative factors need here to be recorded and acknowledged.

First, there is the ambiguous record of the Church in European history. Though it has often championed freedom, compassion and tolerance and inspired those who have fought for these causes, it has also on occasion identified itself — either openly or with a silent and cowardly complicity — with the forces of oppression and intolerance; too often by sheer conservatism, of naïveté or self interest it has sought to maintain the social, economic and political *status quo*.

Secondly, there is the fact that although the common profession of Christianity has been a factor of unity binding the peoples together in a common heritage, this has not prevented Europe from being the theatre of some of the most bitter, cruel and bloody wars in human history. This was true even before the visible unity of the Church in Europe was broken, but the issue has been worsened by the schisms which have divided the Church.

The major split between the Greek East and the Latin West is sometimes given the symbolic but misleading date of 1054, since on 16th July of that year the Papal Legate, Cardinal Humbert, and his colleagues entered the Church of the Holy Wisdom (Hagia Sophia) in Constantinople and dramatically laid a Bull of Excommunication against the Patriarch upon the altar. It is necessary to realise the importance of cultural and political factors in contributing to this schism. In his well known introduction to the Eastern Orthodox Church, *The Orthodox Church*, Bishop Kallistos of Diokleia (Timothy Ware) has made this abundantly clear: 'Long before there was open and formal schism between East and West, the two sides had become *strangers* to one another; and in attempting to understand how and why the communion of Christendom was broken, we must start with this fact of increasing estrangement'. But not only did increasing estrangement lead up to the events of 1054; it was events like the appalling sack of Constantinople by Western soldiers in the so-called Fourth Crusade in 1204 that made the mutual anathemas of 1054 a lasting reality and made the Byzantines wonder whether they might not be better treated by Muslim Turks than by their fellow Christians of the Latin West. In the East-West schism we see how political and cultural differences can lead to theological divisions and how theological divisions in their

turn can lead to deeper political bitterness. The tragic conflict in our own time between Catholic Croats and Orthodox Serbs is proof — if proof is needed — that the explosive mixture of nationalist and religious divisions is still as potent as ever.

The second great religious split in European history was the 16th century Reformation and here again the same almost inextricable intertwining of political, cultural and theological factors can be observed at work. It was certainly no accident that the Reformation coincided with a growing nationalism among the peoples of Western Europe, and the history of the Reformation in England illustrates perfectly how desperately difficult it is to separate out the theological from the cultural and political factors involved. The 16th and 17th centuries present us with a terrible history of religious persecution and politico-religious wars, and the bloody confrontation of Catholic Nationalists and Protestant Loyalists in Northern Ireland is evidence of the continuing destructive potency of unhealed memories from the past.

Legitimate pride on the part of Christians in the contribution of directly Christian influence to the transformation of Eastern Europe at the present time needs to be balanced by a sober and penitent awareness of the divisive powers of nationalism also at work in this transformation and of the part played by religious rivalry and jealousy in such nationalism.

A terrible stain on the collective European Christian conscience is antisemitism, and even today — even after Auschwitz — it is clear that antisemitism is not dead and that it has a tendency to be a powerful contributory element in many forms of religiously coloured nationalism.

Thirdly, there is the dark side of Europe's exploitation and colonization of other continents. All Europeans need to be aware of this, and European Christians need to be aware of — and penitent for — the complicity of their Churches in that exploitation. As they give thanks for those heroic Christians who championed the rights of, for example, the Indians in Spanish dominated Latin America, they will also need to ask why such witness was not more universal.

The subject of the relationship between Europe and the Christian Faith is so vast in its scope and ramifications that an essay of this kind cannot aspire to do more than identify one or two major themes, which in their turn will call for exploration at greater depth and at greater length. Other themes, perhaps no less important, cannot be dealt with at all here; some of them in any case call for a specialized knowledge of other continents, their cultures and religions. There is for example the whole question of the extent to which the Christian doctrine of creation has facilitated and encouraged scientific and technological advance in Europe as compared with the influence of other religions in other continents and whether the exploitation of the resources of nature is to be attributed to the same Christian doctrine or rather to its neglect. There is also the question of whether Christianity's influence on such questions as the rights of women has been — when compared with the record of other religions in other continents — liberating or oppressive.

As they survey the course of human history, believing Christians will hold that God has definitively revealed himself to humanity once and for all in Jesus Christ and also that that revelation will one day be seen to make sense of every human achievement, of every human search and of every human culture. European Christians will be grateful for the additional bonus of having been born into a culture which even today, after some centuries of secularism, enables them to understand more easily the Christian tradition and to commend it more forcefully to their neighbours. They are in fact in the position of saying to them, 'Look to the rock from which you were hewn, and to the quarry from which you were digged' (Isaiah 51, 1). At the same time they will be aware of the danger of oversimplifying this argument. For the theme underlying all those which we have tried to examine is that of the fundamental ambiguity in any relationship of Christianity with any and every culture, language, philosophy and social and political system. Any Christian celebration of Europe must find place both for shame and for glory, both for an act of penitence and for an act of thanksgiving, for *Kyrie eleison* and for *Gloria in excelsis Deo*.

[Canon Roger Greenacre is the Chancellor of Chichester Cathedral. This article is a shortened version of the original English text of his contribution (Le credo: *L'Europe et la foi*) to the second of the three volumes of *L'Esprit de l'Europe*, edited by A. Compagnon and J. Seebacher and published earlier this year by Flammarion (Paris).]

SELLING SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES

by Gerard De Groot

I never imagined that a Ph.D., two books and nine years teaching would land me a job as a salesman. But every autumn I join eleven St. Andrews colleagues on a sales trip to the United States. We divide into pairs, each pair takes a region and for three or four weeks we sell the university.

Pro-active student recruitment — excuse the jargon — has been a boon to the university. Ten years ago, when the government hiked overseas student fees, St. Andrews realised that there was money in Americans. Since the Scottish system of education (in contrast to the English) is roughly similar to that in the States, Americans can be admitted directly from high school. A friendly colleague from one of the bigger Scottish universities once ridiculed the St. Andrews approach, implying that it was indicative of our declining standards. Now his university has begun to imitate us. Reality seems to have dawned.

In a good year, we attract 70-80 American first year students and another 100 third years. The revenue they generate pays for about 20 academic posts. But before anyone concludes that this is easy money, let me emphasise that the market is fiercely competitive. American universities have been in the recruitment game for a long time. They employ professional marketers and full time recruiters. In contrast, our recruiters are all lecturers or administrators with no marketing training. Despite our neophyte approach, we've done remarkably well. This year, I was frequently complimented on our professionalism. 'You must have a very good marketing officer', one college counsellor commented. I didn't let on that the marketing is done by an ex-biochemist who doubles as admissions officer.

The work is very hard. This year I covered the entire west coast from Seattle to San Diego — eighty schools in 20 days. I woke up one morning at the Portland Best Western Hotel and had to remind myself where I was. Out in the parking lot there were seven white mid-size cars in a row — all the same, all rental cars, all rented by salesmen.

We're welcomed wherever we go. The counsellor feels special — we've come 6,000 miles to see her. And Americans have a soft spot for things ancient; tell them we started teaching before Columbus was born and they melt. But our biggest asset is that we offer a type of education which has virtually disappeared in America. The competition falls into two categories: inexpensive state universities with impressive faculties but huge classes, and small private colleges with quality teaching but no research profile. We offer the best of both worlds: small classes taught by lecturers who are experts in their fields. And the cost is competitive. (It was an enormous blessing on 'Black Wednesday' when our fees went down by $1,200 overnight).

American education is also in a difficult situation. The good liberal

arts colleges now charge over $20,000 for tuition, room and board. Students are consequently flocking to the quality state universities. But those places are suffering under massive cuts and expanding enrolments. The result is 'impacted' courses — essential to a major but heavily oversubscribed. The University of California now admits that it takes five years to complete a degree. In contrast, St. Andrews seems an educational Elysium. So, theoretically, recruitment should be easy, but for the fact that Americans are never too keen to leave their country.

This yearly exposure to American education always makes me happy to return home, where tutorials still exist, lecturers remain approachable and students are treated like individuals. But this time the university I returned to in October seemed radically different from the one I left in September.

At St. Andrews this has been the winter of our discontent. I suspect that our profound unease is shared by colleagues on campuses around Britain. We are frightened, exhausted and irascible. Our disquiet has arisen because the universities we cherished have quite suddenly disappeared. So much now seems unfamiliar and so little remains sacred.

How come this bewildering upheaval? This is the first new academic year after the abolition of the binary line which used to divide universities from polytechnics. Now, we all compete for the same money and the same students. Since funding is determined largely by the number of bodies a university can pack into its lecture halls, every institution is going for growth. The consequent disruption is enormous.

This is also the first post-election academic year. Many of us within the university sector used to entertain a fantasy that at the eleventh hour Labour's cavalry would ride over the ridge and rescue us from the Tory siege. Whereas we once fought the encroachments of Messrs. Baker, Clarke and MacGregor, since the election our spirit of resistance has evaporated. We now fatalistically abide our conquerors.

This is also the first academic year in which the effects of recession are palpable. The malaise which descended on 'Black Wednesday' has not lifted. Things were bad before, but are so much worse now. Witness the recent pay settlement. Last April, union and management agreed to a 6.5 per cent rise for lecturers. The government then refused to fund the settlement and imposed a 4.2 per cent rise. All summer we protested — admittedly rather ineffectually. Now, in the new mood of austerity, we've accepted the deal with hardly a whimper. There was almost a sense of relief that at least we got something.

The recession and the climate of competition have combined to inspire an obsession with productivity. Departments have been amalgamated into 'schools' in an effort to create efficient economies of scale. These schools have, in the official jargon, become 'cost centres' and their heads 'line managers'. Productivity also means more students are taught by fewer staff. Seminars which were once pegged at 12 students have edged past 20. We choose between larger or less frequent tutorials. There is an understandable temptation to respond to the increased workload by making

oneself a little bit less accessible to the passing student. And meanwhile the secretaries are run ragged; no one seems to have calculated the effect expansion would have upon them.

More students means more marking. Do we ask for fewer essays or do we devise less time-consuming methods of assessment? Recently a colleague proposed introducing American-style multiple choice tests. Last year the idea would have been shot down in flames. This time it was actually discussed. Next time, who knows, it might be adopted.

Meanwhile, we sail between the Scylla of selectivity and the Charybdis of audit. The nationally-administered selectivity exercise measures the quality of our research; audit does the same for teaching. Audit used to be taken only mildly seriously; now it has suddenly dawned that these mysterious auditors will have a profound effect upon our lives. But since no one has yet devised a way to measure something as unquantifiable as good teaching, quality tends to be determined by the volume of paper which passes from lecturer to student. It is often the student who wins by getting more work done for him.

Since every lecturer has become a unit of production, the logical extension of the audit exercise is that colleagues who teach unpopular courses will be deemed inefficient. Since universities have found it well nigh impossible to make lecturers redundant, re-training might be the only option. Thus, the Beowulf expert might be forced to transfer himself into a specialist on the twentieth century detective novel. But will the aesthetic value of a subject be respectd in this frenzied desire to cater to the faddish tastes of the student/consumer?

The selectivity exercise seems equally ill-conceived. A few months ago colleagues were asked to supply information on what they had written over the past five years. This data will soon be collated and departments will be rated by outside 'experts'. The superficiality of the exercise defies belief. Those doing the rating will not read the research in question; they will not even *see* it. As with audit, much will depend on the volume of the submission — the sheer number of titles — rather than upon its quality. And one fears that even the most diligent arbiters will not be able to discard the baggage of their preconceptions: Oxford and Cambridge will score well because they are Oxford and Cambridge. Dundee will struggle because it is Dundee.

Management wants us to be better teachers *and* better researchers. This is a noble goal, but there comes a point when improvement in one area can come only at the expense of the other. The productive researcher may not have sufficient time to devote to teaching and the diligent teacher will be hard pressed to find the opportunity to research. One recent solution to this dilemma has been the creation of teaching fellows who are under no contractual obligation to research. But, unless this change is handled carefully, it will lead to bad blood between colleagues. The teaching fellows seem destined to become the poor cousins of the bona fide lecturers.

A good selectivity rating will bring in more money, which can be used

to fund more research. Thus, a department which suffers the ignominy of a poor rating will find it even more difficult to rescue itself during the next five year cycle. The link between rating and finance is crucial, since never in my memory has money been so scarce. The government has boasted that it will increase funding of higher education by 8 per cent next year, but given that student numbers will increase proportionately faster, the result will be an actual cut in funding of around 3 per cent per student. In fact, the money will concentrate in those institutions who score highly in selectivity, while the others will be forced to teach ever more students with ever fewer resources.

Eighteen months ago, the White Paper on higher education called for a doubling in the number of university students by the year 2000. By the very simple (some would say simplistic) tactic of turning polytechnics into universities, the government took a long step in that direction. But expansion on the cheap has meant a levelling down, not up. Universities are being transformed into polytechnics. And now, in last autumn's statement, the government suggested that expansion has already gone too far and too fast. But since the financial health of any university is still dependent upon it establishing economies of scale by increasing admissions, there is little to suggest that John Patten will be able to apply the brakes to a car which is careering out of control.

There's a delightful irony in my experience of the past few months. In America I touted good old-fashioned British education, only to return home and find that we are drawing ever closer to the American model. Students don't expect small classes, approachable professors or careful assessment. Professors carry on their well-funded research protected by a Praetorian Guard of teacher assistants, graders and graduate students. The physical plant and technical facilities are geared toward teaching large numbers. We, on the other hand, burdened by our elitist past, find ourselves overwhelmed by this ill-considered and poorly funded transition to mass education.

Only the most stubborn traditionalist would deny that reform of universities was essential. Our system of elitist higher education was leaving an enormous amount of young talent undiscovered and undeveloped. Furthermore, the privileged autonomy of 'job for life' lecturers was open to severe abuse. But the changes which have been instituted have done little to address the real problems in our universities. Audit and selectivity have not rooted out the bad teachers but they have made life infinitely more difficult for the good ones. It seems a cruel irony that the government has finally decided to measure quality at the very time when its policies of expansion make real quality a pipe dream.

Successive Education Secretaries have confused reform with mere agitation. Perhaps this is the customary fault of legislators who never bother to understand the institutions they administer. My colleagues around the country can undoubtedly understand the frustration of the Roman Consul Caius Petronius who, in AD66, complained that:

We trained hard, but it seemed that every time we were beginning

to form up into teams we would be reorganised. I was to learn later in life that we tend to meet any new situation by reorganising, and a wonderful method it can be for creating the illusion of progress, while producing confusion, inefficiency and demoralisation.

[Dr. Gerard J. De Groot is a lecturer in history at the University of St. Andrews.]

BRITISH UNEMPLOYMENT STATISTICS

Editor's note:

The results for Winter (December 1992 to February 1993) from the quarterly Labour Force Survey for Great Britain are given below. Comparisons are made with results from the previous annual surveys for Spring 1984 (the first year in which internationally agreed definitions of employment and unemployment were fully incorporated into the survey) and for Autumn 1992 (the most recent). All comparisons are made on a seasonally adjusted basis except for redundancies for which no seasonal factors are available.

- 27.6 million people were economically active; this was a fall of 1.0 million (3.7 per cent) since spring 1984, but a fall of 0.1 million (0.2 per cent) since autumn 1992.
- 24.7 million people were in employment (people aged 16 or over); this was a fall of 1.2 million (4.9 per cent) since spring 1984, and a fall of 0.2 million (0.6 per cent) since autumn 1992.
- 21.2 million people were employees; this was a rise of 0.6 million (2.9 per cent) since spring 1984, but a fall of 0.1 million (0.4 per cent) since autumn 1992.
- 3.0 million people were self-employed; this was a rise of 0.4 million (15.9 per cent) since spring 1984, but a fall of 0.03 million (1.0 per cent) since autumn 1992.
- 2.9 million people were unemployed on the International Labour Office (ILO) definition; this was a fall of 0.2 million (5.6 per cent) since spring 1984, and a rise of 0.1 million (3.3 per cent) since autumn 1992.
- 63,000 more people were unemployed on the ILO definition than the average monthly number of claimants of unemployment-related benefits in Great Britain during the period December 1992 to February 1993.
- 2.8 million employees of working age received job-related training in the four weeks prior to interview; this was a rise of 1.1 million (70 per cent) compared with spring 1984, and a fall of 0.02 million (0.6 per cent) compared with autumn 1992.
- 344 thousand people were made redundant in the three months prior to interview (seasonally unadjusted); this was a rise of 34,000 (11 per cent) compared with autumn 1992.

AFRICANS SEEK HELP WITH TRANS-SAHARA GAS PIPELINE

by Thomas Land

AFRICA's major natural gas producers are seeking international backing for the construction of a pipeline across the Sahara desert which has been recommended by a United Nations pre-feasibility study. The project would stimulate economic development in many industrially backward areas of Africa hitherto retarded by the absence of locally available energy, technology and investment resources.

It would increase substantially Africa's hydrocarbon exports to the energy-hungry markets of Europe and lead to the establishment of several interlinked regional electricity grids consuming natural gas. In the longer term, the project would also create opportunities for substantial electricity exports to Europe. Natural gas is the cleanest of all the fossil fuels. Its increasing use for electricity generation is widely seen as part of a solution to global environmental pollution.

The pre-feasibility study compiled by the UN's Economic Commission for Africa (ECA) also calls for investment in two additional international gas distribution and utilization systems, one for Mozambique and Zimbabwe and the other for Tanzania and Kenya.

These facilities, which may be built during the UN's current Second Transport and Communications Decade for Africa, would necessitate investment of many billions of dollars. The ECA argues that they are essential to encourage the exploitation of the continent's natural gas reserves and to stimulate exports.

Conducted at the request of a conference of African Ministers of Transport, Communications and Planning, the ECA study concludes that the projected trans-Sahara gas trunk line system designed to cover en-route as well as export demand 'can be expected to prove economically feasible'. It would enhance Africa's 'relatively favourable position in relation to the Americas and the European markets, enabling the continent to compete successfully' for export revenues. And it would stimulate regional development by providing a cheap, relatively environment-friendly source of energy along the way.

Detailed studies of the two proposed distribution and utilization systems for East Africa also project satisfactory returns on investment. Another ECA study recommends the development of a small-scale gas utilization system in Ethiopia.

Africa's very unequally distributed proven gas reserves are in the region of 8,600 bcm, enough to supply the continent's own needs and cover substantial export demands beyond the turn of the century.

The proposed investment would stimulate trade and regional development in many countries of the continent. The ECA has appealed for international assistance to Africa's efforts to develop its huge unutilized

natural gas reserves. Nigeria is leading the continent's other big gas producers by sponsoring a series of international expert meetings in preparation for full feasibility studies.

WORLD PROVEN NATURAL GAS RESERVES (In Bcm)

Region	1970	1975	1980	1985	1991
Africa	3,834	5,243	5,683	5,888	8,601
Mideast	6,627	15,326	18,541	25,874	37,822
N America	9,428	8,547	8,015	8,400	7,540
L America	1,874	2,353	4,353	5,440	7,562
W Europe	3,571	3,962	3,870	5,645	5,734
E Europe	12,599	24,274	31,613	38,059	53,393
Asia & Australia	1,550	3,362	4,796	7,116	11,170

Source: UN Economic Commission for Europe

Apart from Nigeria, Algeria and Libya, the African gas exporting giants, many countries across the continent, including Ethiopia, Guinea, Madagascar, Mozambique, Namibia, Rwanda and Tanzania hold big deposits in areas where oil has not yet been reported in significant quantities. Professor Jibril Aminu, the former Nigerian Energy Minister, comments: 'one of the effective indices of judging development in Africa in the next decades will be the increased use of hydrocarbon, especially gas. More gas means more development, less oil used, less destruction of the forests for firewood. What is more, Africa has more gas than oil, and plenty of it. Tremendous investment is therefore required to develop natural gas, to distribute the gas within each country and among each country's economic sub-sectors, and to reticulate Africa with pipelines which will solve the issue of uneven availability of gas in Africa and the general low utilization in the continent. I am pleased with the interest the World Bank and the European Community appear to have in this idea.'

The trans-Sahara link would connect the rich gas fields of the Gulf of Guinea (where Nigeria alone holds 32 per cent of Africa's total proved resources) with the Mediterranean region (where Algeria holds another 42 per cent) creating an enormous market force supplying the constantly growing energy consumption of Europe.

At the start of this decade, the proven combined reserves of the Mediterranean countries were evaluated at 5,644 bcm, with Algeria and Libya accounting for 80 per cent of the total. In 1990, the south Mediterranean region produced 68.31 bcm but consumed only 59 per cent of its output.

Apart from exploiting the expanding European import market for energy, the first option in the use of Africa's natural gas resources must be to encourage domestic industrial development, argues Claudio Simeoni, an energy economist at Italy's Ente Nationale Idrocarburi, in an important recent discussion paper. 'And natural gas', he says, 'seems the ideal fuel to use in order to obtain strong acceleration of economic development'.

North Africa and the Middle East are already moving towards a master plan for the Arab world, projecting the establishment of five regional electricity grids using gas and freeing oil for exports. The grids will be eventually linked with a view to producing a substantial electricity surplus for sale to Europe.

PROVEN NATURAL GAS RESERVES IN SOME MIDEAST COUNTRIES (Bcm)

Country	1990	1991
Bahrain ...	183	177
Iraq ...	31,115	3,107
Jordan ...	11	15
Kuwait ...	1,400	1,394
Oman ...	279	290
Qatar ...	4,620	4,613
Saudi Arabia ...	5,220	5,184
Syria ...	245	220
United Arab Emirates	5,650	5,623
Yemen ...	198	198

Source: UN Economic Commission for Europe

The plan, which is linked with the trans-Sahara pipeline project, has been adopted by the governments of the region following a recent symposium in Damascus held by the United Nations Development Programme and its Economic and Social Commission for Western Asia. The idea is to synchronize the national energy policies and industrial development strategies of the region and to create a single gas-based electricity market early in the next century.

The plan has been made possible by current technological advances in the field of combined heat and power production significantly improving both the efficiency and the economy of electricity generation from gas. The Jordan Ministry of Energy predicts that the new gas powered plants will be able to provide electricity 'at a lower cost and with less adverse environmental impact and safety problems than fuel-oil fired, coal-fired or nuclear power plants'. Many plants are already being converted to gas. The combined and unevenly distributed natural gas resources of the Maghreb and the Middle East comprise 21 per cent of the world reserves. But only 8 per cent of gas produced in the Arab countries is marketed beyond national boundaries and less than 60 per cent of that production is used in the local markets.

There is at least one major natural gas producing country in each area to be covered by a single electricity grid, ensuring ample local energy supplies for the highly efficient combined cycle power plants of the future. These are the five projected electricity grids:

— The Maghreb group uniting the electric utilities of Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, Morocco and Mauritania;

— The North-Eastern group comprising the electric utilities of Iraq,

Jordan, Lebanon, Syria and Egypt;
— The Saudi Arabian group integrating the four major local electric utilities;
— The Yemen group linking the existing separate grids of the north and the south of that country; and
— The Gulf group including the electric networks of Bahrain, Kuwait, Oman, Qatar, the United Arab Emirates and the eastern part of Saudi Arabia.

Natural gas is thus to provide most electricity consumption throughout the Arab countries. In the final stage of the project, the five groups are to be interconnected to form a single system enhancing the technical efficiency and economic performance of the electrical sector.

The UN development plan envisages continued rapid improvements in electrical transmission technology, leading to the eventual connection of the Arab system with Europe through Turkey in the North East and Spain in the West. This would enable Arab gas producers to export their surplus to Europe in the form of electrical energy.

The pre-feasibility study concludes that 'in all African countries with sufficient natural gas reserves the development of gas utilization systems seems in principle to be reasonable at least in the long term or at the very least for special use'. Its authors have rejected proposals for erecting an integrated, continent-wide gas distribution network on grounds of economic considerations. But the evaluation of the trans-Sahara trunk line system confirms its economic feasibility. The study describes it as 'an outstanding project for the whole of West Africa' with enormous global dimensions. The study argues: 'Taking into consideration the growing concern all over the world with the problems of environmental pollution, the eradication of the rainforests and the search for benign new energy sources — and the particular application of all these issues to Africa — the development of natural gas utilization and distribution facilities holds out a special hope for the continent'.

These are the other project packages for regional gas distribution/utilization systems endorsed by the study:

— Mozambique-Zimbabwe: A detailed feasibility survey is recommended for a gas distribution system in Mozambique, exploring export possibilities to neighbouring countries. The study projects profit opportunities for the energy sector with a likely benevolent effect on other industries.
— Tanzania-Kenya: Proposals for a combined gas distribution system for the two countries were found technically sound, promising a satisfactory return on investment and long-term stimulus for regional economic development.
— Ethiopia: Preparatory studies conducted in Ethiopia suggest that a gas utilization system could contribute to solving some major long-term energy problems in that country. The ECA has called for further investigations leading to the development of a small-scale gas industry.

THE CROSS, THE CRESCENT AND THE STAR: Arab Christian-Muslim Relations and the Politics of Israeli Occupation

by Charles Foster

THE *Shin Bet**, they say, is fomenting discord between Arab Christians and Muslims in the Occupied Territories. The pass laws, for example, are being used to lever the two communities apart. West Bank identity cards identify the religion of the bearer. Increasingly, when the soldiers round up Arab youths for checks, the Christians are allowed to go. The Muslims are detained for often lengthy and aggressive questioning, and draw unpleasant and inaccurate conclusions about the reasons for the Christians' release. The Christians are muttered against in the villages. The mutterings say that they are in the pay of the occupier, and the mutterings become shouts, and the shouts become Islamic, for the brand of Islam bubbling up in the heat and ignominy of frustrated Arab dreams is good at shouting.

About ten per cent of Palestinian Arabs are Christians. Relations with the Muslims have been calm and fraternal for centuries. Saladin and Suleiman were great gentlemen, and their manners were hereditary. The disasters of 1948 and 1967 did not end Muslim-Christian cordiality. It was not the stress of occupation *per se* which caused the rift. The occupiers, at first, did not discriminate. Christian areas in Israel were depopulated as thoroughly as Muslim ones. And neither, at first, did the occupied discriminate. There was no reason to. The Christians have been unimpeachable Palestinian nationalists. They were prominent in building the infrastructure of the embryonic state-in-waiting in Jordan and Lebanon. Many Christians chaired the meetings of the Intifada committees. Hanan Ashrawi is a Christian. So is George Habash, leader of the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine, a movement not noted for appeasement towards Israel.

Palestinian Muslims have traditionally lived in happy religious moderation, unmoved by the fierce wild devotion of Gulf Islam: benignly uninterested in the pious debates of the Meccan clerics. But nonetheless the Shi-ite Khomeni, speaking the language of the dispossessed, had a welcome amongst Sunnis in Palestine. He won vocal handfuls of faithful in the West Bank, and a vocal multitude in the Gaza Strip.

The Islamic appeal was to the young. It was simple, and painted the Palestinian revolution in primary colours, which looked good in the sun and dust of Gaza. The old slogans, which 40 years of war had discredited, were revived, and given Koranic authority. It was no longer absurd to believe that the Arabs could drive the Jews into the sea. If Allah willed it it would happen, and will it He most certainly did. It was a lot easier to articulate Palestinian claims and aspirations in the language of Jihad than in the socialist sophistries of the PLO. The young men of Gaza

are suckled on stories of 'their' villages near Jaffa or Ramle, abandoned by their grandfathers in 1948. They grow up watching soldiers patrolling the refugee camps. Often their schools are closed by the military authorities. Their secular education is rudimentary and does not equip them with scepticism. Their Islamic education is skimpy but dogmatic. They learn from the pamphleteers, not from learned expositors of the Koran. They spend their young adult years waiting at street corners in the hope of being picked for a day's labouring by a Tel Aviv building contractor. Humiliation and resentment come early. The fact of occupation has made normal ambitions seem futile. The doors to advancement within Israel itself are firmly shut. Assimilation is not an option. Only the doors of the mosques are always open. So Palestinian youth is tinder in the fundamentalist flame, and bigger institutional wood is beginning to catch fire.

The Christians are getting scorched. Arab identity is increasingly being defined in Islamic terms. All schemes of pan-Arab unity were necessarily secular. Palestinian Christians are realizing the wisdom of the old Baathist religious non-alignment. They do not know where, within the Middle East, they can turn. The Muslims say that they are not proper Arabs. The Jews say that they are Arabs, and therefore dangerous. The Christians could not, even if they would, stand alongside the Jews. Arab self-policing would make this fatal. The resentment of perceived collaborators produces some bizarre ironies. It is now possible, in some circumstances, for Israeli Arab men to join the Israeli army. An increasing number are taking up the option. This is not out of love for Israel, but because employment prospects are better with an army record and, importantly, because you get a gun to take home if you join. And a gun by the bedside in a predominantly Muslim village can make a lot of difference if the sermon in the mosque that evening has exhorted the faithful (as a recent sermon in Lod did) to wipe out 'the blood-suckers; the pork-eaters; the Christians'.

Israel, taking its example from Tunisia and Egypt, is making an overt attempt to buy out Islam by pouring money into Islamic strongholds in the Territories. The aim is to create the capitalist conditions of prosperity and opportunity in which revolutionary Islam is unable to survive. It is an audacious and dangerous project. The cynical presumption that greed will overcome the Koran is easy to highlight and warn of in outraged speeches, and the early indications are that the insult has been widely and angrily noted. Any Islamic discontent is likely to increase the heat on the Christians. Add to this the fact that the Christian communities will not benefit proportionately from Israeli investment in Muslim areas, and the conclusion is that the Christians have been strangely rewarded for their good behaviour.

Many Christian Arabs are moving away from the fire. They swell the diaspora in North America and Western Europe. Muslim catcalls follow them, and remain with those left behind. The catcalls say: 'Your departure shows that we were right all along. You are Westerners. You are not of us. You are not going away to New York; you are going

home'. The emigration rate is much higher than it is for Muslims. The refugees are reluctant and bemused. The change from neighbourliness to hostility has been an abrupt one. As more Christians leave, the less there is to keep the ones who stay. Pastors in the Nablus and Jenin area wonder if they will have congregations in ten years' time. For all the Christians it is increasingly important and difficult to answer the old questions: 'Am I an Arab first? Or a Palestinian? Or a Christian?'.

If the Christians were to leave, the Territories would be more inflammable. The Christians act as a retardant. They reduce the risk both of arson and spontaneous combustion. They are PLO members, and the PLO, these days, are relatively sober and responsible people in Israeli eyes.

So the Israeli attempt to stir up Christian-Muslim trouble is an interesting and significant development. Divide and rule has never been an overt part of Israeli policy before. The consequences of division between different factions in the territories were always thought to be too nasty in themselves (or at least too explosive) for discord to be used as a tool for subjugation. The thing about a Palestinian state in the West Bank which was feared most vocally at Israeli dinner parties was that there would be another Lebanon there, with the fundamentalist Islamic Resistance Movement (Hamas) cutting the throat of the secular, socialist PLO, and vice versa.

It was not the thought of Arab unhappiness which worried the Israelis, but the thought of Syria, Iran or Iraq jumping in to sort out the factions. Israel has been delighted at the proxy war between Syria and Iraq in Lebanon: it pinned down two large and brutal nations and took their hungry eyes off Tel Aviv. But a repeat performance in the West Bank suburbs of Jerusalem would not produce such rapturous Jewish applause. And what would occur in a self-governing Palestinian state could also, it is feared, happen in a West Bank under Israeli control.

And so, by and large, Israel has discouraged inter-Arab conflict in the Territories. It is expensive to police it, and tends to lead to gun-slinging rather than stone-slinging. True, inter-Arab conflict is good publicity for Israel. It allows the Israelis to portray the Arabs as wild medieval barbarians, unshaven, unsuitable to be seen in good international company, and far too irresponsible to have their own state. And true, inter-Arab conflict prevents the pooling of the tremendous Palestinian intellectual and financial resources in a single and sustained effort to bring a Palestinian state into being.

But, goodness knows, there is enough disunity as it is. The last five years have seen a proliferation of Palestinian nationalist factions (at the expense of the PLO's influence and prestige) and a corresponding fragmentation of the nationalist dream. You hear snatches of a Palestinian national anthem sung with desperate and unco-ordinated passion and bravery throughout the Territories. But the very passion stops the snatches being welded to make a single and internationally attractive song. Any Israeli newspaper, opened any day, will talk about bodies found on road

sides in the Gaza Strip, or trussed inside Nablus dustbins. The bodies are those of Arabs, and the bullets in the nape of the neck are Arab bullets. The messages claiming responsibility claim that the body is that of a 'collaborator'. 'Collaborator', in the days when there was universal and unequivocal support for the PLO, and tight discipline within the PLO command structure, meant one who co-operated harmfully with the occupying Israeli authorities. Now, depending on where it comes from, it could mean 'member of the PLO' or 'member of the Hamas' or 'dangerously incisive political commentator'.

This Palestinian disunity has made hope of a Palestinian state pathetically unrealistic. The Rabin government has promised autonomy for the Palestinians. So did Begin, in the Camp David accords of 1979. So did Shamir. Rabin, like Begin and Shamir, has specifically said that talk of a Palestinian legislative body will mean the end of Israeli co-operation over autonomy. Begin said this. So did Shamir. And under Begin and Shamir the Palestinians were proud enough, or unrealistic enough, to refuse autonomy as an insult to Palestinian national aspirations. They knew then, as Begin and Shamir knew, and Rabin knows now, that if a little bit is given (autonomy) it will be possible to refuse the big bit (statehood) for ever.

Palestinians in the Territories have not forgotten the dreams of a state of their own. But they are learning to re-interpret those dreams. They are increasingly capable of imagining them fulfilled if, under Rabin's autonomy, they have the local government so bitterly mocked by Yasser Arafat in the 1980s. They can believe that to have control of drains is to have control of destiny. So they cheer Hanan Ashrawi as she goes with ironic stridency to Rabin and says: 'Please Sir: Can we now have what you have been offering for 13 years?'

The Gaza Strip is rather a special case. Israel, with apparent magnanimity, may toss Gaza to the Palestinians, wrapping it in the rhetoric of 'autonomy which really means autonomy'. It is not certain that the Palestinians would accept it. They would be wary of Gaza being offered without any concessions on the West Bank. The veteran Israeli diplomat Abba Eban remarked that 'the Arabs never miss an opportunity to miss an opportunity'. This is a fair summary of the Arab-Israeli conflict. But an offer of near-statehood in Gaza is an opportunity well worth missing. Gaza, a piece of poisoned gristle from the Israeli table, would be caught by the crowd and pulled apart. The more excitable Arab papers would say that the catching was a triumph. It would not be a triumph. It would be a waste disposal operation. Israel does not want the Gaza Strip. It is too troublesome, and too many Israelis have died there. Israelis have no sentimental or religious feelings for it, as they do for many of the great biblical sites on the West Bank. Egypt would not have it back at any price. Mubarak has terrible difficulties at home with Islamic revivalists, and does not want any more.

Whatever the Palestinian response to an offer of Gaza, Israel will be the winner. If Gaza rules itself, Israel will have got itself out of a dirty

and expensive fight which has done its public (and economically important) image no good at all. Palestinian nationalist handbills will be much the poorer without the pictures of blinded children and shanty towns. And if the offer is refused, Israel will shake its head in feigned disbelief and emphatic intransigence when further demands for territory are made, protesting that it has been more than reasonable and that the refusal indicates that the Palestinians are not serious about self determination. This is an old Israeli trick. It has been used a number of times in Arab-Israeli diplomacy since 1948. And each time it is used the more thoughtful Palestinians have commented that there is no cleft stick like the one they are lodged in.

Many Palestinian occupants of the Gaza Strip would be secretly horrified to see the Strip split from Israel. Living under Israeli rule is hard, but many agree with the Israeli prognosis for a fledgling Palestinian state, and see the occupation as the arm of a relatively benevolent Pax Israelia which could be replaced with something much more brutal. West Bankers, by and large, would be sorry to see the Strip go its own way, but some liberal Muslims and many Christians in the West Bank would cheer silently at the secession. A lot of repressive Islamic unpleasantness is concentrated there. In the rich Arab suburbs of Ramallah, Gaza is seen as an isolation ward. It is useful because it helps to stop contagion spreading, but it would be a disaster, many say, if the yellow flag of quarantine became the national flag of Palestine.

Dreams of statehood are tiring dreams. Waking from the heady drunken dream of the Intifada, the Palestinians are tired. Most of them want, most of all, not a state, but merely not to have their homes wrecked by Israeli bulldozers, or their children beaten by border police. The Intifada was (astonishingly, considering the political diversity and relative political inertia of West Bank and Gazan Palestinians) a genuinely popular movement. But it has ended. The shops in Jericho and Jenin are open. It is fairly safe to drive a car with yellow Israeli number plates through Samaria. The active struggle has become a minority interest, and a very violent one. The children have put down their stones. The Hamas fighters have picked up their Kalashnikovs, and fire them into their neighbours' apartments as well as at Israeli army patrols.

So why, with Palestinian aspirations nicely diverted into harmless autonomy, and quite enough strife breeding between Arab factions, should Israel be interested in driving wedges between Arab Christians and Muslims? It seems, at first sight, to be a wildly irrational and counter-productive thing to do.

It must be a belt and braces job. Defamation of Arab character and demonstration of their consequent unsuitability to rule in a state of their own will be the main motive. But the *Shin Bet* is noted for not overdoing things. It is a subtle and scholarly service, close to government. It knows when to stop, and knows the dangers of lighting unnecessary matches in the volatile Territories. Its actions here must indicate that Israel is not as confident as it has good objective reasons for being about its control

of the Palestinians, and in particular its torpedoing of Palestinian national hopes. It also underlines Israel's determination, which some commentators are amazingly slow to note, to deny the Palestinians anything more than the humiliating autonomy offered under Camp David.

The *Shin Bet* was delighted about the birth and the early vigour of the Islamic movements in Palestine. It was not the midwife of the Hamas, but it was its wet nurse. It saw the early potential of the child as a brush to tar the face of Palestinian nationalism. It smiled with maternal pride when the PLO, in an attempt to head off Hamas' insistent claim to be the legitimate voice of the Palestinians, became more overtly Islamic than it had ever been. Koranic slogans are scattered through modern PLO communiques. The PLO has tried, unsuccessfully, to co-opt Hamas onto the Palestine National Council and the Unified National Command (of the Intifada). This does not increase the comfort of Christian Arabs.

Hamas grew monstrously, and Israel is seriously worried about what it has unleashed. Many Christian Arab leaders assumed that, as Islam rose and killed Israelis, Israel would protect and woo the Christians, valuing them as reasonable counter-balances to Islam. It has not happened that way. Israel is keen on Christians being involved in inter-Arab trouble. Israel does not need to defame Islamic fundamentalism. The West is worried enough about it as it is. But Israel clearly thinks that there is a possibility, which needs to be eliminated, of a non-Islamic Arab faction taking power in Palestine. The PLO, although far preferable to any Iranian-backed junta, is still an enemy. It is Arabs, therefore, as opposed to Muslims, who need to be presented as incapable of government. Since Arab identity and Muslim identity are becoming confused in the Territories, this can only be done by involving Arabs who are unequivocally not Muslims. If Nazarene Christians are seen as depraved pillagers, no-one can write off their depravities as the fanatical actions of a minor Islamic sect. To vilify a Christian Arab is to vilify Arabs: to vilify a Muslim Arab is to vilify only Muslims.

Israel has decided that the value of the Christians as political moderates and counters to nasty Islamic fervour is outweighed by the importance of discrediting Arabs in general. Perhaps it assumes that Christian Arab tenure in Palestine is, in any event, precarious, and that the Christians represent a poor investment risk.

Whatever happens, the Arab Christians of Israel and the Occupied Territories will be caught uncomfortably between clashing factions, unable to please anyone. It is hard for them to believe that the meek stand any chance of inheriting this particular bit of the earth. There are three main temptations facing them. The first is the temptation to blind themselves to the conflict and snuggle down into cosy and merely apocalyptic certainties, ignoring the nasty facts of boundaries, occupation, tear gas and jihad: to become salt on the very edge of the plate, never reaching the meat it exists for. The second is the temptation to twist the historic Christian priorities and become strident secular activists: to become idolaters bowing the knee to nationalism. This, in modern Palestine, is

death by assimilation. The third temptation is to leave, and be diligent Christians in California. The first temptation is being impressively resisted. The second and the third are making some headway. The history of Christianity in the Middle East suggests that these temptations will not triumph.

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*The term *Shin Bet* is a shortened form of *Sherut Habitachon*, which is the Hebrew name for the domestic intelligence and security service responsible for security within the borders of Israel and in the Occupied Territories.

NOTE
[Charles Foster was a Research Fellow at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.]

The September number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Towards Industrial Democracy* by Albert A. Blum, Professor in the Department of Management at the College of Business Administration and Economics at New Mexico State University and *The 'burakumin': Japan's Underclasses* by the author, broadcaster and orientalist Raymond Lamont-Brown.

A CUPID'S HEAD WITH WINGS

by James Parkhill-Rathbone

ROCOCO started as a style of interior design. According to Henri-Russell Hitchcock, in his book, *Rococo Architecture in Southern Germany*, it began when Louis XIV's chief architect, J. H. Mansart, required his *dessinateur*, Henri Lepautre, to create 'a novel sort of decoration' for Versailles. This happened in 1700, and as the style became popular, first in France and then, by the time of Lepautre's death in 1743, in Switzerland and Southern Germany.

The popularity of the style in Bavaria had to do, at least in part, with the speed with which effects in stucco, the predominant material, could be produced. The Bavarians had from early medieval times been wood-carvers, bringing to their naturalistic figures the mysticism of a people accustomed to the loneliness of pine forests and the closeness and mysteriousness of nature. In the new style, stucco was used extensively. It could be modelled more swiftly than wood and it did not split down the grain. It could be reinforced with animal hair, straw or other easily available fibres to carry a certain amount of weight. When it was sized it could be painted, gilded or silvered. When an octagonal dome, for instance, was required, the stucco could be keyed upon wood panelling, worked upon the floor and then raised into a permanent wood structure suitably shaped and recessed to receive it. Pillars could be changed into Mannerist pilasters by means of panel-backed wooden armatures filled with stucco, worked and decorated in such a way as to change the whole interior of a church without in any way affecting the original structure. Repeated designs could be manufactured in hand-carved wooden moulds, and fitted into or simply stuck upon the appropriate places. The sometimes stagey character of Rococo, even at its most sophisticated, was not unconnected with the kind of people for whom the churches, palaces and libraries were built or converted. The Wittelsbachs who brought the style to Bavaria were in a not entirely unusual way of the same mentality as the people they ruled. The Rococo style spoke the same language to nobility and peasantry.

Two princes of the Wittelsbach family, during the Wars of the Spanish Succession, the Elector Max Emmanuel of Bavaria and his brother Joseph Clemens, Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, were compelled to flee France after the Battle of Blenheim and came within the influence of the French court. Other Wittelsbachs then living in France were patrons of the Rococo style: the Duchess of Orleans, Elizabeth Charlotte von der Pfalz, and later and more materially, her son while he was Regent of France (1715-23). The Bavarian Elector arranged that Joseph Effner (1687-1745), a son of his court gardener, should go to Paris to study garden design. Effner, however, soon became interested in architecture and began working under Boffrand.

The Treaty of Rastatt in 1714 enabled the Wittelsbachs and others

to return to Munich, which they found dull after the French experience, as they looked round for native craftsmen who could execute Rococo work. Among these was J. B. Zimmerman (1680-1758) who, as early as the 1720s, designed and painted a ceiling in the Kammerkapelle at Schleissheim, and another in the library at Benediktbeuren in Upper Bavaria. From these places as well as from Munich the style spread until, by about 1740, there emerged a 'Bavarian Rococo', since the Bavarian craftsmen had invested it with their own spirit. There were also influences from other countries.

The brothers Asam, for instance, arrived in Bavaria after study in Rome and the cities of Italy. There seems little doubt that while in Rome they made a study of Bernini's Ecstasy of St. Teresa of Avila, which Bernini had finished in 1646. The frank sensuality expressed by this sculptor became an element in Bavarian Baroque. There were two Asams: Egid Quirin, born in 1692, and an elder brother, born in 1686. When they worked together their creations show enormous breadth of vision and imagination. From 1726 to 1731 they were engaged in decorating the church at Osterhofen. The essential effect of their architectural conversion is from a fairly normal Gothic to a fantastic and graceful Romanesque. Balconies three quarter of the way up the supporting pilasters curve out upon unpierced arches, heavily decorated. The tops of the Gothic windows are rounded off in the Roman style and the spaces under the balconies walled off to make six side-chapels. The tops of the pilasters are ornamented with gilded capitals surmounted by cartouches which curve again towards the roof, itself cartouched and painted with landscapes. There are many optical illusions involved in the shapes of pilasters, ceiling and windows. Gold shades into bronze, pink into white, silver into grey, so that the effect is of a church floating around the congregation at worship — an effect which is quite deliberate.

The Baroque style at its highest point, early in the preceding century, had developed from an obsession with the antique or classical style. It has an air of grandeur, is sturdy and vigorous at its best, pompous at its worst. It was evolved by those who felt the heady wine of comparative freedom that came with the Renaissance. Nevertheless it was a break with the past that caused social neuroses, and in the wars of the Reformation it had to be defended, not only as a style, but as representative of a freer way of life, a freedom that, unconsciously, carried responsibilities and burdens within it. The formal 'broken arch' of the Baroque was not simply an attempt at imitating a cleft in a classical ruin: it was a symbol that European civilisation itself was split, that a straightforward intact arch from the age of medieval faith to the age of reason and enlightenment had split down the middle the whole European psyche between one belief and another.

The faith of Calvin and Luther, while it set free science for technological and metaphysical discoveries, lacked charm and what might be called the human dimension. European man, having lost most of his dependence on the church, found himself upon a dark peninsula staring across an

unknown sea. The sturdy independence he had won prevented him from going back, but for a time he lacked a sense of direction, meaning, and purpose. Lacking these, he thought less highly of man; no longer a pilgrim through the world, he tended to find what happiness he could wherever he happened to be. Deserted, as he thought, by God, he grew to find in nature, and in something like a deeper appreciation of the senses, contentment when he could not find happiness. He had lost the feeling of timelessness given him by the medieval church and had found a renewed dependence upon the cycle of the seasons and an analogy between that and the seasons of his own life — its hope in childhood, its triumph in youth, its cynicism in maturity and the grim pathos of old age and death.

Within the Rococo style with its apparently superficial and sophisticated surfaces, there formed an almost pagan belief in youth and a harking back to the impossible innocence of childhood. For a short time the broken arch was filled, as it were, by a Cupid's head with wings, such as one used to find in sale-room catalogues, out-dated and offered for a song. Such conceptions seem to be less for the art critic and connoisseur than for the lost men and women of the world who, travelling the pine-needled paths of the Bavarian forests, find in the Rococo churches a unique solace — certainly not of wisdom, but of peace and, sometimes, a kind of joy, which they thought they had left behind them long ago. This renewal, if it happens, is the Rococo heritage. It follows that entry to a Rococo church in the high style either empties human beings or fills them: it is very rich spiritual as well as architectural food. In its day it represented the nearest thing man could get to Paradise.

At its height the Baroque or Rococo style was carried out in stone and was grandiose. As it developed it became more malleable and flexible by the very nature of the materials used. When the designs were strong and bold in what was intended to be decorative in the first place, the Rococo can be said to have held its very theatrical effect together and to have created, in those sympathetic towards it, a type of religious feeling, an attitude in which God, man and nature concerned one thing, whose core was that joy. Much of the Rococo, however, fell short of these heights and deteriorated to mere heavy over-ornamentation and a kind of sickly sweetness. Where the borderline lies between the one and the other perhaps depends a little upon artistic appreciation, but certainly includes an ingredient of the human psyche which can hardly be described except as a response to what has come to us from our cultural past. This is what has been gathered, as it were, on this side of the broken arch, from the other side, the medieval side. All responses will be fundamentally different, the one from the other.

At least the artistic genesis of the Asams' High Altar at Rohr, near Weltenberg, can be traced, for fundamentally this is a three-dimensional representation of a subject, the Assumption of the Virgin, which had often been represented in paint by artists like Titian and Caravaggio. In this the figures are lighted all round from windows both behind, on the sides, and above. The figures are life-size, fully modelled in the round,

and except for the Virgin, who wears a gold and blue brocaded silver robe, clothed in white. The altar itself is an open coffin, the apostles grouped round it with expressions of amazement on their faces. Above them, on barely visible wire, two angels with broadly spread wings support the Virgin who, her arms outstretched as though she feels her lightness, looks down upon the figures and smiles.

The drama of the work is undeniable, the vigour of the figures is realistic. Yet there is, too, almost a frivolity, a kind of humour in the composition, for here is a very pretty girl floating, supported by two angels, such as we might meet when shopping in the Mariahilferstrasse in Vienna, or in Munich or, for that matter, if we are lucky, in Bond Street. Nevertheless there is in this the affirmation, often present in the Rococo at its best, that through this we are made one with the pagan past through the Christian ethic into the present time. Here is brought to light, very strongly, that the marriage that the early Christians made with Venus, Diana, Astarte and Persephone, has negated the changes made by the later Augustine, Paul of Tarsus and Gregory the Great.

Of course there may not be, for the visitor, any suspension of disbelief at all: he emerges from the church convinced that he has seen the Whore of Babylon (who, in Albrecht Dürer's well-known woodcut, was also a very pretty woman), or, worse, that he has seen something vulgar and ostentatious. If he is lucky, however, a part of his psyche may never leave the place at all, for the possession of the past exacts its own price. What remains of him will travel for the rest of his life with the un-Anglo-Saxon feeling that he has seen and experienced a kind of joy never before felt. It is this which the brothers Asam, and others of that age obviously intended him to feel.

[James Parkhill-Rathbone is a former editor of *The Idler*.]

JUSTICE FOR ROBERT BRIDGES

by A. L. Rowse

OF all the poets of this century to whom least justice is done Robert Bridges (1844-1930) stands out foremost. And the reason why has significance both literary and sociological. Indeed the estimation, or rather under-estimation, of his work throws an unfavourable light on the society of today. Of course he was a Victorian, with the values and higher standards of that great creative age, but most of his work was published in this century, and he lived into it long enough to express a highly relevant reaction to it.

Bridges was a very professional poet, and professional poets are apt to write too much. Look at Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, William Morris, or the garrulous Browning (whom Bridges could not abide). So we do not lose much by neglecting Bridges' closet dramas and masques, his sonnet sequence *The Growth of Love*, and the tale *Eros and Psyche*, which he described as 'little more than a translation of Apuleius', i.e. *The Golden Ass*, though there is good work in all of it. Most of this was written before 1900; it is the later work that holds most interest for us.

Before that we have the five Books of the Shorter Poems. A. E. Housman, an exacting critic, held that they contain the best poetry of the time. Along with the poems familiar from appearing in anthologies: *London Snow, Whither, O splendid ship, with white sails crowding*, the epitaph *On a Dead Child*, and a few others sufficiently celebrated.

Fundamentally, Bridges was a Platonic Idealist. Though I am neither a Platonist nor an Idealist, a conscientious critic must be ready to do justice to both terms in the equation. Before he dedicated himself to the profession of poet Bridges was a doctor. One must not forget that he spent thirteen years doctoring in London and walking the hospitals. So he knew well enough the fell facts of life — people entirely overlook that — though he chose to dedicate his poetry otherwise:

> For, certes, hath the goddess [Nature] also her hinder parts
> which men of all ages have kindly thought to hide
> . . . but these making no part of beauty's welcome face,
> these we turn to the wall, hiding away the mean
> ugly brutish obscene clumsy irrelevances
> . . . since without such full knowledge can no man have faith
> nor will his thought or picture of life be worth a bean.

The doctor had full knowledge of life all right, but was turning his face away from the hinder parts, not from reality, but from the sheer ugliness of so much in life. What a contrast with Larkin, much admired today, keeping *his* face deliberately screwed to the hinder parts, in fact making a cult of them. This, in the squalid society of today, is a prime factor in his popularity.

Bridges' cult was that of beauty in all its forms, especially the beauty of the external world, flowers and fields and trees, downs and vales, sea

and sky. He knew the names of all the wild flowers around where he chose to live — in the old manor house at Yattendon in the Berkshire hills; later, around Powder Hill the unbuilt-on spur of Boar's Hill looking down on his beloved Oxford. He appreciated as much the varied beauty of birds and animals, of handsome men old and young, women especially maidens, though it would be unthinkable of him to write Larkin's phrase, 'the wonderful feel of girls'. Bridges had the Victorian feel of courtesy, gallantry, nobility towards women.

All his life he was addicted to music, with a scholarly passion; for he was a performer on ancient instruments, harpsichord and clavichord. He was well versed in it technically and historically, particularly the splendid music of the English Church. He took his part in the parish church at Yattendon, where he compiled the *Yattendon Hymnal*, a choice precursor of the *English Hymnal*.

Kingsley Amis tells us that Larkin's life-long passion was for jazz. Indeed, he compiled a whole book of his articles and reviews under the ungrammatical title, *All What Jazz*, by way of sucking up to its low-brow public. This was quite out of Bridges' ken — rather comic to think what his attitude would be, for he was not only a fastidious but a formidable aesthete. He went only once to America, when his notably handsome presence was solicited by some university — he went to get 'something of the Debt back', for he was an old-fashioned patriot, a lover of his country.

> Twas very England herself as I grew to love her,
> England in the peace and delight of her glory.

This was the England of his childhood, of the Victorian heyday, the peace secured by her naval ascendancy around the world. Bridges grew up in sight of Dover, the flag on the Castle, the beauty of the sailing ships in the Channel, the ironclads of the Royal Navy, with their resplendent nostalgic names. It all appears in the poems — alas, a vanished world, its security gone.

Oddly enough, Bridges kept a correspondence with the pro-German American, H. L. Mencken, for they had a common interest in words. Bridges' interest was scholarly. He founded the Society for Pure English, to keep the 'well of English undefiled'. In his work we find him reviving rare old words. Besides that he had a mastery of the best in European literature. In the poems there are occasional lines from Greek or Latin, Italian, German, French. Eliot followed suit with foreign phrases cited in his poems, but Bridges was altogether the more finished scholar.

His linguistic fixation sprouted into further fields. An accomplished technician, he made many experiments in classical prosody, especially Milton's, to which he devoted a book. He seems to have thought that such common measures as iambic pentameter and heroic couplets were worn out, and he considered Pope and Dryden 'dull'. So he came to favour his own free-flowing alexandrines, with their colloquial flavour and potentialities, as against free-verse.

To this he added his own forms of reformed English spelling. This

makes much of his later work look somewhat rebarbative on the page, until one gets used to it and takes no notice. He must have known that this erected something of a barrier between his poetry and the public, but of that he took no notice. He was alarmingly independent not only intellectually but in all his ways — the most truly independent mind I have ever known; he had the integrity of an indubitably great man.

People found the handsome old man, with his leonine appearance, alarming. He never minded what he said or did. Out walking on a hot summer day, coming to a cooling stream he just took off all his clothes and lay down in it. The doctor in him was never afraid of exposing himself or his opinions — not that he had any modern cult of nudity, though he lay about a lot. He had in fact a Victorian prudishness, and couldn't bear the bawdy in Shakespeare. This I regard as a defect. Again, in spite of his strong Greek inflexion he thoroughly disapproved of homosexuality.

This did not interfere with his male friendships with his fellow-Etonian poets, Dolben and R. W. Dixon, or with Hopkins, whose erotic inflexion he knew. Bridges' prejudices were strong and vigorously expressed. He cared for nobody's opinions, except in artistic and linguistic matters. There he unexpectedly sought criticism (as did Eliot). His correspondence with Hopkins was almost entirely devoted to poetry and metrics. Bridges may not have cared for Hopkins' 'sprung rhythm', but he appreciated his originality and did everything to bring him forward, while disapproving of his mewing himself up in his Jesuit vocation, from which he suffered so much. Like Milton, Bridges was anti-Roman Catholic. He was a staunch undogmatic Anglican.

He was a complete and utter aesthete, not only in his intellectual creed but in his way of life. This meant that he abnegated the compromises and mixed-up conventions of ordinary life. Everything had to be 'pure' — that dominating, ubiquitous word in all Victorian writing, prose as well as verse, if one notices. This cut him off from ordinary, not only lower-class, life — for which Bridges has been criticised. Perhaps as a doctor he had seen enough of the other — what he called the 'murky' — side of life. But, as Poet Laureate, he was prepared to do what he thought his duty. He occasionally gave a lecture to working-class audiences, at Swindon for example to the operatives, and once in South Wales. What *they* must have thought of his uncompromising addresses on metrics and such — he published them — is comic to think.

His poetic creed is unhesitatingly expressed. His devotion to poetry (and to the life of a poet) was to it as an art, almost as an artisan, working at it the whole time. He set out to *make himself* the complete poet. He did not wait for 'moments of vision', or the visitations of inspiration any more than Hardy did (in consequence they both wrote too much, Housman not). Bridges wrote of his friend Dolben, what could also be said of Hopkins, 'he had a much intenser poetic temperament than I. What had led me to poetry was the inexhaustible satisfaction of form, the magic of

speech, lying in the masterly control of the material: it was an art which I hoped to learn'.

This is analogous to Auden's attitude, who told his tutor at Oxford that he meant to be a 'great poet'. (But was he?). It was contrary to such poets as Hopkins and Housman, who wrote only when emotionally moved. My sympathies are with them. The result is that we have long stretches of descriptive verse, sometimes too long, where they would settle the matter, move the heart, with an evocation, a striking phrase or line.

This does not happen often in Bridges, though some poems do move the heart, not only the mind. One can always admire the sheer artistry that Bridges most cared for, while one can regret the emotional reticence. This was true to his nature, but he imposed further restraint upon himself, subordinating himself to the Idea that possessed him: the pursuit of beauty in all things, conduct as well as appearances.

> Beauty is the highest of all these occult influences
> The quality of appearances that thru' the sense
> Wakeneth spiritual emotion in the mind of man.

Such is the gospel by which he wrote and lived: the redemption of the slime of life by the cult of all that is beautiful in it, leading upwards to a spiritual condition, such as medieval religion described as *amor intellectualis Dei*.

This was Bridges' religion. On the intellectual plane he was in agreement with Ruskin, Proust and Joyce. He cited to me Joyce's philosophical disquisition in *Portrait of the Artist*, adding, 'for Joyce's aesthetics are *my* aesthetics'. It was the whole theme of his great poem, *The Testament of Beauty*, which he finished in his eighties. He told me that he was sending it to King George V, to Joyce and Maxim Gorki. What a troika! Everything about Bridges was *sui generis*, absolutely true to himself and like nobody else.

To Bridges' surprise, the grand old man found himself at eighty-five a best-seller. He was not displeased, but took it, as he did everything, in his long cool stride. Even Eliot — for whose younger generation Bridges had no allure — paid tribute to the astonishing production. At the time Bridges' free alexandrines bothered me, I felt that the long poem would have done better in blank verse, iambic pentameter, like Wordsworth's *The Prelude*. Now I am not so sure: one can become accustomed to Bridges' odd measure, and it goes at an informal conversational pace. But I still do not care for his experiments in Miltonic prosody. In one of Robert Frost's letters there is an effective demolition of them: he thought them sterile academicism, contrary to the nature of the language, and I fear the New Englander was right. (John Sparrow missed this remarkable stricture in his critical volume on Bridges.)

As time went on Bridges had moved out into wider fields. In his earlier verse he was dominantly, almost monotonously, a poet of Love — heterosexual love, and that consecrated by marriage. He was most happily married, blissfully and devoutly. Though writing all through the naughty Nineties he was quite untouched by its prevalent form of aestheticism, and

one doubts if the name of Wilde — which so frightened Housman — ever passed his lips. He did however come to comment on other aspects of the life of the time. Like Tennyson, Bridges was an unreconstructed Tory, with liberal instincts. Blood sports, for example: he did not condemn hunting, but his sympathies were with the 'rogueish fox'. In the South African war his views were simple: the Boers were in the wrong.

The war of 1914-1918 was an agony for English people who never expected the return to barbarism and the appalling blood-drain that weakened Britain and decimated France.

> As when on an Autumn plain the storm lays low the wheat,
> So fell the flower of England, her golden grain,
> Her harvesting hope trodden under the feet.
> My heart gave way to the strain . . .

There are several touches of that war in the poems, though nothing is said of his only son Edward, who was in the thick of the fighting, and wounded. For a time I shared rooms with him at All Souls. He too never said anything about his experiences — reticence was the habit of that household. Also they were all aesthetes, each had the most exquisite, consciously formed handwriting, rather Elizabethan. Edward did say one revealing thing about his father: he thought that, just as Hopkins was now over-estimated, so Bridges was under-estimated, but that would right itself in time. Will it?

In 1916, in his early seventies, the old Poet Laureate made his first impact on the nation at large. He produced his very characteristic anthology, *The Spirit of Man*, its aim to give consolation and strengthen morale when the flower of the nation was being killed off on the battle-fields in France. His message was that 'spirituality is the basis and foundation of human life. Man is a spiritual being, and the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his higher nature, to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit'. (What a contrast with the laureate of today's society, Larkin!).

But in 1914 'the progress of mankind on the path of liberty and humanity has been suddenly arrested and its promise discredited by the apostacy of a great people, who now openly avow that the ultimate faith of their hearts is in material Force'. This is what the best minds in England diagnosed at the time, and it was no less than the truth, confirmed by a second exhibition of apostacy in far worse terms, in keeping with the lower standards of a demotic age. He saw that 'the destruction of her neighbours' was Germany's aim, and that 'she will shrink from no crime that may further its execution'. This was the appalling truth, carried further unimaginably in 1939-1945.

The book spoke for the inner heart of the nation in its agony and grief, the 'sickness of hope deferred' we were to go through yet again. I find my note at the time says, '*The Spirit of Man* is a strangely gripping work and only a very remarkable man could have done it'. There is the high plateau on which he lived his life, and 'the wide idiosyncratic Reading'.

This ranges from Spinoza to Rupert Brooke. The authors most quoted are Shelley, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge; then, strangely enough, Amiel. Still stranger we find the Indian mystic, Kabir, with Jellaludin the greatest Sufi poet of Islam, and the Quaker martyr, James Naylor. Plato and Plotinus, of course, along with passages from the Bible and the Anglican Liturgy. Among the French poets are Rimbaud, Hérédia, Ronsard. Then, oddly enough, Rivarol. Among Americans, Abraham Lincoln, and again oddly, Sidney Lanier, descended from the brother-in-law of Shakespeare's Dark Lady, Emilia Lanier; however, he was a musician and that spoke specially to Bridges, for whom music — not jazz — was his passion. He brings forward his friends loyally, Hopkins, Dolben, Dixon, even his neighbour, Masefield. No Hardy. I had the impression that he did not think highly of Hardy or Masefield — insufficiently aesthetic.

Bridges was very grand. What *would* he have thought of Larkin and our time? Disgusted, of course — and turned his back. Bridges admired Yeats's poetry, but thought his Rosicrucianism and spiritualism stuff and nonsense — as it was; for underneath everything the doctor-poet had a strong fund of commonsense.

At some point he referred to the cult of force in German militarism, and disapproved strongly of its prominence in German thought, as did his friend Santayana contemporaneously in his classic *Egotism and German Philosophy*. Bridges went further, with perhaps prophetic insight, to wonder whether there might not be a recurrence of barbarism with a second war. Fortunately he did not live to see that. He was even more concerned with the general lowering of standards which it let loose, along with the levelling down encouraged by the Russian Revolution. Though socialism was on the upward move in his later days he had at no time any sympathy with it, and wrote of its deteriorating consequences for society.

> Thus 'tis that levellers, deeming all ethick one,
> and for being Socialists thinking themselves Teachers,
> can preach class-hatred as the enlightened gospel of love.

The doctor in him saw the danger in the population explosion no less than that the poet saw its fell consequences:

> For sure the procreant multitude
> would riot to outcrowd the earth wer't not for lack of food,
> and thus the common welfare serveth but to swell
> the common woe . . .

Then comes a regression in civilisation:

> 'Thus Culture doeth herself to death reinforcing hell
> and seeth no hope but this, that what she hath wrought in vain
> since it was wrought before, may yet be wrought again
> and fall to a like destruction again and evermore.'

He pointed to those in our time

> 'who shall have quite dismember'd and destroy'd
> our temple of Christian faith and fair Hellenic art.'

If you undervalue art and culture, you put away

'Those ravishings of mind, those sensuous intelligences,
By whose grace the elect enjoy their sacred aloofness . . .'

The Elect! Their 'sacred aloofness'! How unlike today! But who shall say that he was wrong, for what is the truth? —

'all eminence is unequal, unequal is unjust —
should that once come about, then alas for this merry England,
sunk in a grey monotone of drudgery.'

Who shall say that he was wrong?
And what for hope? — the same as his was:

'from infancy a nursling of great Nature's beauty
which keepeth fresh my wonder as when I was a child.'

[Dr. A. L. Rowse is a distinguished poet as well as an eminent historian.]

LEWIS CARROLL AND THE HATCH SISTERS

by Walter Strachan

MISS Evelyn Hatch whom I visited in 1944, and her younger sister, Ethel, whom I interviewed for the *Corriera della Sera*, nineteen years later, enjoyed a lifetime relationship with the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (alias Lewis Carroll). There was also Beatrice 'Bee', Dodgson's favourite. They were the daughters of the Reverend Edwin and the Canadian-born Mrs. Hatch. Edwin belonged to the Oxford Pre-Raphaelite set and was a great friend of William Morris. As a boy he had been a fellow pupil, at a Birmingham school, of Edward Burne-Jones.

Beatrice was born in 1866, four years after the publication of *Alice in Wonderland*, Evelyn in 1869. Beatrice was one of the only two child-friends whom Dodgson photographed naked — the innocence of a five-year old personified. Mrs. Hatch was a broad-minded chaperone. The narrow age difference between the sisters meant that they could share Dodgson's dressing-up sessions in Christ Church College, singly, in pairs or together.

Evelyn began by showing me her Carroll 'memorabilia' — card- and board-games of his own invention; she mentioned a black furry bear that when wound up ambled along growling, and his set of 14 musical-boxes, brought out as special treats. In my article 'Lewis Carroll Revisited' — sparked off by Evelyn's *Lewis Carroll's Letters to Child-friends* — I had referred to Dodgson's melancholy. She countered this with, 'he was never melancholy with us'. I didn't pursue the matter as it involved a different kind of relationship with Dodgson than theirs. Nevertheless, the evidence of his fits of dejection was in some of the letters Evelyn had edited. He wrote, for example, to his cousin, 'Nella' Wilcox: 'I am as happy as a king down here (Eastbourne) at least as happy as *some* kings — at any rate I should think I'm about as happy as King Charles the First when he was in prison . . .'.

Dodgson's brave humour cannot conceal almost a lover's disillusionment when his dear Agnes (Hull) failed to turn up: 'At last I've succeeded in forgetting you! It's been a very hard job, but I took six lessons in forgetting at half-a-crown a lesson . . . the last of the six lessons was so good that I forgot everything! I forgot who I was; I forgot to eat my dinner . . . Perhaps you would like to take lessons from him (the Professor) so as to forget me'. (December 10, 1877.)

This emotion is counter-balanced by the extravagant and hilarious surrealism — what else? — in other letters Evelyn published. I quote a short extract from the three-cat anecdote (to Agnes Hughes): 'About the cats you know . . . Well, then I went to bed; but first, I lent them the three dinner-bells . . . I have three — the first (which is the largest) is rung when the dinner is *nearly* ready; the second (which is rather larger) is rung when it is quite ready; and the third (which is as large as the other two put together) is rung all the time I am at dinner. Well, I told them they

might ring if they happened to want anything — and, as they rang *all* the bells *all* the night, I suppose they did want something, only I was too sleepy to attend to them'.

Only one letter to the Hatch sisters comes into that emotionally surrealist category. It is to his 'Dear Bee', all about a wax doll he gave her — a mock tragedy as one of its arms melts by his fire. It ties up with Dodgson's preoccupation with suitable clothes in which to dress and photograph his child-friends. He wrote to Mrs. Hatch: 'The mornings are lovely for photographing. Couldn't you come over and bring 'Birdie', or better, Birdie and Ethel... a doll would do well with "Beggar-children". Also, if they have such a thing as a flannel nightgown; that makes as pretty a picture as you desire'. (He had taken a classic photograph of Judy Arnold — grand-daughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby in that attire.)

Ethel Hatch features in her sister's book in Bulgarian peasant costume, and elsewhere with Evelyn, barefoot as 'beggar-maidens' — a period theme, treated by Burne-Jones in his *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maiden* (very Pre-Raphaelite rags!): Both sisters told me how exciting it was to dive into Mr. Dodgson's great basket of dressing-up clothes, but sometimes found the lengthy posing-periods tedious, and, in *'déshabille'* rather chilly.

Dodgson loved taking child-friends and young ladies to the theatre... It might be a fairy-play, pantomime *(Goody Two Shoes)*, an entertainment by John Lawrence Toole — 'Mr. Toole is always amusing', he wrote to Coventry Patmore, or historical plays by Shakespeare.

Dodgson paid repeated visits to plays in which any of his child-actresses took part — to du Maurier's *Trilby*, for example, in which 'Dolly' (née Baird) took the title rôle. So the revival of *Alice, a Dream Play* on December 26, 1888, in which three of them were involved, was a red-letter day for Dodgson, as it was for his 'dear Isa' (Bowman) who played Alice, and even more for Irene Vanbrugh, making her début on the London stage of the Globe theatre. She doubled as the Knave of Hearts and The White Queen, while little Empsie Bowman, played the Doormouse.

Dodgson took great delight in arranging for Beatrice Hatch to be his guest at a performance of *Much Ado About Nothing* in which his friend Ellen Terry was playing Beatrice. The actress sent her a photograph of herself in the part, signed 'From Beatrice to Beatrice', with the quotation: 'There was a star danced and under that star I was born'. It was a kind of recognition of Beatrice Hatch's talent for elocution. Of which he made use, choosing her to declaim *The Prologue*, a piece he had written for one of Mrs. Hatch's house-entertainments.

Ethel's talents lay in another direction. As well as being the intellectual of the sisters, (she had the equivalent of a present-day degree from St. Hughes College, Oxford), she was good at drawing. After failing to get into the prestigious Herkomer Art School at Bushey, she was, to Dodgson's delight, accepted at the Academy Schools. She became an accomplished water-colourist. The evidence was around me on the walls of the room where we sat.

Like her sisters, she received pressing invitations to go and stay with

Dodgson in his lodging, (7 Lushington Road — now marked with a plaque), in Eastbourne. In general, chaperoning on railway journeys was *de rigueur* so, before one such journey Dodgson deemed it necessary to ask Mrs. Hatch whether she minded her daughter journeying from Goring to Paddington alone even though she was twenty-two. He reminded her tactfully in reference to a visit to the theatre, 'ladies usually dress for the stalls'.

Perhaps raised eyebrows in Oxford put him on the defensive about having guests — child-friends or young women — to stay, 'do not be shocked more than is absolutely necessary', he writes, 'I have Mr. Toole's leading lady, Miss Irene Vanbrugh staying with me', but, 'at my age I set "Mrs. Grundy" at defiance'. Nor did he see any impropriety in visiting Evelyn Hatch when she was laid up in bed.

On a different matter, to do with Beatrice and her girls, he reveals two aspects of his personality. She had introduced a weekly period of entertainment for her girls at St. Paul's School, frequently calling on Dodgson to participate. His diary entry records: 'Related *Brun's Picnic*. The children, 12 to 14 (years old) seemed to enjoy it'. And, to Beatrice: 'I should like to know, out of curiosity, who that sweet-looking girl was, with a red nightcap ... I fear it must be *name only*, the social gulf between us is too wide for it to be wise to make friends ...'. If always helpful, Dodgson was incorrigible in his pursuit of pretty child-friends. As late in his life as 1895, he discovered a new one, Audrey Fuller. She writes in retrospect: 'I was twelve; it was my first play *(The Professor's Love-Story* by J. M. Barrie) ... it was lovely. He sat all the time with my hand in his'.

Where deep emotions were involved, on Dodgson's part, these relations with child-friends did not always endure. As the child became an adult there could be, he admits, a 'sliding-down'.

This is where the platonic friendship with the Hatch sisters was different. It lasted up to his death on January 14, 1898. One of his last letters (June 4, 1897) was an invitation to 'My dear Bee' to come to dine, bringing along Ethel. He influenced their whole way of life, their ethos, their enlightened attitude to children, their love of the theatre. I felt aware of this as I talked with Ethel Hatch in 1963 in a room crowded with memories. Dodgson had been a frequent visitor when George Macdonald's family lived there. There Mrs. Macdonald had read out to her four children the original version of Carroll's *Alice's Adventures Underground* to cries from young Greville: 'It must be published!'. I came away, haunted by the mystique surrounding the house and the last surviving human link with Lewis Carroll himself.

[Walter Strachan is a poet and translator.]

THE CITIES AND COUNTRYSIDE OF AUSTRIA

by Richard Mullen

IN July 1833 the American poet, Nathaniel Parker Willis, visited Austria. He noted that 'the Austrians seldom travel, and the reason is evident — they have everything for which others travel, at home'. I had an idea to visit Austria 160 years after Willis and to prove whether or not his verdict still stands. My plan was to find smaller towns and villages outside her three great cities and to use these as bases from which to explore not just the cities but other places nearby. The country's superb, and reasonably priced public transport system, made it possible for me to test this idea. On my last visit to Austria I chose three such places: the first was Baden, which lies some sixteen miles south of Vienna. The second was Oberndorf, four miles north of Salzburg and the third was Igls, a delightful village three miles to the south of Innsbruck.

Baden, with a population of 28,000 is something like a cross between an English market town and Brighton. The name means, literally, baths, and the town started life as a Roman spa. Its sulphur springs are still going strong and are still used: one should not be surprised to see people walking round in bathrobes at hotels. At temperatures of almost 98 degrees Farenheit taking the waters can be a challenge: the springs pour forth one and a quarter million gallons daily. They are highly recommended for those suffering from rheumatism. When the wind is up the smell of sulphur is noticeable near the bath, but it is not overwhelming. It may be a factor in the lack of black-spot on the city's thousands of rose bushes in its splendid parks.

As a place from which to visit Vienna, Baden could not be better served for transport: there are trains from the capital's Westbahnhof and Südbahnhof and in addition, trams and buses. The fact that there are, alone, 265 trains a day between Baden and Vienna illustrates my point. Because most stop just opposite the Opera the visitor is well placed to wander round the capital's *inneren Stadt* or town centre, to tour the Hofburg or visit Stephansdom, to sample the coffee-houses with their famous pastries, to be overwhelmed with the treasures of the Imperial dynasty in the Schatzkammer, to pay one's respects to the Hapsburgs buried in the Capuchin Church, to enjoy an opera or operetta, to visit the numerous museums, art galleries and on and on.

Should all this touring become too much one can easily and happily spend a delightful day in Baden itself. Just to walk about the streets, many of them now 'pedestrian zones', is a pleasure in itself. One can stop for coffee *mit Schlag* at the Cafe Zentrum, dine at one of the many restaurants and afterwards buy some of the delicious ice-cream (a legacy from the Italian provinces in the old Empire) sold from kerb-side stalls. There is the parish church where Mozart's *Ave Verum* was first performed and the modest house, just opposite the Cafe Zentrum, where Austria's last emperor, the saintly Karl, lived for much of the First

World War and from which he left to return to Vienna and exile. There is a magnificent rose park or *Rosarium* and the delightful *Kurpark* or town park with its bandstand. Here, on a Sunday after church one sees the population strolling about under the trees or seated, listening to the small orchestra which is extremely good. One of my most treasured memories of Baden is returning to the *Kurpark* at night, when the citizens and orchestra had long been gone, to see a young couple park their bicycles, bow and curtsey, and then execute a superb waltz in the dusk. For those who like a more exciting evening Baden also boasts one of the most famous gambling casinoes in Austria.

At the end of the park the carefully tended shrubberies and flower-beds shade into the foothills of the famous Vienna woods which inspired both Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* and Johann Strauss' *Tales From the Vienna Woods*. There are numerous walks, all carefully laid out under the pine trees and at the top, the Kaiser Franz Joseph Museum of native art. (Less pleasing to the eye are the photographs of the damage done by Soviet troops who were stationed in Baden when Austria was under military occupation after the last war.) Outside there is a *Stüberl*, a cross between a cafe and a snack-bar where one can refresh oneself for the return journey.

Beside Baden and Vienna one is well placed for a wide variety of other places to visit, all, *natürlich*, by means of the ever-efficient public transport. Not far away is the magnificent monastery of Heiligenkreuz or Holy Cross founded in 1133: here just under 700 years later Schubert and a friend played his own fugues on the monastery organ. Not too far from the monastery is the village cemetery and in a corner is buried a part of Austrian history: it is the grave of Baroness Maria Vetsera, killed in the famous suicide pact by Crown Prince Rudolf at Mayerling, about two miles away. About six miles northeast of Baden is the village of Mödling: for those who like modern music the place is famous as the home for several years of the composers, Arnold Schönberg and Anton Webern. Baden is definitely a delightful small town to savour and one whose tourist facilities are improving almost daily.

The second stop on my three cities tour was Oberndorf, three miles north of Salzburg on the Salzach river, the border with Bavaria. Oberndorf is in effect two towns: the older one, in whose parish church the Christmas carol, 'Silent Night' was composed in 1818. This was the original site of the town which was 'twinned' with Laufen, now on the German side of the river. The church was destroyed towards the end of the last century by the fury of the river and in its place, on a grassy knoll, is a simple, small white chapel in honour of the parish priest Joseph Mohr and his friend the composer Franz Gruber who between them gave the world one of its most beautiful Christian hymns. After the flood the population moved away to its present location, still alongside the Salzach. One of the most pleasant walks in Oberndorf is along the river which makes a great sweep round the town of Laufen on the other shore. Indeed, one of the delights of Oberndorf is that one can walk across the bridge, wave

one's passport, and be in Germany for the afternoon. In addition, Oberndorf is also the home of one of Austria's leading young muralists, Johannes Plonner, whose studios are part of Hotel Plonner and who carries on the country's rich tradition of decorative art.

A superb Lokalbahn or local railway which leaves every twenty minutes means that Oberndorf is, in effect, almost a suburb of Salzburg. This city remains one of the great delights of European civilisation and, since the film, 'Sound of Music', a tourist mecca. Here again one is spoilt for choice among churches, cathedrals, monasteries, squares, palaces, gardens, castles, museums and galleries. As long as one is not there outside the height of the tourist season, a walk down the Getreidegasse, or mediaeval shopping street is a delight as is a tour of the *Mozartsgeburtshaus* (Mozart's birthplace and boyhood home). Unless one has booked well in advance, the city should be avoided in August, the month of the annual Festival.

Salzburg as a city of 140,000, is naturally a centre for buses and trains to the surrounding countryside. There are local buses to the pilgrim church of Maria Plain and to Schloss Hellbrunn, the summer palace of one of the Prince Archbishops of Salzburg in the seventeenth century. One of Hellbrunn's most famous, and most enjoyable features is the garden with its trick fountains. About eight miles outside Salzburg is Hallein where one can visit the famous salt mines that once provided Salzburg (salt mountain) with its main financial income — before tourism. There is a museum of the area's Celtic origins as Austrians are very keen about their Celtic past, as they are about their Roman inheritance — something that sometimes surprises visitors. (One wonders if it is an attempt to differentiate themselves from their Germanic cousins to the north?) If one is prepared to go a bit further afield, there are the delightful Alpine villages like Koppl or the famous lakeside towns of St. Gilgen and St. Wolfgang which can be done in a day-trip out of Salzburg. When the day's touring is finished, however, the most delightful way to spend the evening is in Oberndorf beside the Salzach river.

The third centre in this tour was the Tyrolean village of Igls, just over three miles from the historic city of Innsbruck. While Baden could be compared to an English market town and Oberndorf, to an English suburb, Igls (pronounced 'eegles') is uniquely Austrian. Set on a plateau in the Alps — its altitude is almost three thousand feet — it overlooks Innsbruck. Although the village is a favourite with English tourists it has refused to become commercialised. There are shops, numerous gasthofs and pensions, a cafe for morning coffee or afternoon tea and gentle walks across the fields of wild flowers to the neighbouring village of Vill whose parish church is well worth seeing. One of the most delightful day's outings is to get a return ticket on the Patscherkofelbahn or cable car which takes you, as the name suggests, about two-thirds up the Patscherkofel, Innsbruck's 'local mountain'. You can either take a chair-lift up the remaining distance or walk along carefully graded paths. The summit, at 7,372 feet above sea level, is well worth the mild effort required to reach it. From the top you can gaze on the Alps and look down to the Europabrücke,

built in 1965. It is Europe's highest bridge and, built in 1965, remains a remarkable achievement, some 2,625 feet long and at one point, 623 feet above the ground of the valley.

While the quickest way to get into Innsbruck is by bus, the most enjoyable is by the tram which runs through the midst of a dense, Alpine pine forest. Innsbruck remains one of Austria's leading holiday spots although not quite so crowded as Salzburg, at least not in the snowless seasons. The memory one carries away is of the Maria-Theresia street and the oft-photographed Anna Column. This was in place by 1706 to commemorate the Austrians' resistance to the Bavarian invasion of 1703. Behind the column loom the Alps, as if they were deposited there to act as a backdrop. Equally famous is the Hofburg, rebuilt by Empress Maria Theresia in the mid-eighteenth century. The imperial past is all round one, in triumphal arches, fountains and court theatres. Innsbruck also contains one of the most famous cenotaphs in Europe, the Hofkirche or Court Chapel. This was built in the mid-sixteenth century by Emperor Maximilian I. Its central feature is a statue of the kneeling emperor atop a large marble structure whose sides feature two dozen marble reliefs showing his achievements as emperor. He is surrounded by his 'funeral cortege' in the form of twenty-eight oversized bronze statues of his ancestors and relatives.

Innsbruck is also keen to preserve two other strains in their Austrian heritage. The first is the surviving examples of Gothic art and architecture. In the Tyrolean Provincial Museum you will find the most comprehensive collection of Austria's Gothic works, left over after the Baroque revolution which swept the country in the wake of the counter-Reformation. The most famous Gothic survival is, of course, the famous Golden Roof, in reality a late Gothic bay window with 2,657 gilded copper tiles on the slanting roof. It was built as a court box in the fifteenth century. The second strain is that of a peasant culture distinct from both the Baroque and the Viennese cosmopolitan. The Tyrol, of which Innsbruck is the capital, is the most famous example of 'peasant' culture and the city makes the most of this. In addition to the Provincial Museum there is a Tyrolean Regional Museum and Armoury as well as a Tyrolean Folkloric Museum in the New Abbey. There are numerous shops for hand-made local goods but they are not cheap. Austrians make a great deal of Andreas Hofer, the simple peasant who led Tyroleans in defence of the Austrian monarchy against Napoleon and his Bavarian ally in 1809 and he is buried in the Hofkirche.

Just outside Innsbruck is Schloss Ambras, the first museum north of the Alps. It was founded by Archduke Ferdinand II in the 16th century to display his splendid collection of armour and historical portraits. The beautiful setting of the castle and the wonderful arrangement of the exhibits make a visit there an unforgetable experience.

Baden, the spa town, Oberndorf, the home of 'Silent Night' and Igls, the Alpine ski-ing resort and unspoilt village, all three proved my thesis:

they were excellent and reasonably priced bases for exploring their neighbouring cities — Vienna, Salzburg and Innsbruck. Each in its own right is worth a visit but as a way to see, and escape from seeing, the three great cities, each gains an added attraction. Austria, a small country which is truly at the heart of Europe, has splendid cities and magnificent countryside. I had discovered a way to see both.

The author wishes to thank the Austrian State Tourist authority, their officials in London and in Vienna, Baden, Salzburg, Oberndorf, Innsbruck and Igls.

For further information regarding staying in small towns and villages near Austria's cities contact the Austrian State Tourist offices at 30, St. George Street, London, W1R 0AL (071-629 0461).

CONTINUITY

Nurture hardy thoughts in a young season
Against hybrids of cant and unreason,
For beauty inheres in simple roses,
And shames the conceits of bastard posies:
The sturdiest plants have the deepest roots,
Where history links the seed to its fruits.

Tim Hopkins

Literary Supplement

THE LIBERATING BIBLE

The English Bible and the Seventeenth Century Revolution. Christopher Hill. Allen Lane: The Penguin Press. 466pp. £25.00. 0 713 99078 3.

Trying to review this book adequately is rather like trying to review the Bible on a single sheet of paper. Professor Hill has already written nineteen books on closely related aspects of life, belief, and politics in seventeenth century England, and despite his modest claim that this latest work is the result of wide but not very systematic reading, I cannot help feeling that in fact it is the crowning achievement of a lifetime of scholarship and research into one particular century of England's social history, which has absorbed and fascinated him for years, and still does so. 'If I still had fifty years to spend in serious study of sermons, biblical commentaries, and theological treatises', he writes in the Preface, 'I might — just — be able to cover the ground. But as I have not, I have done the best I can on the basis of many years of desultory reading in and around the subject'. That 'best' is extremely unlikely to be bettered, and the ground covered in remarkable and mostly fascinating detail is huge.

He begins by looking at the influence on society of the Bible in the preceding century when 'Lollards had been circulating versions of the Scriptures' surreptitiously and illegally to 'lowly social elements', who 'found profoundly subversive messages in the Bible'. But it is the explosive effect of the advent of printing and the consequent appearance of easily available vernacular versions of the Bible, which forms his main subject. Once everyone could read it, everyone could interpret those 'subversive messages' in his own way and apply them to every aspect of his life. The effect upon society of the appearance of the English version of the Geneva Bible with its annotations was enormous. 'By the seventeenth century the Bible was accepted as central to all spheres of intellectual life; it was not merely a "religious" book in our narrow sense of the word "religion". Church and State in Tudor England were one; the Bible was ... the foundation of all aspects of English culture ... If we do not grasp this, we shall fall into the anachronistic trap of speaking of "a more religious age" than our own. In many senses it was a less religious age than ours'. The Bible was the sovereign guide to everything: not just to religious belief, but to politics, economics, the Law, and all other aspects of corporate life as well as to 'the private life and doings of every man in wisdom and folly, love and hatred, soberness and incontinency'.

The trouble, of course, was that people could — and did — find texts or passages in the Bible, ripped out of their historical context, to support their own ideas, whether those ideas were political, social, moral, or denominational. All men, whether Presbyterian, Royalist, Quaker, Ranter, Leveller, or even advocates of free love justified their beliefs and their actions by reference to the Bible, the Old Testament and the last book of the New Testament playing a far larger part than the Gospels in the passions of the time. The beheading of Charles I was justified by dozens of texts about the fate of unrighteous or idolatrous kings in the Old Testament; the English were equated with God's chosen people, Rome with Anti-Christ. Eventually people became so surfeited

by denominational strife and fratricide and their biblical justification that the Bible lost much of its previous respect. Indeed, after the Restoration, Charles II made a certain Isaac Vossius Canon of Windsor precisely because 'he would believe anything if only it was not in the Bible'. Meanwhile, however, sectarian hatred — especially hatred and fear of Rome — persisted, so that 'when Nell Gwynn was mistaken by a hostile crowd for the King's French mistress, she said reassuringly, "Be silent, good people, I am the *protestant* whore".'

Professor Hill is careful not to look back in judgement, though at one point he shows an understandable preference for the Quakers after their abandonment of violence and militancy for more peaceful behaviour; but his book almost inevitably forces the reader to make judgements of his own, and he helps them to do so by pointing out that, despite its dangers, the Bible — especially the Old Testament — remains a profoundly revolutionary book. Karl Marx could not have been a more typical descendant of such savagely righteous old prophets as Elijah, rejecting the Church and God as deceivers rather as Elijah rejected the prophets of Baal for the same reason; and the Roman Catholic proponents of 'Liberation Theology' in South America today are in the same line of descent. Moreover, despite the excesses of the seventeenth century, it is impossible to deny that the Bible had a huge influence upon some of England's greatest literary giants — Shakespeare, Milton, Marvell to name only the most obvious — or that the work of the Non-conformist churches in the slums of Victorian England during the early years of the industrial revolution, the birth of the Labour Party, the democratic constitution of this country — not to mention the Constitution of the United States — and much else were the long-term results of the seventeenth century revolution in this country. So what are we to say? That the Bible is a desperately dangerous book? Or that, even though so often abused and misused, it contains some of the most profound thinking about both the social and the personal problems of being alive? I suspect that Professor Hill would answer 'Yes!' to both questions. His book is a monumental achievement.

TONY BRIDGE

EUROPEAN MONEY

The Bundesbank: The Bank that Rules Europe. David Marsh. Heinemann. 1992. 359pp. 0 434 45116 9.

From at least the seventeenth century there have been corporate institutions which have had incomes, personnel and power beyond that of some sovereign states. The Dutch East India Company is an example from the eighteenth century; General Motors from the twentieth. The Bundesbank belongs to this select number. It can also be linked to the pre-requisites of a united Europe, which have existed at least since the time of Trajan: law, bureaucracy, citizenship and currency. These are the touchpieces, the four tests as to whether Europe was at any time truly united.

The present Bundesbank is the lineal successor of the original Reichsbank, established under the Banking Act of 1875, just after the unification of Germany under the Second Reich. The Zollverein or Customs Union of 1834 had called for the standardisation of German coinage, but this did not happen until after unification in 1871. Even this bank was the successor itself of the reorganised Bank of Prussia established in 1846. Under the 1875 Act the Reichsbank was given a central note-issuing role, so the roots of the Bundesbank

and its status, and perhaps its ambitions, go back a very long way indeed.

The present Bundesbank was born in 1957, succeeding the Bank deutscher Lander, set up by the Allies after the Second World War. The new bank's legal status reflected the needs of a country allowed again to run its own affairs. The bank is statutorily independent from the German Federal Government. Since its creation no other monetary institution has been the focus of such mythology and mystification. Its direct monetary command spreads across today's unified Germany, the world's third most important economy and the home of one quarter of the European Community's gross national product, but its sphere of influence is enormous. Europe itself counts, it should be remembered, for one third of world economic output.

What overrides every other consideration in the life of the Bank is *stabilitatspolitik* (stability policy). It was natural therefore that when the European Monetary System (EMS) was created in 1979, the purpose of which was exchange rate stabilisation, that other currencies would gravitate towards, or track, the strongest currency, namely the deutschmark.

At the same time moves were set inexorably afoot, (indeed, in some ways had preceded EMS) to bring about a single currency within the European Community. In practical terms it meant that any currency joining the EMS ceded its monetary sovereignty to Frankfurt. Even outside the EMS, whatever the Bundesbank does affects world currencies. Its rate cuts and rises are eagerly monitored by financial analysts throughout the world, because it gears the strongest economy and currency in Europe, and, one is tempted to say, the proto-currency for the future united (possibly federal) Europe. The Mayor of Leipzig is on record as saying, when Germany was united in 1990, that 'Now the language of Europe is German'. Perhaps we could also say that the future Central Bank of Europe is German. For the not-so-well concealed sub-text of all these monetary machinations is the proposed European Central Bank, envisaged by the Single European Act and subsequent EC treaties. Although the recession has put the single currency and the single issuing bank on the back burner, it is still there.

The author of this book, David Marsh, is the European editor of *The Financial Times* and an established authority on modern Germany. He believes that French enthusiasm for a single European currency and a European Central Bank is founded on a desire to shackle the D-mark and eventually to bring about its demise. Naturally, the Germans themselves are far from convinced as to whether they want the D-mark to disappear and be replaced by a single European currency. To put it mildly, the Bundesbank has a distaste for the ECU, the proto-European currency. It is of course arguable now that the original pivot of the EMS should have been the ECU, and not the D-mark. But that was a miscalculation, is now in the past and little can be done about it. The strongest currency quite simply became the yardstick of the system. Even the name of the proto-currency was minimised by the Bundesbank, which of course had other ideas. 'You don't baptise a child before it is born', said Karl Otto Pohl, then the President. What has been desired all along, and not only by the Germans, is stability of the currency, and to ask the Germans to give up a stable currency in return for a monetary system which is less secure would be unrealistic, and would be a dis-service, both for Germany and for Europe. Perhaps the proto-currency is indeed already here, for if there is to be a single European currency, the Bundesbank's preferred solution is that this should be the D-mark!

But would this be politically acceptable to Germany's partners within the European Community? Otto von Habsburg has recently spoken strikingly of the need to protect wealth, where there is weakness, insufficient protection, for this invites attack. The wealth is mainly in Germany and mainly controlled by the Bundesbank. One of the representatives of the Bundesbank is credited with saying. 'We are arrogant because we are good'. But the rejoinder to that seems to be: 'If you are good, do you need to be arrogant?' A wealth of history is contained in some simple sentences. David Marsh has written a vital contribution to the understanding of late twentieth century European development.

MICHAEL L. NASH

THE MANY FACES OF LIBERALISM

Post-Liberalism. John Gray. Routledge. £35.00. 0 415 08873 9.

Like Gaul, this important volume is divided into three parts. It opens with six essays on individual thinkers, namely Hobbes, Santayana, Hayek, Oakeshott, Buchanan and Berlin. That on Santayana is delightfully written and illuminating while Buchanan, even after four readings, was still less than intelligible to a former practising politician. There follows the main body of critical essays and finally the questions posed by cultural diversity and the thought of the new Right, culminating in the writer's view of what is dead and what is living in Liberalism.

Michael Oakeshott's quoted comment, 'What may now be meant by the word Liberalism is anyone's guess', is apposite since the economic Liberalism of untrammelled free trade and the law of the market may contrast with political Liberalism, so that those who least favour the intervention of the state in matters of private morality frequently favour state intervention to curb the worst excesses of what Mr. Heath once called the unacceptable face of Capitalism. The same is true in reverse.

One facet of this volume which I found to be particularly valuable was the references and undoubtedly this is a must for those concerned with political theory and philosophy or currently reading PPE. It challenges many aspects of conventional wisdom and I for one never thought of Tsarist Russia as an 'Open Progressive Authoritarian System' but everything has to be seen in relative terms. In his analysis of Marxism following the demise of the Soviet system the writer taps a rich vein of topical controversy. He describes 'A spectacle of economic catastrophe, ecological devastation, hideous social problems and massive popular estrangement'. I would differ from the author to some extent with regard to his analysis of Fascism and Marxism. The former is only destructible by violence since it is based on total irrationality, whereas communist regimes have cracked from the inside because of their inability to produce in practice what a rational but flawed theory promised.

The author is unashamedly pro-Capitalist and his argument against Cohen on proletarian unfreedom is a powerful polemic. However, he attacks the conservatism which invokes the authority of government to intervene in problems to which the government has no solution. Thus, 'None of the manifestations of contemporary decadence about which conventional conservative opinion is so alarmed are threats to the survival of society'. His argument is taken to the point that even state provision of education is regarded as a recipe for social conflict and the governmental provision of social services is bound to yield a pressure for cultural homogeneity. He admits that the argument which he develops goes against the grain of most contemporary thought,

Socialist, Liberal and Conservative, in that it denies to government the task of conserving cultural identity. He contrasts Thatcherite Conservatism and neo-Liberalism and rightly refers to its affinities with American neo-Conservatism. Its appeal to Victorian values is inappropriate in the twentieth century, in the cultural diversity of English society. Liberty depends upon the absence from our society of overwhelming concentrations of power and, by the same token, upon evolving a sharing of power, not least with the opposition.

John Gray has no sympathy for the current European civilisation and seems to deny the flowering of culture which he does not recognise as such. Nevertheless, he does not consider that the four elements of doctrinal liberalism — universalism, individualism, egalitarianism and meliorism are dead. He rejects the fundamentalist liberal view that liberal regimes are uniquely legitimate for all human beings. What I find to be missing in his analysis of liberalism is the contrast between the open and closed society, rather than the economic form of Capitalism as against other possible forms of Liberalism that might include the Social Democratic model.

In a sense his civil society is the open society, since it is tolerant of the diversity of views, religious and political that it contains and does not impose on all a comprehensive doctrine: society involves the rule of law and autonomous institutions protected by that law. A third feature is the institution of private or several property. Here I find there to be a weakness in the writer's argument in that the untrammelled power of many corporate organisations may be even greater than the Leviathan state which he rightly denigrates as the antithesis of Liberalism. Nevertheless he includes egalitarianism in the sense that all persons would enjoy equality under the law and immunity from arbitrary arrest and entitlement to a fair trial and freedom to acquire and alienate property.

He abhors the concept of a comprehensive liberal ideology. Indeed, that is the paradox of liberalism in that it is an ideology that abhors ideology. It is pluralist and open; and in the sense that, in a large part of the globe, totalitarianism has collapsed, there is, at a time of terrible strife, also a new hope that liberalism will encompass large parts of the globe albeit in diverse forms.

PAUL B. ROSE

ARMAGEDDON

The Last Crusade. Colin Smith. Sinclair-Stevenson. £14.95. 185 619 0765.

Colin Smith brings two special talents to his re-creation of Allenby's Palestine campaign in 1917: he was once a boy-soldier, and he writes of the Other Ranks in all corps, but especially the English yeomanry regiments, with insight and authenticity; and he spent most of his working life as the *Observer's* Middle East correspondent, and has an obvious grasp of the geography and atmosphere of Jerusalem and the much-fought-over desert and scrub country to the south, north and west of it — fought over since time began, and still an Armageddon. He set his first novel, *The Cut-Out,* in the same arena.

Colin Smith's characters include some historically-established figures: Allenby, Archie Wavell, intelligence chief Richard Meinertzhagen, T.E. Lawrence and not least Sarah Aaronsohn, British spy, Zionist and courier. These are, however, but a few in a rich kaleidoscope, set in a complex world: a creaky and inefficient Ottoman Empire being propped up by a tightly-stretched German war machine, inside which was a patchwork of minorities: Maronite and Druze, Zionist and Othodox, Syrians (the only true 'natives'?) and tribal Arabs, crusaders for umpteen causes, community-settlers, and the lonely, the burdened

and the barmy of all sorts. They all come to life, in or near or involved in Allenby's war — itself the last horse war we are likely to witness. They serve as an index to the medley of races and religions that have always dotted Greater Syria, and still do. The story, fiction rooted in fact, is more than an immensely readable tale. It is a vivid reminder that the countries of the Middle East have been forged in the crucible of treachery as well as of battle. Around Allenby as around Saladin were calculating and devious men; and in Palestine's beautifully-kept military and civilian graveyards are villains as well as heroes, thieves, terrorists and desperate men who at their ends are usually dressed as heroes, as Colin Smith says himself, 'Life is not a tidy business... and people are unpredictable, even to themselves'.

ESMOND WRIGHT

A LIFE OF THE TSAR

Nicholas II Emperor of All the Russias. Dominic Lieven. John Murray. 292pp. £19.99. 0 7195 4994 9.

It may be argued that seldom do academic historians, or novelists for that matter, make good biographers. Academics tend to be concerned more with issues than with people, partly because reputable universities do not allow doctoral theses to be biographies, partly because of natural inclinations. (The worst example this reviewer ever read was a biography which did not mention that its subject had died.) While there are, of course, exceptions, like Lord Blake, they tend to prove the rule. In some cases, however, to write a biography demands a range of knowledge and expertise lacking in most biographers. Such is the case with regard to biographies of Russian emperors: a good biographer needs not only the language but a knowledge of a vanished and complex world and few, other than academic historians, would have it. In this case Dominic Lieven, who teaches history at the London School of Economics, has made good use of his extensive knowledge of nineteenth century Russia. This biographical study is a logical outcome of his previous work on Imperial Russia's ruling establishment and on her entry into the Great War. It is, in essence, a *political* biography.

Unlike most of this sort, it does not ignore Nicholas II's private life and history, but it concentrates on his work and role as Tsar. More than any other biography of Nicholas II I have read, this book tells one how Imperial Russia was governed and how vital was the position of Nicholas II, even after the 1905 revolution forced on him the rudiments of constitutional rule (for this role the fourth chapter is especially valuable). The biography also sets into context some aspects of Nicholas II's reign: why the Emperor assumed military command in 1915; why Rasputin's role has been exaggerated; why the Emperor had so cornered himself by 1917 that the army could, in effect, allow him to be driven from power and by so doing, condemn the Empire to extinction.

As with any really good book, one can find areas of disagreement. True, Nicholas II faced governmental changes during his reign (1894 to 1917) as profound as those faced in Britain by those sovereigns from George III to Edward VII (1760-1910). Yet should one imply, at least in some chapters, that because the Empire fell it was doomed to fall? Must the tensions inherent in the 1905 settlement necessarily have led to disaster without a war? On this point there is, at least to this reviewer, some lack of clarity. Sometimes the comparisons with other dynasties seem a little bit over-done and the general historical asides can be a bit too sweeping; on the other hand, comparisons with the rule of the Communists, are most apt and illuminating. It does appear

that the final pages which deal with the Tsar's abdication and murder, are rather rushed as is so often the case with biographies. Mr. Lieven manifestly likes and respects his subject — perhaps even reveres him — and understands far better than any other biographer the terrible problems he faced. Even so, the requirements of length set down, perhaps by the publisher, and the inevitable academic pull to deal with politics rather than home life, mean that a lot of little stories which a lesser biographer would include are left out. This is a pity because for the average non-academic reader, these 'asides' are like small brush strokes that make a portrait come to life.

One interesting point is that for the first time in any historical work this reviewer has read, modern-day Japan plays a role. The book was partly written there and the author received financial help from the Japanese government and assistance from Japanese libraries and the University of Tokyo. In the past British-based historians would probably have lavished their thanks for generosity solely on the academic establishments of East-coast America. But the world has changed in historical writing as elsewhere.

This is a book well worth the reading for anyone interested not just in Russia's last Tsar but in the nature of government and the problems facing Russia today. Even with the impossibilities heaped on Nicholas II, Mr. Lieven shows that his greatest problem was himself: he was neither the right nor the best man for the job. Yet he was also a much misunderstood man, then and now: this biography should remedy that misunderstanding at long last.

JAMES MUNSON

CHAD VARAH, INDIVIDUALIST

Before I Die Again: The Autobiography of the Founder of the Samaritans. Chad Varah. Constable. 384 pages. £17.50. 0 094 70580 1.

Eldest of nine children, Chad Varah is a true son of the vicarage with that brilliant individualism which Britain uniquely supplies, from Cecil Rhodes to Dorothy Sayers. Even the odd sounding name is of good Yorkshire stock.

After Oxford, where he changed from chemistry to PPE, Chad was ordained and started work as a humble curate. His main outside activities concerned editing the *Eagle*, that pioneer children's paper, and conducting sex therapy classes. With three suicides occurring daily in London alone, he perceived a great need which non-judgemental befriending or listening therapy could fill. At exactly the right moment he was offered the rectorship of St. Stephen Walbrook, a beautiful city church with no congregation. Here in its vestry the Samaritans were born in November, 1953 (the name was conferred on Chad by the *Daily Mirror* in December). In those early empirical days, Chad chose helpers neither pious, political nor prudish, to listen, giving neither judgement, advice nor counsel. These Samaritans had to have quick wit, humour, unshockability and patience.

There was always an element of danger where the unbalanced could walk in with a gun, which did happen. But mostly those who reached the crypt office were overcome by their own sin and sorrow. One young stable hand, desperate over his desire to have sex with a horse, left happy after being told not to get his foot trodden on by a restless stallion, while doing something not uncommon among grooms. One ribald volunteer could not resist a whisper: shall we get a call from the horse? Once relations with the police, psychiatrists and doctors were sorted out and both nightwatch and flying squad established, work swelled rapidly world wide, reaching a peak perhaps in 1972 when the BBC broadcast eleven episodes of the 'Befrienders'. (A pity they erased the tape later). Chad

was as busy promoting Samaritans, flying indefatigably round the world to do so, overseas as at home.

Now, at eighty, he has produced a large book packed with facts and containing, as he complains, only two-thirds of what he wants to say. Perhaps a really good biographer with plenty of time is needed to round off an amazing character. As a firm believer in re-incarnation, Chad has no sense of urgency for himself, but he has for his new crusade against the barbaric practice of female circumcision. This needs a man to lead it, although it is odd that so few western feminists have time to add their considerable power and pressure to such a vital and non-political cause: to help the mutilated women of Africa. One can only hope that MAGMOG (Men Against Mutilation of Girls) will have a swifter success than the movement against footbinding in China. If Chad Varah has anything to do with it, there is every chance.

MOLLY MORTIMER

REJOICE TO READ JOYCE ANEW

James Joyce: The Years of Growth. Peter Costello. Kyle Cathie. £17.99. 185 626 0534.

There *is* a life after Ellmann. Of definitive biography there is no end. Let us go wild and rejoice! It would be an eejit who, viewing pages 'damascened with flyblown faces of the gone', argued with Mr. Costello's central tenet that the creative poetics of James Augustine's work took its origin from the recollection in intranquillity of emotion sustained in the Dublin of his *puerilia* and *adulescentia*.

Oh! the gaieties; the skellingtons at the feast! Wraiths of Ellmann, Gorman and Budgen rise in disputatious delight. Make no mistake: there is room for another historio-graphic-biography, for the Joyce industry has mitotically multiplied, morula upon blastula into so many industrious schisms that it is often impossible to see the true wood of the family tree for the Clongowes Wood. Mr. Costello zooms in like a close-focusing camcorder upon the first thirty-three years — 1882-1915 — of Joyce's being; the formation period; the precise life-span of Christ, his lost playmate.

Like old-fashioned magic lantern slides, the static, epiphanic scenes melt in ... Baby tuckoo, moo-cow coming down the urban bohereen where Betty Byrne had her little sweet-shop and sold lemon platt... Mrs. Conway, young Jim's incarnation of R.L.S.'s 'Cummy', 'Dante' the Joyce children called her, installing God's wrath, instilling terror of thunder and millennial fears. Phobias symbolic and shambolic. Dante remembered ripping the green velvet back off her hairbrush named 'Parnell', lying in the press beside maroon-backed 'Michael Davitt', faith gone in Mr. Fox Parnell and his sinful shilly- shea-ing. The beast with two backs.

Dissolve into Clongowes Wood and the Jesuits. As Osbert Sitwell claimed to have been educated in the holidays from Eton, similarly Joyce set high store by reading encompassed in periods of freedom from the yoke of school.

Two more transformations: son up on the parapet of the Martello Tower, the snot green sea reminding him of the bowl of green bile torn from his mother's rotting liver; man and sea maid from Finn's, the Barnacle with the auburn byssus, swimming into mutual ken on Thor's day, Bloomsday, June 16th, 1904. One of the rubric days.

Here are well rehearsed, too, the sorrowful mysteries in the rosary of his days. The stations of his cross — the cross of his own cruel fiction. The few and fugitive glorious mysteries. Death was an all-pervading ingredient of the

Irish experience. The long shadow of Glasnevin would, years into his exile, fall across the dividing seas. John, *père* Joyce, made in the end a sort of compact with it — a hobby of attending funerals. This side of eternity was a forever matter of following cortèges, black nodding ostrich plumes on black shining horses, to Glasnevin through soft-falling Irish rain. Bitter-pattering tears for the lordly dead riding in the stateliest, glass-walled ebony and crystal carriages of their lives, to the sexton's blank-ended cul-de-sac.

In a sense, Joyce *fils* was a spoilt priesteen, abandoning his altar ego when the rising artist de-Catholicised him.

Mr. Costello does not always seem to distinguish between the Robbe-Grillet descriptive vignette and the Ur-Joycean epiphany, which *may* be descriptive but *must* embrace insight containing resonances of past, present and future encapsulated within a coruscant moment of *éclaircissement*. He has done fruitful research into the identity of E.C. *aka* Emma Clery. Happily, his conclusions are of a very diverse stamp from those of Virginia Moore which, in the 1930s, provided Emily Bronte with a lover, 'Louis Parensell', who upon closer inspection of the handwriting was dehumanised into 'Love's Farewell'.

Of considerable interest also is Mr. Costello's exposition of the possible link between *Ulysses* and Joyce's St. Stephen's Green days in the person of Father Henry Browne, S.J., and the publication in 1905 of his *Handbook of Homeric Study*. From it Joyce may well have derived the notion of the clash of Bloom, the Wandering Jew, the Phoenician with the intolerant Cyclopii of Irish Nationalism.

Mr. Costello parts company with Richard Ellmann on several issues. 'Ellmann is', he says, 'hopelessly confused', identifying the wrong O'Connell as the priest in 'The Sisters', and his proffering of Amalia Popper as possible original of the nubile girl in *Giacomo* Joyce 'provides a curious account of his research methods'.

This, the first completely new biography of James Joyce for a generation, will raise as many scholastic eyebrows as it raises scholarly points, but no serious student of the Great Irishman *in absentia* can afford to ignore it.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

JAPAN IN THE WORLD TODAY

The Cambridge Encyclopaedia of Japan. Edited by Richard Bowring and Peter Kornicki. Cambridge, 1993. 400pp. £29.95. 0 521 403 529.

Intended as, in the words of its blurb material, 'a richly illustrated introduction to Japan past and present', this volume comprises the efforts of 'fifty-four expert contributors' and includes '384 illustrations, 318 in colour', to make up 'in a single volume for the first time . . . a complete and convincing portrait'. It is certainly a heavyweight work, and its arrival has been awaited in Japanological circles for some time. Japan's current economic and political importance will certainly assure its sales.

As with others of Cambridge's geographical encyclopaedias, presentation is thematic rather than chronological or alphabetic, so that this is not an encyclopaedia in the strict, *Britannica* sense. Under the headings of 'Geography', 'History', 'Language and Literature', 'Thought and Religion', 'Arts and Crafts', 'Society', 'Politics', and 'Economy', different topics are tackled by the appropriately qualified contributors, and — as one would expect — there is a full glossary, bibliography and index. Coverage is right up to date, including the aftermath of the so-called 'bubble economy' of the 1980s and its subsequent collapse: one point at least that should count in this book's favour. A

thoroughly reliable, comprehensive guide to its subject, the book will probably be one of the starting points for undergraduates and interested general readers for years to come. It represents good value for its price and is attractively presented. No-one should hesitate to buy it who needs or wants such a book. But I feel a creeping dissatisfaction, that much more could have been done with the material, and that the book is not properly addressing the interests of its audience.

In a quart-into-pint-pot enterprise like this, something obviously has to give. For example, I quote the beginning of the article on decorative arts: 'The complexity of the subject is more than can be dealt with in a brief introduction, and the overview that follows concentrates on the history of Western interaction with Japan and the nature of Western collections of Japanese decorative arts'. The section which follows this lead-in is substantially shorter than that given over to Japanese science, and its illustrations deal overwhelmingly with export items. Yet the unique quality of Japan's native handicrafts, traditions, and their importance to outside perceptions of the culture, surely warrant more extensive study than this. The sections on modern politics, economics and society are wide-ranging, magisterial, and will probably provide budding foreign correspondents with all they need for their articles; but therein again is the problem. Such information can be gleaned from the newspapers or television reports, but presenting it in this format simply reduces Japan to a series of pie-charts. This book includes no separate section on Zen, and devotes a considerable space to Japan's ga-ga 'new religions' at the expense of the immensely long and important history of Japanese Buddhism as a whole. Or, in a more modern context, why so little on 'love hotels' and the highly sophisticated Japanese sex industry? Cultural, historical and intellectual analysis seem to have lost out to the interests of readers of the financial pages. This is a depressingly familiar pattern in Japan studies as a whole, where commercial or business-related interests usually set the agenda, but it is sad to find it in a book aspiring to comprehensiveness.

I feel this work compares unfavourably with Phaidon's *Cultural Atlas of Japan*, written by Martin Collcutt, Marius Jansen and Isao Kumakura and published in 1988. Clearly, this latter cannot aspire to the topicality of a volume published in 1993, nor to the universality offered by 54 scholars. But to begin with — it has a complete list of emperors and their reigns, and of shoguns and *their* reigns, which the Cambridge encyclopaedia does not. Its maps are carefully plotted with lines of latitude and longitude usually given, whereas the Cambridge maps leave them out. Its text runs the length of its pages, whereas the Cambridge designers have left theirs with large white voids at the top. Its illustrations are more striking and vivid. It does concentrate on historical presentation at the expense of the modern nation and of thematic treatment, and it has certain weak spots (notably modern literature), but in general I find it most stimulating and interesting. Since it costs £21.95 at 240 pages, I would be wrong to say it is clearly better value than the Cambridge product, but it does not have the unpleasantly perfunctory air (evident in the maps and the design) sometimes apparent in the thicker book. Myself, I will stick by it.

Of course, there cannot be too much wrong with an up-to-the-minute compendium of useful information on what will be the 21st century's world leader. If there really are still some people in the West who know little or nothing about Japan, they would be doing themselves an immense favour by buying *The Cambridge Encyclopaedia of Japan*. But the audience it does not address, the popular audience for things Japanese who pass over the economic

details for the mystique of James Clavell novels, the martial arts enthusiasts and dabblers in *sushi*, are testifying however imperfectly to the truly fascinating, autonomous character of Japan: that which preceded and which will outlast the current economic hyperactivity. What is it that makes Japan worth an encyclopaedia to itself in the first place? Statistics on trade balance, nuclear power, family structure, etc? Or a culture — despite its debt to China — unique in the world, an inspiring tradition of sensibility, and a rich and complex history dating back well before the advent of most European nations? If you agree with that first answer to this rhetorical question, then this is the book for you.

PAUL ST. JOHN MACKINTOSH

POLITICS AND PROTESTANTS

Under God: Religion and American Politics. Garry Wills. Simon & Schuster. £9.99. Paperback. 0671 747 460.

This book had its origin in the 1988 Presidential Election, when Garry Wills — student of Jeffersonian America, professor and journalist, Catholic at ease in Latin and Greek — was persuaded by *Time* magazine to write some feature articles. They form the basis, or at least the beginning, of this book.

For a country that is constitutionally Godless and required to be tolerant, religion is always just below the surface of American politics. In the United States to be a preacher, especially a black preacher, is half-way to political office, as it is also for practitioners in law. Indeed more so: today and over recent decades what passes as oratory in a television age comes from pulpits: witness Martin Luther King, Jesse Jackson, Louis Farrakhan. Perhaps the only rival as orator is Mario Cuomo of New York. For much of his research Wills went to theological institutions: to Bethany Nazarene College in Oklahoma City (where Gary Hart studied for the ministry), to Chicago Theological Seminary (for Jesse Jackson), and to New York Theological (for Pat Robertson).

Although the first third of the book is devoted to the circumstances and personalities of 1988, this is much more: Wills sees Protestant millenarian theology and its recurrent jeremiads as basic to the American story. Hence the essays on William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes's trial, hence the guilt theme in Lincoln. Garry Wills sees Michael Dukakis as 'the first truly secular candidate in our politics'; perhaps Hillary Clinton, the President's wife, apparently the stronger and more left-inclined personality in the Clinton household, might merit a similar description as events since the Election have shown. She has already been described as 'the Winnie Mandela of American politics'. But the two most interesting — and freshest — studies are those of Jefferson and Madison. The last Wills sees not only as the father of the Constitution but with 'an even better claim as the father of disestablishment'.

I found only one minor erratum. Wills notes correctly that Queen Elizabeth II is obliged to change her religious allegiance when she crosses the Scottish border. But it is not quite correct to say 'Head of the English Church south of the Scottish border, she becomes Head of the Presbyterian Kirk north of it'. Not so. On attending the General Assembly of the Kirk in Edinburgh every spring, the Queen, or her representative the Lord Commissioner, sits one step below the Moderator, the churchman who is elected annually to reign if not to rule over the deliberations of the Scottish Kirk. It is a tiny point: but not to the Fathers and Brethren and their ladies who are, during the same week as they deliberate, anticipating an invitation to a royal garden party half a mile away, where they will be glad to defer and to curtsey to the Sovereign of the secular realm.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Illustrated Chronicles of Matthew Paris: Observations of Thirteenth-Century Life translated, edited and with an introduction by Professor Richard Vaughan. (Alan Sutton/ Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. ISBN 0 7509 02760. £18.99.) This is a splendid re-issue of Richard Vaughan's earlier translation of Paris' *Chronica majora* in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. This edition, which contains approximately one-sixth of the original text of one of England's most famous mediaeval chronicles, is meant 'to provide the beginner with a meaningful introduction to the Middle Ages, and ... with a first-hand acquaintance with Matthew Paris'. The book is beautifully illustrated with over 100 of Paris's own drawings from the original MS and is a credit to the publishers.

Cambodia: A Portrait by John Hoskin with photographs by Tim Hall. (Elsworth Books. ISBN 981 3018 85 2. £25.00.) Cambodia normally figures in the news because of the apparently never-ending struggle for control of the government and because of the horrors of the Communist regime in the 1970s. This beautifully illustrated book seeks to show the other side of the country: chapters cover Cambodia's history, its geography and peoples, its civilisation and traditions. There is a chapter on Phnom Penh and a useful chronology and bibliography for those wishing to read further. The author, who lives in Bangkok, specialises on Southeast Asia and has produced a most informative and enjoyable book.

Imperial Warrior: The Life and Times of Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby 1861-1936 by Lawrence James. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. ISBN 0 297 81152 5. £20.00.) Today most people only know of Field-Marshall Allenby because of the fame of T. E. Lawrence ('Lawrence of Arabia') yet it was under Allenby's command that British troops conquered Syria, the Lebanon and Palestine, liberated Damascus and Jerusalem in the Great War and added the 'Brown Dominions' to George V's Empire. This is the first biography of Allenby for thirty years and is most welcome. It makes use of a wide range of manuscript scources and sheds some new insights into the fighting on the quagmire that was the Western Front. It also shows the genuine, if not uncritical, regard Allenby had for Lawrence: it was Allenby who delivered the official obituary of Lawrence after the nine o'clock news on the BBC's Home Service in 1936. There, as he and his generation had been taught, he 'did the right thing' by Lawrence.

No Friends but the Mountains by John Bulloch and Harvey Morris. (Penguin paperback. ISBN 0 140 16708 0. £6.99.) This is a timely and poigant paperback edition of a book first published last year. The plight of the Kurds, spread over Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Azerbaijan and Armenia is a timebomb ticking away, a problem about to reach the front pages to compete with Bosnia and Somalia. Behind the present crisis lies the tension between the ancient ordering of mankind into tribes over which have been superimposed the European concept of geographic nation states artificially devised after the Great War. They, like the Palestinians, just don't quite fit. The book begins with the 1991 Kurdish uprising against the Iraqis and then gives a history of the Kurds and the problems they have faced, are facing and will continue to face.

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From "Music of Tears"
The words of Septimus Warren Smith came to her, "Now we will kill ourselves' But Septimus let himself think horrible things" She rose and went over to Frederick and looking into his face let free her great melancholy. p.105

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CONSOLIDATING EXISTING TIES: FRANCE AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC IN THE 1990s

by Wayne McCallum

ON 11 May 1993 readers of *The New Zealand Herald* encountered a large picture on page one depicting a French sailor hoisting a tricolour, with Auckland harbour as backdrop. The event was the arrival of the *Jacques Cartier*, paying the first visit to New Zealand by a French naval vessel since before the French bombing of the *Rainbow Warrior* in Auckland's port in July 1985. The port call was hailed in the national media, and by the National Government, as indicative of the extent to which Franco-New Zealand relations had improved since the days of *l'affaire Greenpeace*.

Although given great prominence, the visit by the *Jacques Cartier* was by no means the first example of the improvement since 1985 of contacts between the two countries. In April 1991, Prime Minister Michel Rocard made the first visit by a French head of government to New Zealand. The trip, which included an apology for the *Rainbow Warrior* incident, was considered in Wellington and Paris to be a major step forward in bipartite relations. Franco-New Zealand military co-operation in the Cook Islands since 1990 has not received as much prominence, despite constituting a major development. The Cook Islands are an autonomous state with close ties to New Zealand. In September 1990, French Navy jets began regular surveillance sweeps over the Cooks' waters, a responsibility which had formerly rested solely with the RNZAF. This French military assistance was invaluable to the Cooks, as its government had but one patrol boat with which to police about two million square kilometres. New Zealand assented to this French military presence as a useful supplement to its own surveillance, and in February 1991 participated in a joint patrol with France and the Cooks.

Such French *entente cordiale* in the South Pacific has tended to be obscured by media attention focusing on diplomatic differences with regional states over nuclear testing in French Polynesia. Much prominence has been given to discord between France and South Pacific states over these tests. A widespread perception, expressed by Keith Suter in 'French Testing in the South Pacific' (*Contemporary Review*, September 1992), is that disharmony over nuclear testing has represented an unassailable barrier to the development of close French relations with the region: 'France has been a military power in the South Pacific, but not a South

Pacific nation. Its nuclear testing has alienated too many nations for it to develop close ties. If the testing were to stop permanently and France were to retain its colonies, it has an opportunity to develop closer ties with the surrounding nations. It could use its foreign aid, education and cultural programmes to create a fresh set of relationships'. This article questions the validity of these assertions. It will be demonstrated that nuclear testing has not been the overriding factor in French relations with the South Pacific, and that testing has not been as disruptive to those relations as might be imagined.

France cannot, for geographic reasons alone, strictly be a South Pacific nation. Yet France possesses, and aims to maintain, a South Pacific presence. There is no indication that Paris will shortly relinquish its three Pacific territories. No majority demand exists for decolonisation from the inhabitants of either French Polynesia or Wallis and Futuna. In New Caledonia, the Kanak Socialist National Liberation Front (FLNKS) advocates independence, but this coalition does not enjoy the support of an absolute majority of the territorial electorate. It requires such backing to gain independence via a self-determination referendum administered according to the dictates of French constitutional law. Paris is content to continue its financial commitment to its overseas possessions to maintain a 'global strategic presence. This broad goal predates the commencement of nuclear testing in French Polynesia, and will persist in the eventuality of testing there being abandoned.

French nuclear testing has not necessarily alienated South Pacific nations to the extent of crippling wider French relations in the region. New Zealand and Australia, for example, have been careful not to antagonise Paris too greatly for fear of trade reprisals; specifically, the opposition of access for their meat and dairy products to the EC. Trade considerations weighed heavily on the New Zealand Labour Government's acceptance in 1986 of the release of the French agents Alain Mafart and Dominique Prieur from New Zealand prisons to internment on Hao Atoll in French Polynesia. Their repatriation undermined Prime Minister David Lange's repeated claims in 1985 that their release was not open to negotiation and that New Zealand justice would take its course, free of political interference. Financial considerations have limited Canberra's actions against French nuclear testing. In June 1983 Prime Minister Bob Hawke announced the suspension of Australian uranium shipments to France, in order to signal the Labor Government's dislike of French nuclear testing. By August 1986, that government had announced the end of the uranium embargo and its intention to resell to France stocks it had purchased from Australian companies affected by the ban. Paul Keating, then Treasurer, declared that this measure was motivated by the need to fill the Government's budget deficit. Australia recommenced the supply of uranium to France at the same time as continuing to issue its regular protests about French nuclear testing.

Indications of a *détente* between France and the South Pacific since the suspension of French nuclear tests in April 1992 are not difficult to find,

but substantial signs existed before that date that Paris was not irreconcilably outcast from the region because of its test programme. The above mentioned surveillance involving France, the Cook Islands and New Zealand provides evidence of ties which dispel the image of France as a South Pacific military power estranged from the region. Vanuatu and Fiji were also the grateful beneficiaries of French naval expertise before the test suspension. Since June 1990, French Navy jets have patrolled Fijian waters. Vanuatu arranged for a French patrol in February 1992. In both cases, these operations are conducted in conjunction with surveillance assistance from the RAAF and/or the RNZAF. This military co-operation is an extension of links provided by regular French warship calls to island states throughout the region during the 1980s and before. Only rarely have these visits been disrupted by island government opposition to nuclear testing, as occurred in February 1986, when Tuvalu refused entry to a French warship.

South Pacific nations have not been uniformly vigorous in expressing regional anti-nuclear sentiment. Tonga, ruled by a conservative monarchy, has been a reluctant subscriber to regional anti-nuclear policy. Tonga refused to sign the South Pacific Nuclear Free Zone Treaty in August 1985, asserting that it could disrupt US nuclear defence, and has shown a deferent attitude to French nuclear testing. The Tongan monarch, King Tupou IV held that, although the region might be worried about safety considerations, France was justified in maintaining its nuclear programme. In July 1987, King Tupou IV and Prime Minister Pupuke Robati of the Cook Islands visited the test site of Moruroa, and returned stating that they were satisfied with safety measures there. During the 1980s and into the 1990s Cook Islands prime ministers have tended to be less enthusiastic than other Forum leaders about criticising French tests. In March 1992, a month before the announcement of the French test suspension, Prime Minister Geoffrey Henry described anti-nuclear protests as 'silly, a waste of time and energy'. It is not merely coincidental that the Cooks and Tonga have endeavoured since the early 1980s to improve their French cultural, commercial and aid links. Outspoken statements against testing might be ill-considered by officials in Paris and Papeete considering loans and other forms of development assistance.

France has no need to create a fresh set of relationships with the South Pacific in the 1990s, given that the set it already possesses was progressing well before its test suspension. During that time, none of the members of the South Pacific Forum, a grouping of 15 independent and self-governing states in the region, allowed opposition to nuclear testing to develop to the extent of permanently disconnecting relations with Paris. Rather than providing a presumed starting point, the suspension of testing in French Polynesia allowed France the opportunity to improve its already well-established network of links with states in the region. To the contrary of becoming isolated from the South Pacific during the 1980s because of its nuclear testing, France expanded its diplomatic network in the region. In 1980, resident ambassadors were posted for the first time to

Papua New Guinea (PNG), Fiji and to the newly-independent state of Vanuatu (formerly the Franco-British Condominium of the New Hebrides).

The Port Moresby embassy was periodically the scene of anti-nuclear and anti-colonial protests. Various PNG governments expressed their rejection of nuclear testing, and of policy conduct in New Caledonia, via the embassy. The post survived these minor tribulations, only to be closed in 1991 as a result of austerity measures at the Quai d'Orsay. Nonetheless PNG subsequently showed the positive regard it held for growing trade and aid links with France. In March 1992 the Foreign Affairs Minister, Sir Michael Somare, announced the establishment of an embassy in Paris.

The French embassy in Fiji has been a centre for expanding regional links with France. During the 1980s, the French ambassador in Suva received accreditation to Tonga, Tuvalu, Kiribati and Nauru and initiated French aid programmes in those islands. In March 1990, the embassy set up a trade commission to oversee the expansion of activity between island states and the French Pacific territories. France redistributed its regional aid to Fiji's benefit. Whereas in 1980 Vanuatu had been the sole major recipient of French foreign aid in the South Pacific, by July 1991, Fiji was receiving around one third of this aid, according to Jacques Le Blanc, the French Permanent Secretary to the South Pacific.

During the two coups d'état by Colonel Sitiveni Rabuka in 1987, France created substantial goodwill in Suva when, unlike New Zealand and Australia, it maintained relations with the nascent Fijian Republic. That year, Australia and New Zealand suspended their aid for several months, in protest against the ousting of the democratically elected government of Prime Minister Timoci Bavadra, and the over-turning of links with the Commonwealth when Rabuka declared a Republic in September 1987. While this aid was suspended, in October 1987 two French patrol boats made port calls to Suva and carried out manoeuvres with a Fijian naval vessel. In January 1988, France announced an aid package to Fiji that included 53 Renault trucks and an Ecureuil helicopter which were put into service with the Fijian army. While Australian and New Zealand civil aid was restarted from 1988, these countries' military co-operation with Fiji remained suspended until 1992, when full relations were restored under the assumption that Fiji was moving toward democratisation. Franco-Fijian military co-operation has not been adversely affected by this thaw in New Zealand and Australian relations with Suva. In March 1993, France and Fiji agreed to commence military exchanges. In May, a platoon of French soldiers was sent for exercises in Fiji, at the same time as a Fijian platoon exercised in New Caledonia. Improved relations between Paris and Suva from 1987 developed alongside repeated declarations by the Fijian Republic of dissatisfaction with French testing until April 1992, and statements of support for New Caledonian independence. As was the case with New Zealand, Australia, PNG, the Cook Islands and Tonga, nuclear and decolonisation matters have not been allowed to seriously jeopardise relations with Paris. In June 1993, Dominique Perben, the French Minister of Overseas Departments and Territories, visited

Suva. He was greeted by Prime Minister Rabuka, who praised France for the substantial assistance and co-operation that had developed with Fiji since the 1980s.

French ambassadors in Port Vila during the 1980s faced persistent local Francophobia resulting from the troubled decolonisation of the New Hebrides. Prime Minister Walter Lini's predominantly Anglophone Vanuaaku Pati administrations were the source of some of the most outspoken regional critiques of French South Pacific policy. Not only did Lini advocate a nuclear-free Pacific before the New Zealand Labour Government did from 1984, he also supported the FLNKS. Lini was instrumental in mobilising the Forum on the issue of New Caledonian self-determination. In August 1986, the Forum decided to take New Caledonia's case to the UN. By December 1986 its members' lobbying in New York had resulted in a UNGA resolution which affirmed New Caledonia's right to self-determination and declared that France was obliged to transmit information about the territory's political situation to UN agencies.

In February 1981 and in October 1987, Vanuatu expelled the French ambassador in Port Vila, alleging French interference in local politics. But such reactions represent just one aspect of the jealous guardianship of Vanuatu's non-aligned stance from what was perceived as foreign neo-colonialist influence, whether it be French, US, or Australian. Consequently France has not been the sole nation subjected to Vanuatuan anti-colonialist declarations, either during or since the 1980s. In May 1987, after negative comments in Canberra over proposed representation by Libya in Port Vila, Vanuatu announced a ban on visits by Australian military aircraft and ships. The controversy subsided some days later when Lini decided against forming links with Ghadaffi. Vociferous opposition to perceived neo-colonialism has remained an aspect of Vanuatuan foreign policy beyond the end of Lini's period as Prime Minister. In July 1992, the Australian High Commissioner in Port Vila was expelled because of allegations of interference in local politics, although this time the expulsion was ordered by Prime Minister Maxime Carlot's predominantly Moderate Francophone coalition government, which had been appointed in December 1991.

The vigorous expression in Port Vila of policy hostile to France has been restrained to some extent by Vanuatu's dependence on French aid. Although discord existed between Paris and Port Vila over nuclear issues and the question of New Caledonian decolonisation, Vanuatu never went so far as to cut off relations with France. The threat of withdrawing 200 French aid workers from the islands was sufficient to moderate policy conduct in Port Vila in 1981. After the second expulsion, in 1987 Paris reduced its embassy staff in Port Vila to two and reduced aid. This reaction prompted calls in 1988 from President Ati George Sokomanu for Lini and his colleagues to repair relations with Paris for the good of the economy. During the rest of the 1980s and up until Carlot's appoint-

ment in December 1991, VP leaders worked to improve relations with France.

In addition to wanting to restore French aid vital to national economic development, for Vanuatu the major catalyst for reconciliation with France was not the suspension of French testing in 1992, but the calming of political tensions in New Caledonia four years before. In June 1988, the newly-appointed French Socialist Government of Michel Rocard signed an agreement with Melanesian nationalist and French loyalist leaders from New Caledonia. The Matignon Accords established a ten-year development plan for the territory, to be concluded with a self-determination referendum in 1998. With the relaxation of differences over New Caledonia thanks to the signature of the accords, Franco-Vanuatu relations have slowly improved since 1988. Cultural and educational exchanges, agricultural co-operation, and trade between Vanuatu and neighbouring New Caledonia have gradually been developed. In August 1992, Vanuatu established a consulate in New Caledonia to assist in the co-ordination of these links. The following month, a new French ambassador to Port Vila, Jean Mazeo, was appointed. He was the first to hold the post since the expulsion of his predecessor, Henri Crépin-Leblond, almost five years before. France's sometimes tempestuous relations with Vanuatu appear to have reached a period of calm in the 1990s.

Arbitration of political tensions in New Caledonia contributed to a wider détente in French relations with the South Pacific Forum that the test suspension consolidated. While reiterating its hope of seeing New Caledonia accede to independence, at its annual meetings since 1988 the Forum has expressed general satisfaction with the implementation of the Matignon Accords. Prior to the French test suspension, improved links between Forum members generally and New Caledonia were already well under way. Since 1988, New Caledonian delegations have made tours of Australia, New Zealand and Fiji to explore or expand contacts in the fields of trade, culture, agriculture, education and land reform. Representatives from the aforementioned South Pacific states made reciprocal trips to New Caledonia in the same period. Similar exchanges have been taking place between French Polynesia and its island neighbours since the early 1980s. The Cook Islands, for example, benefited from the opening of markets for their produce in French Polynesia. In October 1991 the Cooks and France signed a friendship treaty, an undertaking to continue French cultural, technical and financial assistance.

The declaration by President Mitterrand on 4 July 1993 of an extension to the test suspension has fuelled regional hopes that testing in French Polynesia might be permanently abandoned. This hope has yet to be confirmed. President Clinton's recent ban on nuclear testing in the US will also add to the pressure. If events in the 1980s offer any indication, a recommencement of testing would be greeted by paper protests to Paris from the Forum. So too would declining stability in New Caledonia should the projected self-determination referendum fail to satisfactorily resolve the territory's future. Should either or both of these scenarios come to pass

and France once more found itself the subject of regional protests, it is nevertheless unlikely that they would lead to French alienation in the region. French representation in the South Pacific has endured adverse Forum reactions before, whether caused by the decolonisation of the New Hebrides, 25 years of nuclear testing in French Polynesia, the *Rainbow Warrior* bombing, or the treatment of FLNKS demands in New Caledonia. The more beneficial aspects of France's regional presence in terms of co-operation, aid and trade, tend to receive less attention, but represent the reason why France has been able to expand its regional ties in the face of anti-nuclear and anti-colonialist declarations from South Pacific states.

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TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

by Albert A. Blum

OSCAR Wilde once wrote that there were only two tragedies: 'One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it'. The American labour movement is and was the victim of both tragedies. For years, until the Second World War, it suffered through the first tragedy as it sought to secure a protected place in American society. What it wanted was to be the voice of American workers, first in industry and then in politics, in order to achieve what it believed was a better life for its members. It succeeded as much as most groups can hope to achieve. As a result, the second tragedy took place. It got what it wanted. And what followed? The American labour movement is now losing members; its influence is declining and its future is unclear. An alternative which Wilde forgot to mention is what happens when one gets what one wants and then begins to lose it, a form of classical tragedy. That is what is being acted out by American labour.

The American labour movement, as the protagonist, is now struggling with superior external forces and with itself to protect what it has, and is being defeated. One wonders whether Americans, as the audience, are reacting to this on-going drama with a sense of pity or anguish as should occur during a performance of a tragedy. I think not, for the fact is that Americans are barely noticing what is happening to the once powerful and still proud movement. Those Americans who have noticed do not seem to care. They are being distracted by many other seemingly more important performances. Drug-pushers and terrorists are much more interesting actors to watch than union leaders. But the tragedy of American labour (and unions round the world) is that if its decline continues, Americans not only should be feeling a sense of pity for a disappearing force but also a sense of anguish for themselves. The weakening of unions as one of the 'countervailing powers' in American society may result in a tragic loss for all Americans.

There are many reasons for this loss of union power. One is that the labour movement is the victim of its own past. In the beginning, its power grew as local unions bargained with local companies over local market issues. Then, as the market became regional and eventually national, local unions joined into national unions and negotiated with managers concerning national market issues. But in recent years, the national markets have increasingly become international and the managers have their bases anywhere and the companies they control are everywhere. But American unions still continue in the nationalist ways they remember. They do not try to practise trans-national bargaining since they are transfixed by national boundaries while managers, who are not, are able to follow the dollar anywhere. So American unions have become weaker as they wonder, 'Where Oh Where Have the Bosses Gone?' Unfortunately, they think they still reside in Pittsburgh.

When they find the bosses, they discover that many of them are pursuing goals that are making unions appear redundant. Many companies are installing technological changes which are reducing the need for workers in manufacturing where unions have been strong and are altering the nature of work among service and 'white collar' workers where unions have been weak. In addition, unions still believe they are only fighters for worker rights and that the only way to secure those rights is the way unions have followed all along — namely collective bargaining. They have not recognised that the worker definition of rights may be broader and different from the way in which unions perceive them. Management has, in fact, pre-empted some of this field. These rights, old and new, are all part of a movement toward industrial democracy, a movement in which all unions should have been in the forefront (although many of them were and are). Particularly in the United States, a large number of labour leaders have not done so.

The fight for industrial democracy began in Europe in the wake of the union struggle there for political democracy — something already a part of the workers' heritage in the United States. As unions in Europe secured the political rights an American worker already had, they began to focus their attention on the struggle for industrial democracy. They soon recognised that government-owned companies, such as the postal systems in the western democracies and all industry in the Soviet Union, did not necessarily bring about more worker rights in the operation — nor did worker ownership of companies. Employees could be exploited whoever was the owner. Therefore supporters of industrial democracy became increasingly convinced that the issue was not who owned the means of production, but rather, who helped to make decisions concerning its use.

At the same time, managers began to change their 'philosophies of management'. As businesses became more affluent in the post World War II period, and as those who ran firms tended no longer to be owners of the companies they ran but professional managers trained in engineering, business or the liberal arts, these professional executives began to look at the workplace differently from their predecessors. These new executives began to learn at the universities they attended, the executive development courses they pursued, and the magazines and books they read, that they could satisfy their idealistic needs, their 'peer-group pressures', and their drives for more productivity through increased participation in decision-making — an element in industrial democracy.

Also, some politicians, particularly in Europe, viewed the tenets of industrial democracy as a key to a better, and a more lasting democratic society. In West Germany, for example, it was seen as one method of preventing a resurgence of Nazism. These changing views of unions, managers, and politicians concerning who should be involved in decision making in companies became stronger in recent years in western society. They were aided by selective perception from observers of what they viewed as the positive effects of participative management in the country so many of them now study as a model, Japan.

What do we mean by the term 'industrial democracy'? There is no exact definition that we can give. It consists in varying amounts of a number of components, all of which involve employee participation in decision making in the firm. One component is co-determination, that is, worker representatives on the boards of directors. Second, there may be some form of work council present in plants or offices where employees, along with managers, meet regularly to discuss and make recommendations concerning the host of problems facing a firm. These two in Europe have normally been the result of legislative action. The third, collective bargaining, whereby workers and managers can negotiate and resolve a host of issues which become a part of a contract or constitution that affect how a company operates, is usually the result of union pressure. Then, there is job or work design and participative management, products of management initiatives, in which management is concerned with enriching the work of the employee so that he or she will not only be paid adequately and have enough time off work but will also be satisfied and enriched by his or her work. To achieve these goals there is supposed to be more autonomy at work and also more involvement in decision-making by those at the workplace. An employee is no longer to be viewed as just a commodity in the production process; he or she is 'the' commodity, who along with the technical processes, will, it is hoped, raise the productive level of the company and thereby the standard of living of society.

Clearly all of these components reflect a concern with employee participation in decision-making. It does not necessarily mean, at least not yet, majority rule. Rather, it is concerned much more with communication than with counting. In addition, supporters of industrial democracy, fail, to my mind, to pay adequate attention to other aspects of industrial democracy essential to its fulfillment. First, they have not sufficiently recognised that a bulwark of industrial democracy involves the protection of the rights of individuals or minorities at the workplace — a fundamental concept, for example, in American political democracy. Labour legislation, court decisions, grievance procedures, arbitration and labour courts may be available to protect some workers but not all against certain unilateral actions by managers. There are, moreover, few protections for workers vis-à-vis unions or for managers vis-à-vis other managers.

Second, industrial democracy, to succeed in reflecting meaningfully the involvement of employees in the firms' decisions, requires that employees have the right to participate in society's decision-making. Industrial democracy has to go hand-in-hand with political democracy, otherwise decisions made at the level of the firm become a sham since the more important decisions are made in the political sphere. Consequently, worker participation in management, for example, in Yugoslavia, was an example of the illusion of industrial democracy fostered by an authoritarian regime.

Third, James Madison argued in the *Federalist Papers* that a republican society requires that there be interest groups who will, at times, be in conflict. Similarly industrial democracy requires that interest groups, such as managers, manual and non-manual workers, have the right to and do

reflect their own interests which at times will be in conflict with the views of other groups. Thus, participative schemes which existed in fascist countries and still exist in some authoritarian and paternalistic societies, where the goal is enforced harmony among interest groups, are not examples of industrial democracy. They are instead methods of control over the interest groups by a political clique.

Not all of these additional ingredients or all of those described earlier are needed at one time for a society to have industrial democracy. Justice William Hastie once said, in describing political democracy, that it involved 'a state of becoming'. This is also true of industrial democracy. One never achieves perfect political or industrial democracy. Rather, the measures are the direction taken and the rate of speed with which a society or a firm is moving toward the goal of industrial democracy.

Another difficulty in analysing industrial democracy is that, like political democracy, it is a messy system. An authoritarian or bureaucratic firm is a blessing to a student even if it may be a torment for those who work there. Everything appears clear and neat. Each of the elements already described in industrial democracy, however, is neither clear nor neat. For example, co-determination has had its major expression in West Germany and perhaps more research has been done on this subject than anywhere else. Co-determination is the product of West German legislation and now has a somewhat lengthy history but what it has accomplished there continues to be unclear. (Are workers on the Boards true representatives of the employees who choose them? Is anyone better off, and in what ways, because of co-determination?). In some other countries, membership of a firm's board of directors has been the product of collective bargaining, often when the firm, desperate to secure something from the union, permits the union to have some representation on the Board. (Does this token representation make any difference in terms of democracy, or anything else, to the firm or to the employees since the workers usually do not directly vote for their representatives and the company only grudgingly puts them on the boards?).

Similarly, work councils, among other things, play important roles in providing advice to management and in being a conduit for information to workers. They are usually a product of legislation. But many worker-management advisory groups have also evolved without legislation as managers have seen the need for consultation with employees over specific issues — for example, quality circles. In the United States, some consultative committees are a product of collective bargaining and regularly meet to discuss all kinds of issues. I once studied such a committee of a major symphony orchestra where union and management representatives met after the Friday afternoon concert to discuss a host of things — including the programme for forthcoming concerts. The ubiquitous committees at American universities, where faculty make all kinds of management decisions, has resulted, to some professors' dismay, with a court ruling that faculty members in private universities often cannot make use of the law to help bring about collective bargaining since they are part

of management. In all of them, how much is an illusion of involvement or a fact?

In addition, collective bargaining, which to American unions is the key, and to some, the only ingredient to industrial democracy, involves workers in a host of activities (including the negotiating of an agreement) which has them sharing a discussion table with management. The negotiated contract forms the basic constitutional framework for what takes place during the term of the contract when both sides may meet regularly to deal with evolving problems. But these agreements have not always benefited the industry or the workers. As a result, managers and labour leaders now may be seen marching hand-in-hand to the government to plea, for example, for a tariff, to help an industry harmed, partially, by the past negotiated agreements.

Whatever the lack of clarity about the elements in industrial democracy, management and unions have had to respond to the drive for it. There is, of course, a great variety in these reactions. Management's responses have been confusing because, on the one hand, managers talk increasingly about one of the key elements in industrial democracy — namely, participating and sharing in the industrial decision making — and, on the other hand, they declare their opposition to sharing power with workers, particularly if the pressure for that sharing comes from the government or unions.

It is this managerial confusion that prompted me years ago when I had completed a talk on participation in decision making before a professional association to answer a question about the sincerity of all of the speeches being given by top managers concerning the values of participation. I said then as I would now: 'If I were a union official and read one of those speeches by a company executive before the American Management Association or some like organisation about the values of employees, participating in decision making, I would xerox a copy of that speech and go into the next collective bargaining session and tell the executive that, as a union official, I agreed that participation in decision making is a great idea and that I want it for the workers. What would happen is that the executive would turn pale, and hem and haw. He had not been talking about workers when he was talking about participation; he had been talking about managers. I then would ask for a higher wage increase in lieu of the participation and probably get it'.

This managerial negative reaction to manifestations of industrial democracy for *all* employees often lessens as employers work with the system. Many worker representatives turn out not to be the threat to management rights that many managers had feared but instead usually make decisions, for example on capital expenditures, similar to those made by managers. That this behaviour should surprise managers reflects a cultural lag in their belief that workers represent a class conscious group. The fact is that placed in positions of shared power, and given shared information, worker representatives, sometimes to the dismay of their unions and the employees who voted them into power, often act like responsible managers. Some workers in fact have become disillusioned with industrial democracy

as they think they see their chosen representatives make decisions as if they wore grey flannel suits rather than overalls. And they are correct: worker representatives often take off their overalls. They may not, however, put on suits, but they probably at least put on ties. Industrial democracy often results in another change: management may be forced to take off *their* jackets and communicate with their worker-fellow-decision makers. In fact, worker representatives and managers, by communicating and negotiating with each other in industrial democracy, must come to some agreements in order to continue to enjoy the support of their respective backers. This results in a form of class collaboration rather than class conflict, whatever the public pronouncements.

Managers' hesitance in dealing with the problem of industrial democracy is also reflected in the lack of sound studies about the effects of industrial democracy. Perhaps this lack of research is not that important. It ought not to affect a wise manager too much as he wonders whether or not he should support more industrial democracy. The research so far tends to be glorified case studies — glorified by the illusion of science coming from the use of statistics and computers but nonetheless still only case studies which require the co-operation of the company being studied in the first place. These case studies usually result in the 'on the one hand and on the other hand' kind of evidence — namely, that in some cases, on the one hand, participation in decision making does not (or does) appear to increase productivity, but on the other hand, at times, it does seem to lessen absenteeism and turnover. No manager should make any policy decision based upon such frail findings.

Even if the research were better and the findings clearer, there would be other reasons which should help managers (and others) determine whether they should support the movement toward industrial democracy. Professors George and John Steiner have written in their book, *Business, Government, and Society*, that 'ethics is the study of what is good and bad, right and wrong, and just and unjust'. Perhaps the decision as to whether managers should be involved actively in supporting or opposing one or more aspects of industrial democracy is not only whether or not it will increase productivity and harmony at the work place, or whether unions or government force it upon companies, but whether or not the managers believe some, or all, of the ingredients in industrial democracy are 'good', 'just' and 'right' because those at the workplace should have the opportunity to be involved in the decisions that affect their industrial future. It may well be that authoritarian management may be the most efficient way of directing us where a few want to go, but industrial democracy may sloppily move us in the direction the majority wish to go.

What has been the reaction of American unions? On a conscious level, American unions have preferred to focus on collective bargaining and have hesitated about co-operative actions between labour and management that seem to be a by-product of much of industrial democracy. Thus, American unions would oppose legislation that would bring about co-determination and work councils. Yet, in fact, they have, at times,

supported such programmes when secured through collective bargaining. For example, there is a United Auto Workers' representative on the board of Chrysler as there are members on other boards. In the buy-outs of companies in which unions have participated, frequently the new boards have union representatives on them.

Moreover, there are all kinds of committees at different companies where union representatives sit down with management to talk about a host of things not always limited by the exact words in the contract, or by whether or not they are 'mandatory' bargaining issues. One reflection of this joint consultation has already been baptised with a name — administrative bargaining — in which representatives of unions and management meet together regularly to administer together programmes during the terms of the contract, dealing with such issues as training, health, safety, planning, and technology. I am, however, also suggesting that committees exist that do not have such a formal structure but informally function not too differently from work councils in Europe — as a communications and advisory mechanism between workers and management.

Many unions have begun to recognise that they cannot leave work design and participation in decision making at the workplace to managers. Therefore, unions like the United Automobile Workers have at places like the Saturn Corporation negotiated procedures which will affect the workplace design of the plant in the hope there will be continuous shared decision making by a group of managers and an elected group of union representatives during the term of the contract.

Saturn is not alone, although the field is not crowded. Many unions do not share the dream of industrial democracy or believe that workers should share in decision making or should render advice to a firm's executives about all important matters. They are willing to share decision making power over such essential items as good wages, sound working conditions, and job security, but want management to keep the power to decide other matters deemed as 'management rights'. Workers are no longer satisfied with good wages, hours, and working conditions. They also want programmes that enrich the employees' work so that a worker can go home at night secure in his job and satisfied with his pay, and is also bouyed up by the satisfaction he feels from what he has done at work. Unions have tended to ignore the latter but if labour fights for the full range of industrial democracy, then it will be attempting to secure what surveys indicate workers increasingly want — a sense of satisfaction from the workplace. If unions cannot be in the lead in securing these rights, then there will be a vacuum which will remain unfilled even if management has been trying to fill this gap, with a decline in union membership as a result.

The tragedy may be, as Wilde said, in our getting or not getting what we want; but high drama for unions and management may be in our securing the process that lets us share in the decision as to what we get or do not get — a drama which society, including unions and management, should applaud.

BARBARA CASTLE: LABOUR'S FEARLESS FIGHTER

by Paul B. Rose

NO woman has ever led the Labour Party. Only Shirley Williams has fought for the leadership. In Barbara Castle's heyday a quarter of a century ago, the cautious and conservative Trade Union bosses would have hardly countenanced the idea. However, had there ever been a woman leader of the Labour Party it would undoubtedly have been Barbara Castle. She has now given us a superb account of her career in her autobiography, *Fighting All the Way*.

In a curious way she shares many of the qualities of Britain's first woman Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Both were single minded. Both could be dismissive of opinions which differed from theirs. Both are tough, combative, passionate about their politics, and highly professional. Both are almost obsessive about their image and looks, both physical and political and what are now commonly termed conviction politicians.

They emerged from two totally different traditions, neither patrician nor plebeian but both quintessentially English. Barbara Castle was reared on the romantic socialism of William Morris and, Margaret Thatcher upon the solid Victorian virtues of a shop keeper and Alderman. Although Barbara Castle's background was more difficult, her father worked for the Inland Revenue and was able to scrape enough together to give his children the education they merited. He imparted his individuality and some idiosyncratic non-conformism to his small redheaded daughter who was later to thrill Labour Party conferences with her passionate oratory. Barbara Castle is a shrewd observer of politics as well as being a clever and a down to earth politician for whom politics is oxygen itself.

I recall as a young member of the Labour League of Youth how I adored Barbara Castle as another might adore a film star and to chair a meeting on a smoggy day in Manchester when she addressed us was almost as exciting as the day I was selected to speak along with Nye Bevan to 9,000 of the Labour faithful. That was only ever outdone by sharing a platform with the diffident Bobby Charlton, Nobby Stiles and the Bishop of Salford. Between 1966 and 1968 as a young M.P., I was Barbara Castle's Parliamentary Private Secretary at the Ministry of Transport.

Her tenacity saw huge changes in the approach to safety on the roads not least her courageous introduction of the breathalyser, seat belts and her emphasis on public transport. I also had a hard time working for her on the Front Bench from 1970 to 1972 when we fought day and night against the Conservative Industrial Relations Bill. In many ways Barbara Castle was the wrong choice for that role since she had been the Minister who introduced the controversial document *In Place of Strife*, which apart from a couple of penal clauses, was a far sighted document in which she challenged the power of the Unions without trying to emasculate them.

Barbara Castle had in fact seen how the block votes of a few rather philistine trade union leaders had in the past smothered the Left of the Labour Party although all that changed when Frank Cousins, Hugh Scanlon and others emerged as a new generation of trade union leaders more in tune with her and Harold Wilson's approach to politics.

What is quite astonishing about Barbara Castle is that in a sense her political career is coterminous with the great events that occurred in the Labour Party prior to, during and after the Second World War up until our entry into Europe and up to the present day.

One of the ironies for me is that it was the European issue which dictated my departure from the Front Bench while the fiercely anti-EEC Barbara Castle — or should she be termed Baroness Castle — was to be the senior Labour politician at Strasbourg. I had previously served on the Council of Europe having declined her very kind invitation to remain as a PPS when she was Minister of Employment. Her staying power and adaptability to new events and an almost indestructible faith and ability to bounce back after a set back is something that I both envy and admire in her and is the most essential quality for a successful politician.

Barbara Castle's career spanned the fascinating post-war years of the Labour Party and saw the reforming administration of Clement Attlee, the battle of the Titans between the so-called Bevanites and Gaitskellites. In many ways she is over simplistic in her analyses so that for her those who voted to support Mr. Heath on Europe were guilty of treachery and revenge for the election of Harold Wilson as leader of the Labour Party. That is totally inaccurate as an analysis of many of those of us who went into that lobby would show. Indeed it was the experience of a Labour Government forced by external forces to modify its policies that made many younger Labour MPs aware that the achievement of social aims within one country alone rather than as part of a wider community had become untenable.

In *Fighting All The Way* Barbara Castle not only reveals the inside workings of the Labour Left which itself had its own internal rivalries and divisions, but tells much about her own personal life and the events which shaped her career. The very word 'fighting' is one which I associate immediately as the most appropriate for her but she could also be extremely kind and considerate. I find her sentimentality about her family gatherings to be endearing. It probably reflects the sad fact that she did not have any children of her own. Thus she could be quite motherly to a young politician like me and whatever differences there may now be between my view of the world and politics in general and that of Barbara Castle I shall always deem it a privilege to have worked with her and for her.

She and Dennis Healey are probably the last of that era of great fighters who were also capable of deep political analysis, great oratory and stood head and shoulders above Labour's latter day leaders.

One facet of Barbara Castle's narrowness is her mistrust of the Liberals

which is understandable from her background but which does not take into account the radicalism of today's Liberal Democrats not least in relation to constitutional matters. She was born into and nurtured in an era when a two party system was at its peak as I well remember in my own school where I stood as the 'mock' Labour candidate in 1950.

I found this book to be totally riveting unlike any other political biography I have read but it may well be because of my own personal involvement with both the politics and the personalities referred to in the book and therefore I have to declare my special interest. Curiously both Barbara Castle and Dennis Healey attended Grammar Schools in Bradford, went up to Oxford and emerged as Labour MPs in the 1945 landslide. Like many on the left Barbara Castle was somewhat naive about the Soviet Union and China but possibly understood their paranoia and desire for peaceful co-existence after a destructive World War better than the Cold War warrior as she describes Dennis Healey — himself an ex-Communist.

There is something of hero worship in her attitude to Nye Bevan but she is able to stand back and see his weaknesses as well as his strengths and occasionally his rashness, misjudgements and vanity. Although she did not like Hugh Gaitskell she is generous in admitting there was a side of him that she had not understood and she respected the passion that he showed later for the views that he held when revealing that he was not the 'desiccated calculating machine' that Nye Bevan had dubbed him.

I found her descriptions of these battles totally fascinating, but I confess that unlike Barbara Castle, I had never thought of Bradford as the 'Rome of Socialism'.

Unlike the diaries this is a very personal narrative which by its nature sees other political figures like Hugh Dalton, Dick Crosman, Michael Foot or Clement Attlee through the eyes of one individual. It does not pretend to be an objective assessment. This makes it all the more readable and indeed her views on her contemporaries whether it be Herbert Morrison or Anthony Greenwood are extremely perceptive. She is extremely loyal to those with whom she saw eye to eye and no doubt, because of her background, never came to terms with the demographic and sociological changes that along with modern technologies, she and her colleagues had helped to bring about. Fighting had become a way of life for Barbara Castle. Although she understood the iniquity of the block vote at an early stage, preferring it to be used on a local rather than a national basis, and was impressed by Dick Crosman's ideas on Europe, she was so much a part of the Tribunite Left that she was unable to recognise the wilderness into which Labour was being led. She was unable to understand the attraction that the policies of people like Roy Jenkins and Shirley Williams had for many Labour supporters born a generation after her.

One thing that comes through the pages of her autobiography is her sheer zest for every new experience and the lessons she learned, whether it was the lack of colourfulness of Lancashire's textiles or Staffordshire

pottery in the post-War period, the frustration of a woman PPS in a male dominated Canada or her balanced approach to the Arab-Israeli dispute in which she shows a sympathetic understanding of the fears and aspirations of both sides of what has often been a battle of right against right rather than right against wrong.

In regard to the Suez episode she totally missed out the impetus from below that politicised a whole generation, appalled at the re-emergence of gunship diplomacy almost simultaneously with the ruthless suppression of the Hungarian Revolution by Stalinist Russia. The author did not confine herself to one sphere and she clearly enjoyed her forays abroad not least as an investigative journalist and M.P. following the brutalities meted out to Africans in Kenya after the Mau Mau uprising. Indeed her interests are as broad as they proved to be long. She threw herself into these battles together with other members of the Movement for Colonial Freedom led by Fenner Brockway.

It was in her capacity as a journalist rather than an M.P. that she was able to make many of her overseas visits including the South African Treason Trials. The futility of the last throes of Imperialism were later to be demonstrated by the respect paid to people like Archbishop Makarios, Jomo Kenyatta and others like Nelson Mandela who served their apprenticeship in jail or in exile.

However the greatest insights into government cover the period from 1964 to 1979 (where our careers overlapped). As Minister for Overseas Development, Transport, Employment and Social Services as well as a member of the National Executive she was extremely close to Harold Wilson who seemed to lean on her for support at times of crisis. Wilson had his Kitchen Cabinet who eventually devalued the currency of politics and ran out of steam with little perspective and principle. There are nevertheless many achievements during his periods of office not least in the law reforms of Roy Jenkins. If there was one other person whom I would have liked to have seen occupy that particular post it was in fact Barbara Castle.

The brilliant debater and pamphleteer Michael Foot was not cut out for the detailed work of Ministerial responsibility. While I for one had the greatest admiration and affection for him not least for the way in which he was willing to support me notwithstanding our differences over Europe, Barbara Castle, of all the old Bevanites, was perhaps the most tenacious and willing to grasp the nettle of detailed legislation. Indeed as Roy Jenkins observed, she was obsessional but that is one of the most common characteristics of conviction politicians. Roy Jenkins was no less obsessive although totally different in his style and temperament in support of his own deeply held convictions.

Unlike Barbara Castle in the last analysis the attraction of high office was not so important to him and he deeply underestimated the need to reciprocate the support given to him while other Ministers used their patronage to obtain promotion for even third-rate lieutenants. Barbara Castle did not but she was extremely adept at using the advice and talents

of others both inside and outside Parliament to support her causes and supply her with ideas, particularly as a Minister.

Unlike what she termed the 'Hair Shirt Brigade', she was not averse to spending money on poster campaigns and modernising the penny farthing machine of the Labour Party. She also understood the changing role of workers into consumers and the false emphasis upon the former rather than the latter which she learned from Nye Bevan himself. It was this that led to *In Place of Strife* but like so many on the Left of the Party she had a horror of appearing to line up with the so-called revisionists in the Party who were grappling with the problem of applying shared values to a society that had undergone a social revolution since Barbara Castle's initiation into it.

Almost instinctively she knew what the rank and file wanted and was only too willing to provide it even when the more thoughtful and courageous approach would have been to broaden the party's base as well as to oil its machines. Curiously the difference between the so-called Bevanites and Gaitskellites was often semantic for both accepted the need for a mixed econonmy in which the supply and demand of the market was to limit central planning and control. She quotes Gaitskell's speech upon the death of Nye Bevan movingly in its content and generous in the context of her deep allegiance to Bevan whom she hoped would one day be Prime Minister. That both Bevan and Gaitskell should die at the peak of their powers was a tragedy which the Labour Party was to overcome in the shape of a chubby survivor of the 1945 Labour administration whose resignation along with Nye Bevan assured him of the support of the Left even when his government carried out policies more acceptable to the Right. Those words were beginning to have less meaning as a section of the so-called Right became more radical and the Left increasingly conservative on a whole range of social and constitutional issues.

For a short period Harold Wilson had united the whole of the Labour Party around the 'White heat of the technical revolution' with a visionary image that appealed to the forward looking both outside Parliament and on the 15th of October 1964 the Labour Party scraped home with its first majority since 1950. As one of his major supporters the next fifteen years was to be the pinnacle of Barbara Castle's career.

It is in those chapters that the reader will find an insight into the role of the Mandarins who so often control Ministers and stifle innovation. The other perspective is the role of the Treasury but Barbara Castle would fight tenaciously for her share of spending — an irony in that this Ministerial in-fighting runs contrary to her own concept of a fair society. Because she was Barbara she usually won.

Fighting All the Way by Barbara Castle, published by Macmillan. £20.00.

DEATH ON THE ROADS

by S. F. Bailey

AT the heart of the tangle of problems presented by the development of modern roads and vehicular traffic there is very often a consistent misuse of words. The Department of Transport, for example, and its representatives, Ministers and Secretaries of State, and their collaborators, the road builders and vehicle manufacturers, talk and write endlessly about road safety, accidents, and danger on the roads; but their definitions of these words are not as other men's. A road, by their definition, is safe as a road, apart from the behaviour of drivers, if it is made so dangerous that no pedestrian or cyclist is legally allowed to go anywhere near it. Driving tests and seat belts are safety devices because they provide, or are claimed to provide, greater safety for the people inside vehicles, although there is plenty of evidence that they make things a lot less safe for people who are outside vehicles.

There is nothing new in this. One of many apt quotations in a new book, referring in this case to the need for driving tests, is: 'Few accidents... arise from ignorance of how to drive and a much more frequent cause of disaster is undue proficiency leading to excessive adventure'. That was not said by some transport expert exercising hindsight after yet another multiple pile-up. It was said by Winston Churchill, exercising foresight in 1911.

The new book now available shows us the problem. *Death on the Streets* by Robert Davis, like Darwin's *The Origin of Species*, is a book which by sweeping up a large amount of detail and putting it into a coherent shape presents a relatively old subject in a new way. It is not perhaps as well written as Darwin's, but by the time one has worked through 300 pages of text, tables and notes it is every bit as convincing.

The Department of Transport and its associates have a style of their own not only in the use of words, but in dealing with statistics. It says that the UK has fewer road deaths per head of population than any other European Community country. This statement, which is both true and frequently quoted, is obtained by setting the gross total of road deaths against the gross total population, and as a statistic is useless. The more useful, but less emphasised, statistics are that our pedestrian fatalities per head are nearly the worst in Europe; that cycling deaths per mile of cycling journeys are also among the worst in Europe; that moped and motor-cyclist deaths per number of two-wheeled vehicles are well above the average for the Community, and that in fact in the 21 countries in the whole of Europe only four have a worse record; and that compared with the Netherlands and Sweden, reported casualties per kilometre travelled are in Britain three times higher among pedestrians and ten times higher among cyclists. You are, in Britain and compared with the rest of Europe, on the whole safer inside a car than outside it.

Concepts of danger and dangerousness that we apply to, say, guns or

wild animals, we have somehow stopped applying to road vehicles. A gun, by intention, is dangerous. That is its designed function. Many wild animals are also dangerous, although not by design or intention. They simply are dangerous, especially so when they are taken out of their normal wild context and put on, say, a busy urban street. In both cases UK law recognises this and puts special obligations on people who take them into public places. In most circumstances it is a criminal offence to carry a loaded gun in public, even if you are licensed to own it and whatever your intentions in so carrying it. Similarly, failing to control a dangerous wild animal is an offence, regardless of the fact that it might be your very favourite cobra and that you had no intention of letting it bite the person next to you on the Underground. The thing is intrinsically dangerous, and you have an unqualified obligation for any damage it does.

A four-wheeled or two-wheeled mechanically propelled vehicle is also intrinsically dangerous. It is necessarily made of hard and unyielding materials and it is designed to go very much faster than anyone can go by unaided human musculature. Not merely designed to go fast, either; all the manufacturers boast of the speeds their vehicles can attain, but even if they did not, all such vehicles are still designed to go a lot faster than people. Moreover the consequences of this speed are known by everyone who takes an interest in the subject. A vehicle travelling at 43.5 mph (70 kph) will kill 83 per cent of the people it hits. At 31 mph (50 kph) it will kill 37 per cent. At 19 mph (30 kph), which is about as fast as an ordinary cyclist can manage, it will kill 5 per cent of the people it hits.

Common sense says that, like a loaded gun or a wild animal, these vehicles are dangerous; but the UK law does not say it. The man whose cobra with fatal consequences bites a stranger on the Tube will be lucky if he does not get a prison sentence; but when he comes out of prison he can with equally fatal consequences 'lose control' of his car, or 'fail to see' a pedestrian on a crossing, and he will probably get a fine. If he is also drunk, and even if he has a record of drunk driving, he will probably get no more than a heavier fine or perhaps have his license endorsed. No one, except the victim's relatives, will say that he is in exactly the same position as a man who takes a loaded gun on to the street and accidentally shoots a stranger dead. Why not?

Part of the answer lies in the fact that over the years, and for a variety of reasons, attention has been concentrated on the potential victim rather than on the potential cause of damage or death. In many ways victims are in practice treated as the cause and origin of any trouble, so that if a child is injured or killed by a car the initial assumption tends to be that the parent is guilty of lack of care.

It is this extraordinary reversal of roles that enables the Department of Transport to talk, write, and theorise about safety, danger, and accidents in the way it does. Safety on roads consists of organising them so that vehicles can go fast, with the minimum incursion of pedestrians and cyclists, with the minimum of interruptions from junctions and crossings,

and with the vehicle engineered so that despite its speed it presents the minimum of danger to the people in it. The people outside it are either not supposed to be there at all, as with motorways, or are expected to make their unwanted incursions into the vehicles' dedicated space only at designated crossings and in accordance with safety rules promulgated by authority; and if anything goes wrong they are prima facie at fault, not the vehicles.

Danger, by implication, is danger to the person in the vehicle, who must be protected by seat belts, air bags, and ever better construction and maintenance of the vehicle itself. None of this contributes to the safety of persons outside the vehicle. Quite the contrary. These precautions simply give drivers the confidence needed for them to indulge in riskier behaviour than they would otherwise. This effect, known as risk compensation, has been confirmed by many independent studies and one particularly careful Dutch report concluded, succinctly, that: 'Seat belt wearing leads to higher speed, more irregular maintenance of speed, and later braking'. That was in 1989, by which time seat belts had been made compulsory in Britain, despite earlier reports with the same conclusion.

The perception of accidents is also peculiar. If, reverting to the analogy with guns, someone went for a walk with a companion and while chatting drew a loaded gun and fired it straight ahead while looking sideways to chat, he or she would be in trouble. If an innocent stranger walking towards them was killed there would at the very least be a charge of manslaughter and the gun-toting chatterer would be regarded as a maniac. If a car driver while chatting to a passenger runs down and kills a pedestrian crossing the road it will be categorised as an accident and the driver will probably be charged with dangerous driving.

The very word 'accident' in fact prejudges the situation. An accident is an unforeseeable chance event with origins too remote for any one person to be blamed. In this sense there are almost no circumstances in which a car killing a pedestrian can be called an accident. If a car has defective brakes or steering it is the result of inadequate or faulty maintenance, with obvious and foreseeable consequences if it is taken on the road; if the pedestrian appears suddenly from behind another car or bus, the driver should have been aware of this possibility and should have been driving slowly enough to be able to stop; and so on. That last example perhaps gives the game away. Cars are designed and made to travel fast, and drivers have been led to believe they have a right to travel fast; and it is only by categorising as accidents the obvious and foreseeable consequences of driving fast that drivers can be held to be prima facie blameless.

Every effort is made to make car-owning attractive and to ensure that they can travel fast. Roads are improved and, if necessary, protected so that vehicles can travel faster without any hindrance from non-car travellers, even to the extent of building expensive motorways from which pedestrians and cyclists are legally banished. Public transport systems which might help alleviate the appalling over-crowding of roads are at

the very least not helped and in many ways are penalised in the interests of promoting wider ownership of cars. An equivalent century-long campaign to preserve and promote the widest possible ownership of guns is at long last running into trouble in the USA where, incidentally, the gun lobby makes the explicit claim that a gun in itself is not dangerous. The danger, they say, comes from the person using it. The likelihood of a similar campaign, and similar arguments, making any headway in Europe fortunately seems remote as far as guns are concerned, but in the UK the equivalent campaign on behalf of cars is still with us and has so far been successful.

R. S. Surtees in his novel *Handley Cross* said of hunting that it had 'The image of war without its guilt and only five and twenty per cent of its danger'. In 1990 in Britain there was a total of 336,000 road casualties, of whom 1,694 were pedestrains killed. This, in round terms, happens every year. The drivers probably face a lot less than five and twenty per cent of the danger of war, and they may try to persuade themselves that they have no guilt; but for the 1,694 dead pedestrians it might as well be war. It is time we had a cease-fire.

Death on the Streets by Robert Davis, 302 pages, £11.99, published by Leading Edge Press, Hawes, Yorkshire DL8 3PB.

[S. F. Bailey worked in the early 1950s for five years in the UK Ministry of Transport before leaving to work in Africa and Hong Kong. He returned to the UK in 1983, and his interest in road transport was reactivated by efforts of his local Residents Association to cope with the consequences of Department of Transport attempts to increase the carrying capacity of the North Circular Road.]

THE BURAKUMIN: JAPAN'S UNDERCLASS

by Raymond Lamont-Brown

A rally some months ago at Tokyo's Meiji Park of representatives of Japan's three million 'non-people', known as the *burakumin* brought to the international press the plight of a little known oriental repressed group. Still today, although they have full legal equality under the Japanese constitution, the *burakumin* are hedged in with barriers against any 'occupational advancement' and 'social participation'.

For centuries the *burakumin* ('village people'), inhabitants of the *Tokushu Buraku* ('special communities'), have been discriminated against in Japan. Today there are still those who refer to them as the *eta* ('full of filth'), and consider them, as Professor George A. De Vos of the University of California said (in 1971), 'as ritually polluting as any of the lowly outcast groups of India'. Their treatment defied the Emancipation Edict of 1871 (which removed all social disabilities of birth) and still contravenes the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the General Assembly of the UN on 10th December 1948 (Articles 1-2); Japan became a member of the UN in 1956.

In feudal Japan a class system was evolved in which there were four rank tiers below the *Tenno Heika* (emperor) and the *daimyo* (feudal lords); they were the *samurai* (warrior-administrators), the *nofu* (farmers), the *jukurenko* (skilled artisans) and the *shonin* (merchants). Beneath them were the *hinin* (non-people, a sub-class of whores, beggars, actors and various itinerants), the *kaklbe* (peasants in 'degrading occupations' like aviculture) and *kujome* (street cleaners and so on) all generally defined as *senmin* (lowly folk). Below these groups were the *burakumin*.

Some historians note that a portion of the *burakumin* of ancient times were likely to have been tribesmen defeated in war and who were forced into menial tasks often as slaves. It is interesting to note that during World War II the Allied prisoners of war were thought of as *hinin* by prison camp commanders who meted out cruel slave conditions to the 'sub-humans' in their care. The levelling of the classes following the Meiji Revolution (1868) officially made the *burakumin* into *Shinheimin* ('New Citizens'); no implementation of that status has ever been effected.

So, today's *burakumin*, 2.5 per cent of Japan's population, are descendants of the leather workers, animal slaughterers, executioners and grave diggers, who were stigmatised by their trade. All debarred from normal social intercourse because of Buddhist strictures which said all who killed (and ate meat) were impure. Even those associated with blood and death (i.e. midwives, surgeons) were subjected to some form of segregation.

This segregation led to specific areas of the feudal castle-towns being developed for outcasts throughout Japan. Yet, contemporary maps of the country did not show these areas. The special settlements were referred to as *Hashi-no-muko-no-hito* ('People beyond the Bridge'). And the inhabitants therein were foresworn the usual costume of the towns people.

Burakumin had to wear a special leather patch on their clothes to denote their lowly status.

Marriage with 'members of the ordinary population' was forbidden, and anyone touching a *burakumin* had to be ritually cleansed by a Buddhist priest. The *burakumin* had their own temples for worship. *Burakumin* had no given names and surnames; instead they were given a number (in a system used to count animals). They were prohibited from smoking, eating or drinking anywhere near the person or house of a non-*burakumin*.

These days inhabitants of rural *burakumin* communities work alongside their fellows, but with formality and politeness, although in cities — if the ordinary Japanese recognise their existence at all — the *burakumin* would be looked upon as uneducated degenerates of a violent capacity. Occupational discrimination is still widespread in Japan and wages for *burakumin* would be 8-10 per cent lower than for non-*burakumin*.

It is said that a large proportion of Japan's major industrial companies have files detailing every *burakumin* within the ghettos of their area. Thus, when local recruitment drives are conducted the *burakumin* can then be identified amongst applicants and not offered interviews or jobs. Often a Japanese will signal one to another (holding up four fingers in imitation of a four-legged beast) if the presence of a *burakumin* is suspected.

The portrait of an average *burakumin* might be something like this. He would be likely to be unemployed, or working in a low paid job, maybe on a piece-rate controlled by the *yakusa* (Japanese mafia). He would be likely to be illiterate in a society which claims a 98 per cent literacy rate. He will live in an overcrowded slum environment on a poverty level far below average subsistency. Yet, physically the *burakumin* are indistinguishable from other Japanese. This is why parents — usually through a *nakodo* (marriage go-between) — will employ a private detective to examine the family tree of an intended in-law.

The *burakumin* should not be confused, of course, with another of Japan's society scapegoats, the *sanka*, or gypsy people. The *sanka* have no written language, and speak a tongue quite different from Japanese. This sturdy Mongoloid-type people are itinerant mountain folk.

Today Kiryu and Kobe are main areas for the *burakumin* ghettos. Kiryu City, lies some forty miles north of Tokyo and contains some ninety *burakumin* slum units. Kobe has around sixty *burakumin* ghettos. There has also been a remarkable concentration of *burakumin* along the south coast of Kochi Prefecture, where they work in agriculture and fishery industries. *Burakumin* who live outside the ghettos still take steps to disguise their home addresses from fellow workers, pupils or acquaintances. They would 'take the long way home' or 'double back' to avoid pursuit, and more elaborate precautions are made the higher up the social ladder a *burakumin* has climbed. This becomes more difficult as the local police keep a register of local inhabitants and check on households twice a year. Any *burakumin* who has social pretensions would still have to give up such occupations (however successful) as shoe-making or meat processing.

Political movements have arisen in Japan from time to time to encourage

burakumin to face their outcast origins and break out of their segregation. Historically the first organised resistance began in 1872; this was local and disorganised. By 1903 the *Dai Nippon Doho Yuwa Kai* (Greater Japan Fraternal Conciliation Society) had evolved to uplift 'the outcasts through self-improvement in morals, manners and sanitation'. In 1922 the militant movement *Suihei-Sha Undo* (Levellers Association) was established to secure the abolition of discrimination. Their public symbol was social martyrdom and a credo of Buddhist precepts and Christian Socialism.

Amongst the denizens of the early *jiyuminken* (freedom and popular rights) groups there were few politicians who espoused the case of the outcasts. One exception was Tsuyoshi Inukai, leader of the *Kokuminto* party who cultivated their electoral support, much to the surprise of his fellow politicians. During the late 1920s when Marxism began to develop in Japan, the *burakumin* resistance movement developed into a triad of ideologies. There were the 'anarchist' groups, the 'communist' and the 'revisionist' cadres each jockeying for hegemony. By the 1930s members of these groups were allying themselves with (radical) trade unions, workers associations and fanatical leftists. The red flag now flew with the *burakumin* accepted symbol of the 'crown and thorns'. The rise of the militarists in Japan during this period, too, drove these groups underground. *Suihei-Sha* also went clandestine but by 1940 they were vowing loyalty to Emperor Hirohito and the war machine.

Following the war the outcasts came together to form the *Kaiho Domei* (Buraku Liberation League: BLL). The organisation still bears the mark of its original Marxist orientation and remains the main thrusting group for the outcast's militant activity. The right is represented by the *Dowakai* (Integrationalist League). The latter does have 'upper status outcast' members in the various rightist political parties in modern Japan.

In the election for the reorganised Japanese Diet (parliament) of 1947 several *burakumin* were elected to the House of Representatives and the House of Councillors. The most prominent was Jiichiro Matsumoto, the first *burakumin* to ever have an audience with the emperor in the imperial palace. In due time the post-war US Occupation land tenure reforms were to work in the favour of the *burakumin* who now owned farmland they had worked for decades. Nevertheless, the outcasts retain an anti-American stance. Both the BLL and the Integrationalist League still press for slum clearance and the upgrading of the status of outcasts. Local pressure groups have made notable inroads since the 1960s. *Burakumin*, however, remain sceptical about the political will in Japan for much to be done to improve their lot. And apart from uttering sympathy when pressed the Buddhist authorities and other religious leaders show a marked reluctance to be involved in the amelioration of outcast conditions.

With the *burakumin* the Japanese have evolved their own variety of racism, not based on physical/colour differences but on caste impurity. Both Professor George De Vos and Hiroshi Wagatsuma in *Japan's Invisible Race* (1967), showed Japan's racism to be sexually based. They

defined Japanese racism as 'a deep-seated, psychologically primitive, vaguely conceptualised fear of contamination and loss of purity as a result of possible inbreeding'. Racism is still practiced, too, against the Koreans, whose country was annexed by Japan in 1910.

The Japanese remain blinkered about the existence and the plight of the outcasts. And, curiously, there are still many Japanese *jisho* (dictionaries) which do not list the term *burakumin*. It is also a word proscribed (largely by gentlemen's agreement) in the media, and is one which is never used in government publications or by civil servants and politicians. Indeed some Japanese would deny that *burakumin* exist. Yet in the history of world racism, there are those who aver that the plight of the *burakumin* is far worse than anything existing in any other country.

The recent change of government in Japan — after a 38-year rule by the Liberal Democratic Party — has produced a broad alliance of opposition parties which will rule Japan parliamentarily in coalition. Because of the coalition's somewhat vulnerable majority it is unlikely that the switching of political power will alter the position of the *burakumin*. There is still no political will to reform their plight and Prime Minister Morihito Hozokawa is still cagey about cabinet plans. He said recently that he 'does not want to offend members' and any change in the status of *burakumin* would be 'offensive' to many Japanese and a political hot potato.

[Raymond Lamont-Brown is an author and broadcaster specialising in Japanese features. He founded Japan Research Projects in 1965.]

THE 'SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP' — GEORGIA AND THE REMAINS OF GENERAL OGLETHORPE

by Paul Stephen Hudson

On Sunday, October 10, in the Victorian parish church of All Saints, in Cranham, Essex one of those little ceremonies that mark and perpetuate the 'special relationship' between Britain and America will take place. On this autumn Sunday representatives of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta, Georgia will read proclamations, lay roses and place a laurel wreath on the tomb of General James Edward Oglethorpe, revered in America as the founder of the Colony of Georgia. On the same day a memorial service will be held at the University campus in Atlanta, the state capital. The joint ceremonies will also commemorate the efforts of the man without whom these ceremonies would not take place. Ultimately the special relationship between Britain and America is as much between peoples with a shared heritage as between nations with a shared history.

GENERAL James Oglethorpe (1696-1785), never regarded the American outpost as his home. Oglethorpe, the leader among the Trustees charged with administering the colony, arrived with the original body of colonists in 1733 at Yamacraw Bluff near the site of Savannah on the Georgia coast. About a year and a half later, in June 1734, he returned to England with eight Yamacraw Indians in tow. The trip was a political and public relations success, and in 1736, Oglethorpe returned to the town he had founded, Savannah, armed with increased assurances of British support for the new colony named in honour of King George II. Late that year, the founder of Georgia went back to London again — this time with military matters in the forefront of his attention. Back in Georgia in 1738, the general arrived at Fort Frederica on St. Simons Island in September. Following two years of inconclusive military action, in 1742 Oglethorpe was victorious in turning a Spanish invasion attempt at the pivotal Battle of Bloody Marsh. The following year, with the threat from the south apparently eliminated and with the colony solidly, if somewhat factiously, established, James Oglethorpe left Georgia for the last time. Back home in England, Oglethorpe married the wealthy Elizabeth Wright and settled on her ancestral estate, Cranham Hall, in Essex, about sixteen miles outside London. Oglethorpe's fame as a colonizer had reached its zenith in 1743, and his exploits as a military leader were confined to his Fort Frederica days. He spent most of the next forty years quietly as a country gentleman who often visited the London literati, especially his friend, Samuel Johnson.

In 1785, at age eighty-eight, General Oglethorpe died, and his wife had him buried in the family vault under the chancel of the ancient parish church of All Saints in Cranham. Two years later, Elizabeth Oglethorpe died and was laid to rest beside her husband. Before her death, Elizabeth showed the foresight to have a large plaque extolling her husband's

achievements engraved and mounted on the wall of All Saints Church. In the ensuing 130 years, memory and recognition of James Oglethorpe's accomplishments faded in his native England, if not in the American state that was his legacy. A great tribute to the general came in Atlanta in 1913 with the revival of Oglethorpe University. Originally established near Milledgeville, Georgia, in 1835, the institution had folded during the Civil War. The key figure in the university's twentieth-century re-establishment was its president, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs.

The energetic college president, who ardently studied the life of his institution's namesake, in 1922 undertook a trip to England to visit key sites associated with Oglethorpe. Jacobs attended a conference at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where an irregularly attending Oglethorpe was on the rolls from 1714 to 1727. Jacobs was sorely disappointed to discover that the college had neither a memorial to nor a portrait of its distinguished honorary alumnus. Even more distressing to the American educator was his realization that the exact location of the Georgia founder's tomb was no longer known, due to the demolition and reconstruction of All Saints Church. Jacobs sadly concluded that the memory of James Oglethorpe 'had sunk into utter oblivion in England'. Thornwell Jacobs was so devastated by his experience in England that, upon his return to Georgia in 1922, he conceived a bold plan: to discover the precise location of Oglethorpe's grave, exhume it for archaeological study, and transport the body to Atlanta for reinterment in a memorial at Jacobs's beloved university. The scheme would require considerable money, which Jacobs was confident that he could obtain, and permission of British authorities, which might prove to be a more formidable obstacle.

To gain access to key people in England before his return visit in the summer of 1923, Jacobs used the offices of the Governor of Georgia, Clifford Walker, Congressman W. D. Upshaw, and the Department of State. Through United States Consul-General R. D. Skinner, Jacobs learned that the legal custody of anyone buried in a parish church was subject to ecclesiastical authority. Jacobs, therefore, forwarded his petition to the Rector of All Saints Church, the Reverend Leslie Wright. The Rector was sympathetic to the quest and referred the petition to the Reverend E. B. Charles, Chancellor of the diocese of Chelmsford. By August 10, 1923, Charles had formally and publicly rejected Jacobs's petition for an 'exploratory faculty', or ecclesiastical authorization. The chancellor's stated reason was that excavations would cause extensive disturbance to the church building—a particular problem because there was 'no certainty that the remains are there'. The chancellor clarified his rejection about a month later, citing that 'so far as was known, the present church of Cranham is not built on the same ground plan as the former one, [and] it [is] not possible to say exactly where any particular remains . . . lie'. The Chancellor was in fact correct; at the time Charles made his ruling, there seemed no way to know with certainty the location of the Oglethorpe tomb. The official list of Rectors for All Saints Church goes back to 1310, and the parish registers date from 1558. By 1873, however, the

ancient structure was in dilapidated condition, and an order had been issued to demolish it and to rebuild 'a new church on the old site or as near thereto as possible'. The reconstruction authorization directed the parish to 'remove all monuments and mural tablets' and to replace them in the new building as soon as possible. The task was quickly accomplished, and the new All Saints was in place by 1875.

Sometime in the nearly fifty years between the reconstruction and Jacobs's visit, the architectural plans had been mislaid. Local oral tradition, confirmed by interviews conducted by Jacobs and the ecclesiastical authorities, held that the original church had been deliberately destroyed by fire and that the new structure had been built near, but not precisely upon, the old foundations. If this were true, the family crypts that had been carefully placed under the old chancel might be located anywhere under or possibly beyond the new floor. Jacobs realized that he could not pursue his petition any further unless he could produce convincing evidence that identified the precise spot where the Oglethorpe remains rested. People seemed for the most part puzzled at Jacobs's stubborn insistence at finding the Oglethorpe tomb; but in September 1923 the American educator's considerable eloquence appeared to have persuaded some influential people to his cause. Jacobs pointed out that General Oglethorpe was only one of perhaps 100,000 great Englishmen, but to Georgians, the founder was a uniquely revered figure. Oglethorpe, Jacobs averred in a statement to the *Romford Recorder*, 'represented all that is best in Georgia's founding, history and traditions'. The *Brentwood Gazette and Mid-Essex Recorder* indulgently conceded: 'When... an appeal is made to us to cement the bonds between the mother country and one of the younger but vigorous countries which value the connection, it is difficult to put any obstacle in the way'. The *London Daily Chronicle* became convinced that 'no more romantic errand has ever been undertaken by an American than that of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs'.

For about six weeks, the determined university president looked through old records and archaeological reports. He particularly examined the church's foundations in relation to tombstones in the graveyard outside the church. Jacobs observed that the oldest grave sites on the north and east sides, antecedent to the rebuilding of the church, were so close to the walls of the building as to appear undisturbed. As a result of his research, Jacobs became convinced, contrary to the accepted folklore in Cranham, that the new All Saints was in fact built on the same foundations as the old church. Jacobs presented his new findings in a second petition, and in light of the additional evidence, the Chancellor reversed his previous ruling. On October 8, 1923, the chancellor concluded: 'The present church was raised upon the [old] foundations so that the dimensions... are the same as before... So let the faculty issue'. The elated Dr. Jacobs finally began his excavations of the Oglethorpe tomb on October 9, 1923. Workers spent the better part of the day removing a section of the church's tiled floor and more than six inches of stone masonry. In the grim October weather, the sky was dark with drizzling

rain. J. A. Mills, an Associated Press correspondent, noted that the solemn stillness of the place was broken only by the twitter of birds or the occasional bark of a dog. The main sounds were the staccato echoes of hammers and chisels. As evening light approached, weird shadows filtered in feebly through the stained glass. Around the yawning hole in the floor of the church were picks and shovels lit by a number of candles that cast fitful light on the pale, tense face of Jacobs. By late afternoon, a probe showed that underneath the concrete sub-floor was something solid, which Jacobs speculated was the brick cover of the vault. On the morning of October 10, the workmen began to remove bricks that looked fresh and almost new. Underneath was a crypt. Workers finished the enlargement of the opening by about 4.30 p.m. The Associated Press correspondent reported the dialogue of the moving scene:

> Suddenly, one of the excavators cried ... 'There it is!' It was the coffin of General Oglethorpe. 'Can you read the name plate?' asked Dr. Jacobs in hushed tones. 'Yes, it says "The Honourable General Oglethorpe. Died first July, 1786 [sic]".' Dr. Jacobs's eyes moistened. His face was eloquently expressive of gratitude, emotion and pride. But he was too moved to speak. He stood transfigured as if in another realm. He expected no such dramatic revelation of the earth's secrets in so short a time. 'You have made history', remarked the kindly Rector of the Church, the Rev. Leslie Wright, without whose assistance, sympathy and encouragement the American's mission would have failed.

Thornwell Jacobs then lowered himself into the crypt under the floor of All Saints. He saw, in the glimmer of candlelight, what seemed to be gold and silver lacework on two long, dark coffins that lay side by side at the bottom of the valut. As the awed Jacobs stood in the vault, he realized he was 'nearer to James Edward Oglethorpe than any living Georgian had been'. Dr. Jacobs then invited the Rector down into the crypt to make the official positive identification. When Jacobs returned to the chancel, the Associated Press correspondent covering the story requested a statement, and Dr. Jacobs solemnly declared: 'James Edward Oglethorpe is no longer a bit of dust or a group of relics'. Jacobs then made the prediction that Oglethorpe was 'about to become the most dominant personality in the state of Georgia'. He probably did not realize how soon, and in what manner, his prediction would come true. Thornwell Jacobs later wrote that he would never forget the scene in the little church when the vault was uncovered. He vividly remembered 'the sense of reverence and affection' that swept over his soul as he read the name of Oglethorpe on the plate of the coffin and that of his wife, Elizabeth, who rested by his side. Jacobs even wrote a poem to commemorate the triumphant occasion. Entitled 'Who is This That Cometh to Disturb My Rest?' the opening and closing stanzas read as follows:

> Oglethorpe, awake, it is we!
> From Georgia, thy Georgia, dost recall?
> ...

Great Oglethorpe, awake from visioned sleep!
All thou hast dreamed is true!
At last, thy morning dawns
And thou dost rise, a King!

Jacobs was confident that James Oglethorpe's remains could be disinterred from Cranham and be moved across the Atlantic Ocean to be reburied in reconsecrated ground in a monument at the general's namesake university. Indeed, the chancellor's 'faculty to search' had added that 'if as a result of the excavations of the remains of General Oglethorpe are found [,] a further Petition will be made for the remains to be allowed to pass across the seas into the bosom of Georgia'. According to ecclesiastical law, Jacobs's petition was posted to the church door at Cranham, where it was to remain for eight days. The Chancellor would convene a diocesan court to render a final decision. Since the tenor of Charles's previous judgement had been favourable, Jacobs was probably optimistic. At first, there was little opposition in England to Jacobs's plan. 'So far as the general public were concerned', one London newspaper noted, 'the utmost solemnity was observed'. Meanwhile, in Georgia and throughout much of the American South, anticipation was high concerning Jacobs's proposal to re-inter the Oglethorpe remains in Atlanta. On October 13, 1923, Dr. Lucian Lamar Knight, the official state historian of Georgia, wrote to Judge Edgar Watkins of the Oglethorpe University Board of Trustees: 'I consider the accomplishment of Dr. Jacobs the greatest thing that has been done for the State of Georgia since it has been a commonwealth'. Knight noted that Georgia would be the first state in the nation's history to have its founder enshrined within its borders.

Despite the early acceptance, Jacobs's plan soon met with opposition. The discussions on the final disposition of the remains first regressed into a two-sided argument that almost resembled comic opera and to which Dr. Jacobs did not deign to respond. Some historically minded citizens of Savannah contended that if there were to be reinterment of the city's founder, then Georgia's first capital city would be the more appropriate site. Mr. Noble Jones, formerly of Savannah, presented to the State Department a formal resolution from the Sons of Colonial Wars protesting Jacobs's petition to remove the Oglethorpe remains. The State Department declined to forward the protest to England because Governor Clifford Walker refused to support it. Walker believed that most Georgians wished Oglethorpe's remains to be moved to the state. Former Georgia Senator Hoke Smith visited the State Department in Washington in order to endorse Thornwell Jacobs's plans for the Oglethorpe remains. With such support from Georgia's power structure, United States Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes officially adopted a policy that was in full sympathy with Jacobs. But Thornwell Jacobs was profoundly embarrassed. 'Overnight the whole plan had degenerated', he later ruefully wrote, 'from a dignified and reverent request of a University . . . and became a scramble over dead bones between two American cities'. The unseemly American controversy quickly led to British outrage over the treatment of James

Oglethorpe. 'What has he [Oglethorpe] done to deserve this?' queried the letter of one angry Briton, who deplored the 'punishment of removing him from his resting place... to the United States'. Particularly effective was a signed cablegram opposing the reinterment from the Episcopal Bishop of Georgia, the Rt. Rev. Frederick F. Reese, a Savannah native. His protest, directed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Randall Davidson was widely published in England. Jacobs was astonished at the numerous insults that he had to endure from British newspapers. The *Daily Express* indignantly charged that 'the whole affair is an Atlanta college stunt' and deplored 'American bodysnatchers'. The *Evening Standard* regarded the scheme as 'unaccountable effrontery even from Americans'. The paper mocked Jacobs, declaring that he had 'committed sacrilege to make a student's holiday'. On October 16, only six days after his discovery of the Oglethorpe tomb, Jacobs deferred to the arguments against removal of the coffins. He notified the people of Atlanta with a published cablegram, in which he stated that the 'courteous and proper thing to do was to withdraw the request'. In defence of his original intentions, Jacobs's statement declared that his 'one actuating motive' had been his 'deepest love and affection for the Founder of Georgia to whom after the lapse of two centuries England has raised no monument'.

Although he privately believed that some of the sensational British press accounts of the plans to remove the Oglethorpe remains were 'as yellow as the fifth ribbon of the rainbow', Jacobs was exceedingly graceful in his final public concession. He expressed no bitterness in his October 20, 1923, farewell message, stating, 'I leave England only with the kindliest of feelings'. Thus it was resolved not to move the Oglethorpe graves. All Saints Cranham made plans to seal the vault 'with the same care and reverence with which it was opened,' and the tomb would 'remain under the continued supervision of the rector'. The reinterment plan remained something of a *cause célèbre* during the week after Jacobs abandoned his plans. Seemingly, almost every south-eastern newspaper took an editorial stand on the issue. Most editors sympathized with Jacobs. The *Atlanta Journal*, for example, accorded 'all honour to Dr. Jacobs for the magnificent vision and also for forgoing it rather than be the innocent occasion of a controversy for which he is not responsible'. When Dr. Thornwell Jacobs left England on October 23, 1923, he was escorted to Waterloo Station in London by members of the Oglethorpe family. Ten days later, Jacobs arrived on the Southern Birmingham Special at the old Oglethorpe University train station, which then stood across from the campus on Peachtree Road. The university band greeted President Jacobs's return, and waiting for him in his office was a tribute written by Georgia's state historian, Dr. Lucian Knight: 'Oglethorpe's bones may remain in England; but Dr. Jacobs has brought back to Georgia something better still — Oglethorpe's soul!'

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DOUBTS ABOUT PARAGUAY'S ELECTION

by Martin C. Needler

PARAGUAY is an unusual country in several ways. The Spaniards drifted in, rather than riding in as conquerors. They intermarried thoroughly with the indigenous Guaraní, so that today there are very few pure-bred Indians; the great majority of Paraguayans are mestizo and speak both Spanish and Guaraní. And for a country of its intermediate stage of development, there is a lot of money in Paraguay, quite widely distributed. Without import duties, Paraguay is reputedly the largest importer of American cigarettes and Scotch whiskey, which melt profitably across the endless borders with Argentina and Brazil.

The political system also has its unusual features, dominated by a more than century-old two-party system in which the original ideological and sectoral identities of the parties have disappeared under the accretion of characteristics bestowed by critical historical junctures. The Colorados ('Reds', though technically the National Republican Alliance) are the long-time governing party, thus associated with dictatorial practice, money corruption, electoral fraud, and military power and privilege. Because Liberal army officers once participated in an unsuccessful revolt, officers were until three years ago required to be members of the Colorado party. The Liberals are defined by their opposition to the Colorado party, and thus to all things that party represents.

Over the last two years an alliance called Encuentro Nacional has developed out of a variety of groupings — Catholic, Social Democratic, 'good government', progressive — that want to transcend the deep and bitter Colorado-Liberal hostility that fruitlessly consumes so much political energy. Because of the primitive stage of the Paraguayan political system, rudimentary ideas like honesty, democratic elections, and the depoliticization of the military provide the principal issues of politics. The social and economic questions of European politics are far away, and Encuentro includes 'Opus Dei' religious militants as well as Catholic progressives. The issues it stresses could be expected to have more resonance among ex-Liberal voters, but a substantial proportion of its vote — conventionally put at 30 per cent — comes from ex-Colorados fed up with the ills of the traditional system.

Nevertheless, the official Colorado presidential candidate in the May 9 elections, Juan Carlos Wasmosy, mouthed the same platitudes about democratization and freedom as the other candidates. He was indeed the candidate sponsored by incumbent President Andrés Rodríguez, who had led the successful revolt of 1989 against the 40-year-old dictatorship of Alfredo Stroessner. Growing out of conflicts over personal questions, the revolt was only retrospectively interpreted, reputedly under the tutelage of the American ambassador, as a revolution for democracy and all other good things, so it was at first unclear how far the inherited system would be changed. It was true that both Liberals and Colorados, in the flush

of the new enthusiasm for democracy, held primary elections to pick their candidates for President. It proved, however, that an unreconstructed supporter of Stroessner named José María Argaña had the majority among Colorados and so — after US Ambassador Jon Glassman intervened to head off a military annulment of the primary and cancellation of the elections — the appropriate party body was purged and reorganized, whereupon it found that enough of Argaña's votes were invalid to declare Wasmosy the winner. It was all pretty blatant, but seemed to be in the higher interest of preventing a return to the dictatorship, and so drew scoffing rather than principled objection from the opposition parties.

The general elections of May 9th then served to demonstrate that the Rodríguez forces had not altogether broken with the old system but had simply taken it over and made it work for them — or rather they had modernized it and made it more subtle, so that it would work even under 'democratic' conditions. Even so, they really gave the game away by having a judge order the closing of the country's borders on Election Day, ostensibly so that only bona fide residents of the country would vote. No one was fooled by this, since the stage at which to prevent the ineligible from voting is when they register to vote, not on polling day itself. A great many Paraguayans, perhaps as many as 20 per cent of the national population, and especially those disaffected with the traditional dictatorship, live and/or work abroad, especially in Argentina, so the closing of the border deprived the Liberals of many votes; perhaps not, as it turned out, of a winning margin, but enough to have made the difference in a closer election.

A great variety of methods for manipulating the vote were used, probably calculated so that if any one set of 'irregularities' came to light, it could be explained away and be regarded by international observers as having been trivial or insufficient in itself to alter the outcome of the vote. The location of polling places was not announced ahead of time; some people were inexplicably not assigned to the polling places closest to their homes; variations between the ways people's names were carried on the electoral rosters and on their identity cards, or 'cédulas', made them ineligible to vote. These rosters were not made available to the opposition parties far enough in advance so that errors could be corrected, as the law required.

But more traditional methods were employed: cédulas were bought or 'rented'; voters were intimidated; counterfeit cédulas may have been produced so that somebody else voted by using the names of those residents abroad prevented from returning to vote. Only some of these more blatant practices could be documented — no doubt too few, as several delegations of international observers, the most prestigious of which was led by Jimmy Carter, concluded, to have affected the outcome. That was — surprise, surprise — the victory of Wasmosy, which has been generally hailed as democratic enough, since the official count has given him 40 per cent to 32 per cent for the Liberals' Domingo Laíno and about 23 per cent for Encuentro's Guillermo Caballero Vargas. But even

supposing that all of the Colorados' vote-augmentation techniques, both traditional and modern, were in the event unneccessary since the division of the opposition forces would have given Wasmosy the victory in any case, troubling questions remain.

Before the election the number two man in the military and leader of the coup against Stroessner, General Lino Oviedo, had announced that after the election the military would continue to rule together with the Colorado Party (an old Latin American proverb has it 'One does not lose by ballots what one has gained by bullets').

On election day, Sakã, a civic organization, was operating a vote count parallel to the official one on the basis of results phoned in by its poll watchers. The dedicated phone lines through which Sakã was to have received these calls were cut at about 2.00 p.m. When Jimmy Carter protested directly to President Rodríguez the lines were restored, but only for about ten minutes. The colonel in charge of telecommunications refused to see Carter, who told a news conference that he believed the cutting of the lines was not accidental. The only purpose deliberately cutting Sakã's lines (which was followed up by the harassment and intimidation of the teenage messengers who constituted Sakã's back-up information delivery system) could have had was to forestall the announcement of a result unfavourable to the government candidate. The lines were restored only after it had become clear that that candidate had a majority. It seems clear that if he had not led in the polls, means would have been found to conjure up a majority for him and create a fait accompli before non-official data could be published.

Is a vote 'free and fair' if a governing party — and its military allies — enter an election determined to win by hook or by crook, but discovers it need only commit minor fraud in order to win? Or should one take the cynical view of most observers that any election in Paraguay, and especially one in which the opposition candidates are allowed to campaign freely, is enough of a stride forward to be welcomed?

That, at any rate, has been the position of the opposition parties, whose representatives in Congress voted to accept the election results reported by the National Electoral Board, despite registering their view that fraud had been committed. They were influenced, in making that decision, by the fact that the opposition will have a majority in the Congress. Although the Colorado legislative candidates ran somewhat ahead of Wasmosy (since some Colorado voters defected to Caballero Vargas in the presidential vote) the party fell short, under proportional representation rules, of a majority in either the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies. The Colorado hotheads who wanted to 'adjust' the legislative vote totals to give the party majorities in the parliamentary chambers were restrained by opposition statements that that would precipitate their boycott of parliament. Such a refusal of opposition members to take their seats would have denied democratic credentials to the new administration and perhaps have created problems for it in a 'democratic' post-cold war Latin America.

And so perhaps Paraguay has crossed a watershed in its history. At all events, it has taken a giant step toward having a future less distinctive from its neighbours' than was its past.

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A CHRISTIAN'S ADVICE TO DYLAN THOMAS

Do not rage against the dying of the light.
Find how long shadows never cut the day,
And gently go where there is never night.

Those who are wise have faced their share of fright
And having sought found then the surer way
That does not rage against the dying of the light.

The only good men are the one's with sight
Enough to recognise the truth that they
Are good from Good that still destroys all night.

Wild men whose wildness fed their ego-might
Worshipped too long the altar of their fray
And did leave only raging at the night.

Grave men who now have death their only sight
Who failed to grasp the other sense of gay
Fail, fail to enter gently that good night.

And I, who sought, found and grasped the height
On which no shadows ever fall, now pray
With rising expectations of the Light
Praise, praise the dying of the night.

A. K. Whitehead

A STEP TOO FAR?

by H. R. Jarrett

WHEN I was an undergraduate I used to do what thousands of other undergraduates have always done; I worked during the long vacation to earn some money to supplement my meagre store of that valuable commodity. In those days there were no mandatory grants and I borrowed from my Local Authority to enable me to pursue my course which is why I find the financial expectations and the demands of undergraduates today singularly unappealing. What you have to struggle for you value; what comes easily is frequently undervalued.

One summer I worked for some weeks on a building site as a junior assistant to the quantity surveyor. I helped him with his measurements after which we calculated how much material we would need to order for this job or for that. I found the work congenial and it was a refreshing experience to mix with men of a totally different stamp from those among whom I moved at university. But there was one fly in this structural ointment: the site manager. He was hopeless at his job. He dithered and vacillated and generally caused mayhem. It sometimes required the greatest efforts on the part of the departmental heads such as my boss, the quantity surveyor, to keep things on an even keel.

For some time I puzzled over this. How on earth had such a man ever been appointed to such a responsible post? The question was quickly answered when I asked one of my seniors about it. 'As Clerk of Works', came the reply, 'he was excellent. He knew the job thoroughly and was a great success. It was not surprising that he was moved up a notch to become Site Manager. Unfortunately this proved to be a step too far for him up the ladder and he has never managed to make a success of his promotion'.

The moral is clear. We all have our ceilings of attainment. Below these ceilings we may make a great success of whatever we do, but if circumstances raise us above our particular ceiling disaster strikes. We are out of our depth and strive as we may we just cannot cope. Many lives of great apparent promise have been ruined in this way.

What was true on that building site is true in our social and political life. Even the ablest politician has his ceiling and if he rises above it disaster for himself and possibly for his country may well follow. This is why I have always been against socialism which, by its very nature, involves the greater participation in, or interference with (choose your term according to taste) the life of a country. This in turn leads to the assumption of responsibility for a wide range of public affairs and gives rise to the further assumption that the Government is in control of these affairs. The fact is that generally it is not and cannot be, but after a few decades of such indoctrinisation people generally come to believe that it is, and their expectations of government powers and responsibility are raised to impossibly high levels.

This has been demonstrated very clearly in the case of the depression, or recession if you prefer the politer word, out of which we are slowly climbing. Any competent economist knows that cycles of booms and slumps, or recessions, have occurred throughout modern times in the western world and there is little that governments can do to avoid them. It is probably fair to say that whenever governments have tried to shape economic events, situations have worsened and recessions have become deeper and longer. This was the case, for instance, when Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, took this country back on to the gold standard in 1925. Unfortunately, he set the rate of exchange between sterling and gold too high and this was undoubtedly a contributory cause leading to the great depression of the late 1920s and early 1930s. A comparable recent example was the dogged adherence of Mr. Major's government to participation in the rackety ERM which again had the effect of deepening and prolonging the present depression unnecessarily. The course of twentieth century history is littered with similar examples.

This kind of calamity is to be expected whenever politicians over-reach themselves, a failing to which parliamentarians are particularly prone. If a small businessman makes a mistake in running his business the effects are very limited. Serious they may be to himself and his family but probably to no one else. If the manager of a chain store makes a mistake, the results are likely to be far reaching and can affect the lives of hundreds. But if a government minister makes a mistake the lives of almost everyone in the country can be adversely affected. In fact it is unlikely that any government today or in the future in this country is likely to command general satisfaction as long as these governments are saddled with such a wide range of responsibilities and politicians continue to over-reach themselves.

Probably we shall never know to what extent contemporary domestic bureaucracy has bettered or worsened the lot of citizens subject to its powers. I have grave doubts, for example, about the value of the contribution made to our well-being by the Welfare State, heretical as such a thought may be. Some years ago, to take one example, Professor Milton Friedman, in a book written jointly with his wife, *Free to Choose*, argued that 'The main effect (of the NHS) has been simply to raise the costs of medical and health services without any corresponding improvement in the quality of medical care'. This assessment certainly agrees with my own experience for in the days before the NHS my mother insured the whole family for the princely sum of three pence a week (3d in old money would be 1¼ pence today!). For this amount we were all fully covered. One effect of the NHS has been to produce a service which most people are quite unable to opt out of because of the heavy cost of private insurance; the service which was within the reach of almost everyone has gone.

Yet the simple lesson demonstrated in this example seems to be beyond our reasoning and despite the fact that thus far few politicians have shown any great aptitude in running the affairs of their own countries efficiently, they now with staggering confidence are engaged in the creation

of a European supra-national government with powers far exceeding those of any previous administration. The lives of millions are now subject to the dictates of an irresponsible (in the sense that it is responsible to no one but itself) body which ceaselessly seeks to promulgate more and more laws designed to constrain the freedom of action of all citizens subject to its jurisdiction. This is why I voted against participation in Europe in the referendum held before we actually joined the Community. Such participation delivered us into the thrall of a bureaucracy and bureaucracies by their very nature seek to pass restrictive laws, many of which in the case of Europe are enacted in the sacred name of 'level playing fields' or 'harmonisation'.

Have we really become such a nation of deaf mutes that we have forgotten that the whole point of harmony is that it results from a combination of *different* notes? Without tonal variation there is no harmony. What our bureaucrats and planners are aiming at is a dreary series of cultural monotones which will destroy large segments of life's variety and richness. Anyone who believes that this process can be halted as long as bureaucracy remains is sadly deluding himself for the passing of new legislation is the sole reason for the bureaucrats' existence. They must be seen to be busy simply to justify their existence. We have come a long way from the days of Trollope's Palliser novels when the Duke of Omnium, the Prime Minister of the day, remarked to one of his colleagues that his government had not passed a law for a very long time, and to reassure the electorate that they still were actually governing they had better pass one before Parliament went into recess. Today we have forgotten those liberally minded times and we have likewise forgotten the warning given by another of Trollope's characters in *Phineas Finn*, that 'A fainéant government is not the worst government that England can have. It has been the great fault of our politicians that they have all wanted to do something'.

In 1931 Professor Macneile Dixon wrote an essay on 'The English Genius' which included the following description of what he considered to be the typical Englishman. '... government of any kind irks him. He may grumblingly and good-naturedly submit to it, but it irks him... Governments are interfering bodies and are hateful to us... We rejected the Papacy, we rejected the Stuarts... we rejected Cromwell's autocracy, all for the same reason. Probably we are more docile than of old, but if democracy becomes tyrannical we may turn upon democracy'.

Perhaps there is hope here for the future, but time is short. So far the European Colossus has succeeded in doing what Hitler never did; it is slowly crushing the life out of our ability to govern ourselves and is taking control of the destiny of this country. Where are the Englishmen who will stand up and be counted and deliver us from this wrangling monster before the whole ramshackle edifice which it inhabits comes crashing down in disaster? Or are we doomed to become like Greece, yesterday's men inhabiting yesterday's country because politicians cannot see that they have gone a step too far?

VISITING SHANGHAI

by Sarah Newman

IN the aftermath of number six typhoon we reached Shanghai airport. Our guides were nowhere to be seen. The national guide is there to greet you as you enter China. He accompanies you throughout your stay. The local guide meets you when you arrive in his area and is in charge during your visit there. He stays in his home whereas the national guide is accommodated in the tourist hotel. Both had gone to change into dry clothes. Fortunately they arrived before hysteria developed.

Almost the first words of our local guide were that we would have a meal nearby, before going on to our hotel. All protests that we had just had our evening meal on the plane, had in fact over-eaten at midday in Hong Kong, after three previous meals on the plane, were ignored. The meal had been booked and we were to make at least a token show of eating it. So it was feeling like over-stuffed geese that we reached the Jin Sha Hotel at long last.

It was the second night there that one drawback of our very new hotel became evident. In the early hours I heard a suspicious gnawing sound and switched on the bedside light. Scampering noises. Then silence. The next morning I was told two of our group had so alarmed a rat that for half an hour it had taken refuge under a bed; it had then shimmied up the wardrobe and vanished into the air conditioning system. Fortunately if you kept the wardrobe doors shut the rats could not get into the room and restricted themselves to jangling the clothes hangers.

Rats apart, the hotel was all it should be. It was far more luxurious than we had expected. The twin bedded rooms all boasted bathroom and T.V. set, as well as air-conditioning. The laundry service was very good. It was in fact the rat gnawing at the cellophane enclosing my laundered clothing that had woken me.

We could easily replenish our drinking water at the staff desk at the end of the corridor. There was a gaily decorated thermos for hot water. Cold was kept in a glass carafe. The hotel also provided lidded teacups and a supply of green tea. The lid on the teacups was less to keep the tea warm than to prevent, by some mystery of science, the tea-leaves creating a moustache when one finally drank the tea. Green tea is drunk without milk or sugar. Neither teapot nor tea-strainer are provided.

The hotel restaurant provided a good introduction to 'western breakfasts'. 'Western breakfasts' did not consist of the eclairs and Swiss rolls I remembered from an earlier visit to China, but of toast, cake and coffee. Service was slow but quicker than in the past.

We enjoyed free time to walk around the streets and shops. We gawped at haircutting in the streets, at families and friends sitting out of doors to talk, play cards, read. We stared at the bamboo poles, adorned with washing, jutting from every house and flat. We peered at the bamboo scaffolding on building sites. We admired the little boys' split trousers,

such a good idea! We responded to the young children's cries of 'Hello' and 'Good-bye'. We window-gazed in shops now named in Roman lettering as well as Chinese. Above all we noted the cycles, and were wary of traffic, nervous when crossing roads. We walked round the newish apartment blocks near the hotel, staring at mattress making in their alleys, admiring the flowerbeds, noting the absence of litter, and of dogs and their trade-marks.

We were taken to a 'Children's Palace'. This is a selective youth-club-cum-tuition centre for the arts and sciences. In its theatre we watched songs and dances. Some of us joined in the dancing before going to look at classes in music, eastern and western style; science and art. The building was not palatial, but serviceable and full of activity. Many tourist groups visit there. The children were absorbed in their activities, but those detailed to escort us did so very charmingly.

One afternoon saw us at the Temple of the Jade Buddha, where, staring at vast statues of Buddha and his guardians, goggling at the crowds, and being goggled at by them, we learned a little about Buddhism and Buddhist temples. Most temples in Shanghai were Buddhist, though there were a few Taoist ones. Another afternoon we went to the Roman Catholic cathedral; this red brick edifice seemed a typical Gothic Revival building, inside only spitoons at the feet of columns reminded us which country we were in. A British architect had built it at the beginning of this century.

We visited the Yu Yuan Garden, which, busy as it was, we were loath to leave. The black dragon carved atop one of its walls and the meandering paths created a feeling of expanse in a small enclosed space, adorned with decorative bridges, with elegant use made of water and archways.

Mid-lake pavilion, which some had admired on T.V. at the time of the Queen's visit, was another attraction. This handsome tea-house was in the midst of a lake. The bridges to it were crowded, but none the less teahouse and garden were areas of contrast with the bustling industrial city and port that is modern Shanghai.

We had an evening meal at the Park Hotel; this solid building dates from colonial days. From the lavatories there were superb views over the city, over the nearby parks, across the massive buildings from the time of French and British domination, and towards the dirty river on which its prosperity was then based. Then it was off to see the Shanghai acrobats. These perform in a vast purpose-built circular edifice. It was full. As we waited a band played, the noisiest I have ever heard. Yet I kept on falling asleep. I made myself jolt awake again and again. The fact that this was a great effort despite the cacophany shows how tired I was. Although the acrobats were of breath-taking quality, the show was not an unqualified success. The reason lay in the animal acts. We saw on stage poodles, chimpanzees, a panda and two tigers. One of the tigers seemed extremely sullen, refusing to take part in the proceedings. Some of our group were unhappy about these animal turns, and the applause in general was less for these performances than might have been expected.

Another day we visited the museum. To please those who wanted time

at the Friendship Store, we had only an hour there. As well as the exhibits, the views from the upper galleries were fascinating. From the top floor you could gaze at the nearby flats, older and more elegant than those near our hotel, but still blossoming with washing and burgeoning with life. The three floors of exhibitions needed far more time than we had allocated. I certainly wanted more time admiring the paintings. And the bronzes, particularly the animal masks, small faces hardly rising from the metal work, were rivetting. The museum shop too proved a draw.

The Friendship Store, where you need tourist currency to shop, and which is therefore patronised almost entirely by foreigners, is one of the biggest in China. Books, carpets, jewellery, clothes, kites, a wide variety of luxury and semi-luxury goods are available here.

One trip we all enjoyed was along the Huang pu River. The journey towards the Yangtse included the chance to relish the scenery. The river was filthy, or, more politely, yellow from the sand which gives it its name. It is far busier than the Thames or Tyne. Coal barges, pleasure steamers, ocean going vessels, all came into view. The Yangtze eventually loomed ahead, an even dirtier colour, but seeming at first as vast as the sea. No wonder Mao's swimming it in his old age made such an impression.

Our last morning took us to the Zun Yi neighbourhood. This is an administrative unit, running its own affairs under an elected committee. It caters for 44,000 people, 11,000 families. Some of the committee members welcomed us with tea and an introductory talk. This set the scene before we visited their Old People's Home, sheltered workshop, and some individual flats.

The old people's home accommodated eight in two bedrooms. It was primarily for those without families, but if there were rooms available children could pay for their parents to stay there. Those bedrooms were very small, the beds filled them; but there was a sitting room and we were assured the elderly were taken to the park and the local cinema.

Nearby were the individual homes we were able to visit. We appreciated the kindness of those who were prepared to welcome us into their flats and answer our sometimes rather personal questions. Again it was clear that space was at a premium; by our standards there was overcrowding and a lack of privacy. The rooms tended to be dominated by T.V. and thermos, with a multitude of photographs. Any family willing to receive inquisitive tourists, and whose home is judged sufficiently clean, is liable to have visitors trooping in, but we felt we were in a part of Shanghai not on the usual tourist track.

Our local guide was very enthusiastic. He had provided us with general information about the city of twelve million people and two million bicycles. And, after that drenching arrival, we had been lucky in the weather. We were fortunate in being able to see so much. It may have given us mental indigestion at the time; it also gave fourteen British tourists some very happy memories, some tremendous photographic opportunities, and an excellent introduction to the People's Republic of China.

THE 'SECOND MARSEILLAISE' FROM SURREY

by J. B. Wright

FIFTY years ago the words of the most famous of French Resistance songs were written at Coulsdon, Surrey. For a few months, during the final year or so of the German occupation, 1943-44 — the *Chant des Partisans*, matched the *Marseillaise* as the supreme musical symbol of French nationhood and resistance to the invader.

You can also put an exact date to the writing of the *Marseillaise*. It was on 25 April 1792 that Mayor Dietrich of Strasbourg suggested to one of his guests, Captain Rouget de l'Isle that what the French Rhine army needed was its own battle hymn. The song Rouget composed was sung in Dietrich's salon the following evening, and within a few days the words and music had been printed. By June, it was well-known in Marseilles, and it was the 5,000 Marseillais volunteers who gave it its definitive title as they marched through France to take part in the Paris riots and massacres of August and September 1792.

The origins of the *Chant* show rather less feverish creativity. Rouget wrote both the words and music of the *Marseillaise;* several talents are involved in the production of the *Chant*. (It actually took longer to have the words of the *Chant* published in France — in the autumn 1943 number of the underground magazine *Cahiers de la Liberation* — than it did *La Marseillaise*, 150 years earlier.) But the *Chant* was media-driven: almost immediately, the BBC began broadcasting it twice a day on the programme *Honneur et Patrie* beamed to the members of the Resistance in France. Soon it became widely known in France as 'Ami, entends-tu?', from the first line. To whistle a few bars in Occupied France was to make a political statement. It is possible, from the memoirs of the time, to piece together the following story.

The melody, supposedly based on a Slavonic folk-tune, was composed by Anna Marly, a guitarist and lyricist in her twenties, of Russian parentage, but a long-time resident of Paris, who besides entertaining the troops in Britain with her songs and improvisations, was also the life and soul of many a French expatriate party. It's the melody, together with the dark images of the text — 'black flight of crows'; 'black blood' — that create the peculiar nocturnal ambiance of the *Chant*, with its suggestion of men moving purposefully across country on a moonless night. It is both timeless, and very much of its time, the war-time London world of the Free French pubs and clubs, with its ever-changing mix of the politicians, military, journalists and broadcasters around Charles de Gaulle, together with new arrivals, including resistance leaders, from occupied France.

Anna Marly knew them all. When Henri Frenay, the head of the Resistance network known as 'Combat', met her in London, in 1942, she was already playing the theme that became the *Chant* as a party piece, with her own words. It was Emmanuel d'Astier de Vigerie, head

of another Resistance network, who took the new words back with him to France after 30 May, 1943.

So, the situation that Sunday was that a whistled version of Marly's theme was being broadcast daily over 'Honneur et Patrie', one of the whistlers being Maurice Druon. In the meantime, Alberto Cavalcanti, the Brazilian film director working for the Crown Film Unit, and Germaine Sablon, one of the most stylish French singers of the Thirties, had appeared on the scene. Sablon was then a member of the French Army's Womens' Services; she had just come to London, and had made contact with her friend Cavalcanti. Cavalcanti was making a film, eventually called *Why We Fight*, for which he needed two Resistance songs, one of which Sablon undertook to supply. Together with Druon and Joseph Kessel, she went to spend the weekend of the 29/30 May at the Ashdown Park Hotel in Coulsdon, since demolished. The hotel was run by a Frenchman, Monsieur Hulin, and was widely used by the Free French colony in London.

Druon was then twenty-five; Kessel twenty years older. After the war, Druon emerged as a novelist with *Les Grandes Familles*, a sombre saga of the '200 families' who were supposed to have ruled and ruined France between the wars, and a vast historical series about the French monarchy called *Les Rois Maudits*, a version of which once appeared on British TV. He was also, briefly, Minister of Culture under Georges Pompidou. The memory of Kessel, a special correspondent turned novelist, lingers in the credits of films like *Armee des Ombres*, *Belle de Jour* and *The Lion*.

After lunch, the three settled down to produce the Resistance song for Cavalcanti. Sablon wrote down what she remembered of the Marly theme, while Druon and Kessel threw ideas at each other, which Druon recorded in an exercise book bought at a local store. By four o'clock, when Hulin's daughter brought tea, it was finished, and Sablon sang it for the first time. (There is an apocryphal story, that another French guest put his head round the door and said: 'Done your Marseillaise, then?' 'Certainly', Kessel is quoted as saying that evening: 'This will outlast whatever else we do'.)

The *Marseillaise* keeps cropping up, so it is perhaps worth comparing the two. The *Marseillaise* consists of eight verses of ten lines each — though only the first is usually sung; the *Chant* of 16 verses of three lines. Rouget's song is a generalised call to all 'enfants de la patrie' to rise up and repel the invader (Austrian/Prussian), while the *Chant* speaks to a divided France: it is specifically aimed at the Marxist social category of workers and peasants who at the time were thought to be free — unlike the '200 families' — of the taint of collaborating with the occupying power. The men who knew how to use their hands would know what to do with guns and dynamite. Again, the *Marseillaise* calls on Frenchmen to be magnamimous towards the hapless enemy conscripts; the *Chant* — thus illustrating the general rule that the farther from the front the more blood-thirsty the sentiments — calls on men of the Resistance to 'kill quickly', with 'hatred urging them on', so that the enemy will know the 'price of blood and tears'. Rouget de l'Isle belongs to the 18th century,

which could still distinguish between the leaders and the led, though the revolutionary fervour which he trumpets will soon be creating the era of total war which Druon and Kessel find perfectly normal.

After the war, the *Chant des Partisans* became the official 'hymn of the Resistance', often played alongside the *Marseillaise*. Just as Berlioz produced his formidable version of the French national anthem, the *Chant* appeared in sumptuous orchestrations, with massed choirs; by now, the smoky rooms of blitzed London, and Anna Marly's obsessive guitar-chords were embedded in an unimaginable past. In the atmosphere of today's Europe, its open incitement to kill is seen as at best absurd, at worst hugely reprehensible. Irredeemably outdated it might be, fit only for the soundtracks of historical documentaries, and for misting the eyes of survivors, it can still recreate a unique mood, and evoke a truly appalling time, as nothing else can. It will stand like the recently unveiled statue of de Gaulle in London — so far the only one in the world — as a tribute to an heroic struggle.

In the October number of the *Contemporary Review* Hafizullah Emadi discusses *The Origins of the Jugoslav Crisis;* R. D. Kernohan reports on the *Scottish Traditions in the Appalachian Region of America* and Leo Muray assesses *Enlarging the UN Security Council.*

Literary Supplement

THE NEW FAR WEST

East of the Sun: the Conquest and Settlement of Siberia. Benson Bobrick. Heinemann. 542pp. £20.00. 0 434 92889 5.

In his desperate struggle for survival President Yeltsin has sought the support of the 88 autonomous republics and regions of the Russian Federation. The signs are emerging that, at best, the Russian Federation will turn out to be an uncertain structure — made up of practically free-wheeling regional, and often local bodies and authorities — unless, of course, a strong central leader should emerge, with the help of the army, of the Tsarist or Stalinist character. The more, therefore, we learn about these regions the better.

Siberia is a vital area of the Federation and for the Russians it is still proof of empire and world power status. This is not surprising. It is a huge area, five million square miles. If you could place Europe — outside Russia — and the USA together inside Siberia you would still have some 300,000 square miles left. It has about 32 million inhabitants. In its three bands of territory from the Arctic Tundra and Taiga through fertile country in the middle to the steppes and deserts along the central Asian mountain ranges, it has vast deposits of gas, oil, and all types of ores, the rarest among them, and all Russia's gold and diamonds. It is not surprising therefore, that last year, in the Hague, a 'European Energy Charter' was signed by 36 governments including the EC, the USA, Canada, Australia and all former Soviet republics. The aim is to set up an entirely new energy structure ensuring a full-scale re-orientation of Europe's fuel and power industry, based, chiefly, on the resources of Siberia.

East of the Sun is rather a good find. The author has done impressive research back over nearly 400 years, to the start of what was an adventure, almost like the discovery of America. It is a story of brutal Cossack conquest, of adventurous noblemen, of daring peasants who escaped serfdom and, of course, of countless exiles and convicts. The tribes are mentioned too, some offering their women to visitors and feeling dangerously insulted if the offer was ignored. The author tells us about their food and their clothing and one realises the persistence and courage of the inhabitants facing the merciless Arctic winter. The author reports the cruel fur trade that attracted the Russians first; millions of sables for instance, killed, recently a $62 million trade.

He gives an account of the famous Siberian railway, the longest in the world, with scores of tunnels, all built by mostly convict labour, with thousands dying because conditions were so bad. In fact, the second track of the railway was laid only years after it started. There is still no proper main highway to the Pacific coast. The distances are enormous and, before the railway, it took months for even officials to get to the Arctic or Pacific coast. In this enormous country, 60 per cent of the population live in towns, some of them spots in an empty landscape. Stalin and Breshnev built up big heavy industry centres and power stations, disregarding environment and pollution problems. Western Siberia with 15 million inhabitants and the area around Lake Baikal, the biggest (and now polluted), sweet water on earth are centres. But the poor, backward road system suggests that enormous investment over a longish period is now needed to give a practical basis for the expansion proposed in the Hague Energy Charter.

The author gives a condensed account of the power struggle that followed the Russians reaching the Pacific. They were not quite sure for some time whether Siberia and Alaska were linked by land. They sold Alaska to the USA because it was too difficult to govern.

There is a brief account of the war with Japan, 90 years ago, and the rather confused efforts of the Western countries to use Siberia as the base for the over-throw of the Bolsheviks in 1918-1922 — reminding one of the Bosnia manoeuvres. There is no doubt, too, that it was the Russian control of Siberia with its border with China that convinced Mao-tse-tung that Russia was the real enemy, never mind Communism!

From Bobrick's book there emerges a definite Siberian identity, different from the Russian. This does not seem to have registered in Moscow, and we will see in the next few years how the troubled Russians will react. Siberia now has quite a few autonomous regions, like the Yakut region, as big as Great Britain, with its gold, oil and gas. As the Central Authority in Moscow is noticeably declining, America, Japan and even ambitious China are establishing economic ties, eagerly welcomed by the regional authorities who often do not ask advance permission from Moscow.

East of the Sun gives a useful and fascinating background, enlightening us about little known aspects of the events developing before us. It is an arresting story too of personal adventure — and misery.

LEO MURAY

TITAN OF NEWS GATHERERS

The Power of News: the History of Reuters. Donald Read. Oxford University Press. £20. 0 19 821776 5.

This is very high-class company history. But Reuters is a high-class company, even an institution. Traditionally 'the news agency of the British Empire', it may now be inclined to protest too much that it has shed all national prejudices and preferences.

Donald Read, Emeritus Professor of Modern English History at the University of Kent, takes its story seriously, though by no means too solemnly. But Reuters mingles international history and occasional personal eccentricity with strands in the history of news-gathering, big business, and communications technology. Today 90 per cent of its revenue comes from 'products designed for the financial community', though it is the other 10 per cent that most people associate with the name.

Much of the history is about getting news out and keeping costs down. But it is also a human-interest story — starting with the ventures and opportunism which took Julius Reuter (originally Josaphat) from Kassel to Victorian London, as movie-goers with long memories will remember from the wartime Edward G. Robinson film. Alas, it took liberties with history which good Reuter men would never have taken with news. But there is a good deal of character-interest too in some of the later management men who ruled the agency, such as the tenacious and eventually deposed Sir Roderick Jones — and, of course, in the actual news-gatherers, whether dining at Versailles, landing in Normandy, or being first to report both the beginning and the end of the Berlin Wall.

There is also the anecdotal history which may have gained in being handed down but which has become part of the story of Reuters: the telegram 'McKinley shot Buffalo' spiked by a sub-editor who found hunting news

tiresome; the racing enthusiast who thought a message via Paris was about a Grand Prix won by a horse called Sarajevo with Franz Ferdinand as runner-up.

Professor Read has also a necessary taste for broad historical themes, an interest in the definition and transmission of news, and a patience with detail, much of which survives in his transmission. If anything — though no historian would admit it — he may have had too much source material. He had, he says, unrestricted access to the company's archives, except for records of living staff and pensioners, as well as complete independence to write as he pleased. But he could hardly be as revealing about survivors as about such predecessors as Jones, who tried in vain to get himself included in an epilogue to the Robinson film.

The nature of the Reuter service means that a history cannot mainly be a selection from purple passages. And though the agency could make major mistakes — such as who had declared war on whom in 1914 and when the Armistice was to take effect — they tended to be the result of misinformation from high places rather than recklessness or inventiveness. No other media organisation, and certainly no newspaper, can have quite such a good conscience in claiming devotion to 'truth in news', even though Reuters had various arrangements with the British Government which stopped short of actual subsidies.

Despite the independence Professor Read was given, the latter part of the book, which includes the first full account of the flotation of the company in 1984, has an air of being slightly circumscribed. It is impossible to write contemporary history, never mind contemporary company history, with quite the same abandon as one can recreate the days when carrier pigeons linked the telegraph terminals at Brussels and Aachen.

R. D. KERNOHAN

GODWIN'S NATURAL JUSTICE

An enquiry concerning Political Justice and its influence on general virtue and happiness. 1793. William Godwin. Woodstock Books. A Woodstock Facsimile. Two vols. 978pp. £150. 1 85477 115 9.

Two hundred years ago, William Godwin's magnificent theory of natural justice was seen and welcomed. It was written between 1791 and 1793 in the light and hope shed by the French Revolution.

In 1792, Burke had published *Thoughts on the French Revolution,* and Paine, *The Rights of Man.* William Blake heard of the plan to arraign Paine and warned him to flee for his life. Meanwhile, Godwin pressed on with his intention to publish his great work — in two quarto volumes, each 275mm x 210mm, very big and heavy with candle-light sized type, weighing over 7 lbs. With his concentration of mental energy intensified it was impossible for him not to have it published, even at such a dangerous time for free expression. In 1793, on January 21st, Louis XVI was guillotined. On February 11th England went to war with France, and on February 14th *Political Justice* appeared in print.

Godwin himself was not carted off to the gallows because of William Pitt's assurance that 'a three guinea book could never do much harm among those who had not three shillings to spare'. Three guineas, well afforded by those with vested interests and closed minds. Another reason could have been because the 'revolution' proposed by Godwin was not to be an immediate and violent insurrection, but a modification of behaviour towards a harmonious and peaceful resolution. The price of these facsimile volumes today suggests

the same argument, except that there is the possibility of university libraries buying them. The first edition facsimile is especially important because of what it retains; that which does not appear in the subsequent two editions. The third edition of 1798 is the one invariably referred to by scholars: the F.E.L. Priestley text. The 1793 edition has not been reprinted, until this edition.

When *Political Justice* was brought out in a cheaper octavo edition in 1796, Godwin said in his Preface that five of the eight books of the first edition had been rewritten. In other words, the whole of Volume I, and the last book of Volume II, 'Of Property'. But in Volume I, Book I, its Chapter 4 does not appear at all in subsequent editions. It is where Godwin's 'all comprehensive scheme' appears in its splendour. It is a joy to read, but saddening that its vision has never come to pass. The Introduction by Jonathan Wordsworth is a gem, and relates Godwin to his contemporary poets and other writers. In 1825, Hazlitt said of Godwin, in *Spirit of the Age*, that he had 'blazed as a sun in the firmament of reputation', but had 'sunk below the horizon'. In 1845, De Quincey was to declare the second edition to be 'a travesty of the first... all but a palinode'. (Or recantation.)

Coleridge's passionate belief, through Southey's enthusiasm, in pantisocracy (a community where all are equal and all rule; with consensus, which Godwin advocated for its inclusiveness) inspired him to contemplate writing the *Book of Pantisocracy*. However, on discovering Godwin's atheism, his Christian determinism (via Hartley) put him implaccably against Godwin, and made him regard the core of pantisocracy as flawed. Wordsworth, however, declared himself to be amongst 'that odious class of men called democrats', and in 1794 was planning to start a magazine to spread 'the rules of political justice'. But it was just at the time when leading radicals were being sent to the Tower. The following year, Wordsworth and Godwin met on nine occasions. But the magazine did not materialise.

Finally, William Godwin. This passage does not appear in subsequent editions: 'Let the true friend of man be incessant in the propagation of truth, and vigilant to counteract all the causes that might disturb the regularity of her progress, and he will have every reason to hope an early and favourable event'. A non-violent revolution. Isn't that what is needed?

RODNEY AITCHTEY

THE POLITICAL GRAMMAR OF LASKI

Harold Laski: A Political Biography. Michael Newman. Macmillan. 1993. £45. 0 333 437 16 0.

Harold Laski; A Life on the Left. Isaac Kramnick and Barry Sheerman. Hamish Hamilton. 1993. £25. 0241 12942 7.

Addison Road, for a host of LSE students, meant Professor Laski's Sunday tea parties. In the '30's, in that dark little sitting room, they literally sat at his feet; while Frida frantically cut ever larger plates of smaller sandwiches for those students who sought warmth and weak tea as well as the coruscating brilliance from the small frail figure with a large head, in the armchair.

Laski enjoyed these informal exchanges and was rightly adored by his students for whom he took endless time and trouble. They were also his gallery for whom he played his lectures. Precisely on the hour, he would appear; set his watch on the desk and proceed without notes, to deliver a perfectly timed and witty exposition. This delighted the many students present without fiat for the best entertainment of the week. Laski never claimed to be impartial

and the last minutes of his lectures were usually devoted to presenting, and demolishing, views other than his own.

If only he had been content with the world of academe, he could have held an immortal Socratic niche of immense influence but he craved the raw power of politics. When the second Labour Government fell and some of its members sought employment at LSE (a large notice at the main entrance wickedly proclaimed: 'Out Relief Department for the Labour Party') Laski thought his political time had come. But they departed for Downing Street and left him behind after the War. So what went wrong?

Born to a comfortably off Jewish family in Manchester, Harold Laski's frail constitution did not hinder obvious brilliance. But, convalescing after one of his many illnesses, he met Frida, a gentile physiotherapist, nine years older. It looked like a recipe for disaster when he eloped at 18. But he was lucky. Unlike that other Frieda who took on DHL, his Frida supplied a vital stabilising factor and the common sense he lacked. His academic career took off, and after a First at Oxford he and Frida departed for Canada and then Harvard. He was an ambivalent pacifist who volunteered to fight in World War I. Rejected for a weak heart, he nevertheless felt guilty when his brother was wounded.

In 1920 Laski was offered a job at LSE which led to rapid promotion. By 1926, he was a very young (32) Professor of Politics and completed his major book, *Grammar of Politics*, which sank with a gentle thud into near oblivion after his death. But these early years at LSE were probably the happiest of his life. By the thirties the political scene had darkened and the outside world peered menacingly at Laski's pleasant, rational world of peaceful change; the Fabian European picture soon to be shattered by the Spanish Savage war. Laski had little real contact with the proletariat or the incipient Third World. India and Africa were still remote; Palestine too painfully close for his unresolved Jewishness.

Laski believed passionately that intellectuals had a place in practical politics, and though he never tried his hand as an M.P. he built up a strong power base in the National Executive Committee on which he served for 12 years, chairing it in the fateful 1945 election year. He was too clever to be trusted and a kind of Red Dean of politics picture grew round him as if he put an academic gloss on propaganda. Unfortunately, as he moved Leftwards, he increasingly clashed with the Labour leadership under Attlee. Like another brilliant man, Enoch Powell, he seemed to have no 'nous' for compromise.

The ambivalent relationship between the NEC and the Labour Party gave him a free hand to intervene. It seems impossible to believe that he really thought Attlee would appoint him as Ambassador to the USA in 1945, when he had so consistently undermined Attlee, calling him in the American press 'uninteresting and uninspired'. He tried to remove Attlee by asking for his resignation in an open letter; he tried to delay Potsdam until after Attlee's position was clarified; he tried to bypass his leader in direct contact with Churchill (who naturally disliked Laski but found him useful political ammunition). But when he began laying down guidelines for the Labour Government foreign policy, Attlee finally exploded in his famous rebuke, which damaged Laski's reputation beyond repair and put the NEC into a firmly subordinate position: 'You have no right whatever to speak on behalf of the Government. Foreign affairs are in the capable hands of Ernest Bevin. His task is quite sufficiently difficult without the irresponsible statements of the kind you are

making... I can assure you there is widespread resentment in the Party at your activities and a period of silence on your part would be welcome'.

This was followed by the final crushing blow of losing the Newark libel case, where he was accused of supporting revolution and political violence. He never recovered from this and, although he worked as hard as ever for the 1950 elections, he lost heart to fight the bronchial pneumonia which engulfed him. Sadly, his reputation continued to slide and LSE did little to stop it.

Michael Newman, as Professor of Politics at North London, has written a deliberately political biography and sorted the many strands of Laski's life with skill. But somehow the man behind the machinations and the beloved teacher do not emerge. Perhaps the other half of this biography will be written before undeserved oblivion creeps in.

Though pipped at the post for publication, this second *Harold Laski*, a huge tome, is well worth dipping into. It is so like Laski's own *Grammar of Politics* it might well be called the *Grammar of Laski*, for all possible details of his early life are lovingly inscribed, including six years in the USA. With two authors, one an American Professor of Government, the Anglo-American aspects of Laski as a bridge builder are given prominence. Emphasis is also laid on the degree of anti-semitism in England at that time, which could not be ignored. There were very few Jews in the English Socialist movement which, unlike the Continental one, derived more from the Christian Chapel than from Communist intellectuals. Laski's own study of Karl Marx, while appreciating his economic insights, stopped short of revolution by dictatorship. He preferred the Fabian revolution by consensus and devolution.

At the age of 27, in 1920, Laski sailed for England and LSE where he taught for thirty years through the end of the age of political innocence. Wrapped in the cosy myths of Fabianism, he saw the outside world stare nastily in. The election of a professional trouble-maker as President of the Students Union in 1935, and his subsequent deportation, ended Arcady for the student world. And the post war world alas was not for Laski. The mass preacher and brilliant teacher died sadly feeling a failure, deserted by the Labour Party he slaved for. Yet he changed the face of British Socialism and this book published on the hundredth anniversary of his birth in 1893 may do something towards a justified rehabilitation of a loved and elusive man.

MOLLY MORTIMER

FICTION'S PROPHETIC ROLE

Storm-Blind. James Sorel-Cameron. Sinclair-Stevenson. £14.99. 1 85619 185 0.

Fiction remains at the cultural centre not least because it resists electronic artifice and the tricks of charlatans. It is not so easy to fake the art of fiction. In Britain, there being so little attention to the short story, the novel is the voice of the nation. Whatever happens to be contending for the current orthodoxy finds its purposes undermined by the cool, ironic eye of the story-teller. There is nothing socially correct — nor politically correct — about fiction. It deals in improper conduct, in unsayable frankness and discomforting moral truths. The novel will not fit the prescription. And — infuriatingly for some — novels continue to be written and read. They are the one, certain guarantor of liberty of conscience.

James Sorel-Cameron's fictions have been well-received almost everywhere, the only dissent coming from embittered ideologues who seem irritated by the undoubted masculinity of the author and his prose. He writes as a man, and with a masculine eye which is an honest testament. It is not that he dislikes

or patronizes women. But his prose has an authority which is decidedly patriarchal. In fact, he writes as the natural successor to Golding and Fowles.

It is no surprise that he tends towards the mythic, and that his view of humankind is tempered by a sense of the Fall. Like his mentors, Sorel-Cameron has a strong sense of resolution but little of redemption. In this, his third novel, successive generations of a family fail to connect the inner and the outer being. Personal desire and social responsibility wage war within every heart. The social circumstance differs over the years, but the problem lingers.

The author's eye may be harsh, but he has a rich command of language and a muted sense of the comic in his evident use of pastiche. What might seem at first glance to be a family saga entertainment soon betrays itself with its bardic, prophetic prose. No-one tries so hard simply to entertain. The demands the author makes on himself are, as ever, extraordinary. He could have opted for an easier course. And the resources he makes of language at times come close to the unintelligible. Sorel-Cameron walks a very narrow ledge, but does reach the other side, not least by his considerable narrative verve. It is as if there were somewhere a simple tale which he has discarded for its simplicity. He wants to reflect life in its complexities, its ambiguities.

This becomes an appraisal of the imperial sensibility — self is sacrificed for the nation. World wars, public school, colonial service — these are the rites of passage which the family undergoes. To what purpose? When the empire is lost there is Swinging Britain, the satyr play following the tragedy. And yet imperial ambition re-emerges, not in conquest but through the media. In each generation the bourgeoisie re-creates itself. The accent is demotic, but the imperium remains more or less intact.

Storm-Blind is a searing indictment of a nation, a century, and a class. It is also a plea for a change of heart. We are not as nice as we think we are, but we are better than our enemies say. It is a timely reminder of fiction's prophetic role.

GEOFFREY HEPTONSTALL

A WELL-TEMPERED BIOGRAPHY

Edgar Allan Poe: His Life and Legacy. Jeffrey Meyers. John Murray. £25.00. 0 7195 5023 8.

Recalling how Arthur Symons drew Ernest Dowson brilliantly out of focus in his epicedial essay, standing memorial as preface at the gateway to the posthumous edition of his works, and thus fathered a legend, one is disturbed to wonder how much to accept of the received legend of Poe, derived from his friend and literary executor (or executioner!) Rufus Wilmot Griswold's smudged picture, and filtered by the hoodwinked down the years.

The Griswold obituary (pseudonymous) and the biographical memoir (acknowledged) present alike a tatterdemalion, albeit nicely romantic, figure, pallid, emaciated relict of bouts too frequent and too lively with alcohol and languorous dalliances too many with opium, ragged frock-coat concealing absence of shirt, ruins of boots disclosing more than want of stockings, walking the streets in madness and melancholy.

The view of modern scholarship is that Griswold deliberately exaggerated Poe's neurotic debility and hereditary dipsomania in order to invest him with 'interesting' Satanic and corrupt qualities. For all such distorted vision, Mr. Meyers well-balanced biographical corrective is to be prescribed.

In his study of Poe, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, 1978, Julian Symons complained

that almost all of the then existing biographies fused, and confused, the life with the work. Believing that interrupting an account of what the man was doing in any given year by 'long analyses and discussions of poems and stories' can be positively misleading in relation to Poe, he divided his book into two parts, dealing separately with the man and the writings.

Mr. Meyers' biography makes no such distinction, but does not on that account seem in any sense misleading. On the contrary, the biographical narrative is brisk and the intromitted criticism far from confusing or holding things up is, in its appropriate place, helpful and enlightening. Let it be admitted, however, that even as one closes the book at the 304th page — exclusive of notes and index — the Poe enigma remains unsolved. That is no fault of the author's. The truth is that Poe is a special case. His Americanism, for instance, seems somehow merely incidental. It was surely this Boston-born great, great grandson of Ireland who scattered the seeds of monstrous, fleshy, flesh-eating, blood sucking and succoured, plants, destined to bloom putrescent in the forcing-house of the *fin de siècle*, tended by head gardener Baudelaire, watching over his own secret hotbed of *les fleurs du mal*.

Long after Baudelaire's *accouchement* of Poe as a member of the founder stock of French Symbolism and Europe's recognition of his importance, America, paying lip-service to the genius of the artist, was McCarthyishly preoccupied with the bad citizenship of the man. Research for excusatory factors led into the all-the-go Freudian-Jungen pastures of the 'twenties. A socio-psychological field-day was had by one and all. Dr. J. W. Robertson put it all down to typical alcoholism. J. W. Krutch, attempting to push forward with greater aetiological sophistication, delivered himself of the absurdity that the whole realm of moral ideals is excluded from Poe's work. Scarcely surprisingly, Poe and his psychopathology remained Gordian-knotted. His taxonomic place was defined as romantic, linked with Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Moore, De Quincey, Chateaubriand, and de Guèrin — and left at that.

Mr. Meyers sharply descries the *doppel-gänger* element. The portrayal by Poe of his divided (which is *not* to say schizophrenic) personality — 'the impressive force of his rational mind and the overpowering strength of his irrational apprehension' — in the autobiographical *William Wilson*, wherein the narrator stabs his tiresome other self to death. It is the destruction of his conscience.

Born in poverty, child of a broken marriage, orphaned aged two, unable — through his own foolishness — to complete his university career, unable — through his own foolishness — to complete his West Point training as an army officer, traumatised by the deaths of the women who loved, and were loved by, him, Poe's descent into the maelstrom was by no means unpredictable. Like Corvo, of whom it was said, 'Friendship with him was like undertaking an experiment in demonology', he quarrelled with nearly everyone he ever met and alienated everyone who was capable of helping him.

This haunted man died a gutter-press death which, as Mr. Meyers points out, extraordinarily parallels the last days of that other *poète maudit*, Dylan Thomas. A single mote in the wide-scanning beam of Mr. Meyers' well-practised biographer's eye is his omission of the fact that, although buried in the Poe family plot in the Presbyterian Cemetry in Baltimore, Poe, like one of his own restless dead, was resurrected and buried again in Westminster Presbyterian Churchyard at Fayette and Greene. It was here that, during the first half of the century, H. L. Mencken and some cronies of the Saturday Club would make their way, taking a cab to what was then 'a rundown church in the slums of Baltimore' and 'the grave in a corner, overhung with weeds',

to pay their respects in a spirit the decedent would have truly appreciated. They would, in solemn inebriation, pour a bottle of whisky on top of his earthen bed.

Of such fine body is the distillation of careful scholarship that Jeffrey Meyers brings to the used up man's bier.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS

Political Ideas of Justice Holmes. David H. Burton. Fairleigh Dickinson University Press and Associated University Press. 0 8386 3457 5.

American history is as strikingly marked by the pronouncements of its Supreme Court Judges as by the achievements of its Presidents and the legislation of its Congresses. Indeed four Justices left a sharper impact on their times — and later — (Marshall, Holmes, Brandeis and Frankfurter) than perhaps any but six Presidents (Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Lyndon Baines Johnson). Indeed, one man was unique: that 'good Ohioman' William Howard Taft served both as Chief Justice and as President, though not, of course, simultaneously. And he was the heaviest physically as well as one of the most learned: he weighed three hundred pounds.

Not all who read this thus far will agree with the choice either of Justices or of Presidents as persuaders; and may be irritated even more by the omissions than by the inclusions. But it would be hard to quarrel with the view that Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of America's great judges, richly experienced, liberal, wise and — fortunately — long-lived. And since he had also almost a Franklinesque capacity for letter-writing — witness his correspondence with Harold Laski, Franklin Ford, William James and Sir Frederick Pollock, to cite only a few — any biographer is swamped by material.

David Burton is thus a brave man. He masters a voluminous correspondence and a mass of legal judgements in order to attempt a digest of Holmes' political views. His is a readable and fascinating commentary on an American immortal, who was a soldier, scholar, jurist and philosopher; he happened, also, to be a famous and liberal son of a less liberal but equally distinguished father. His view of law was a product not of autocracy but of scepticism.

Like other Supreme Court Justices, Holmes had a clear philosophy of government, even if he, like them, judged cases on their merits. But few were as significant as Holmes in their blend of respect for the authority of the State legislatures and Congress on the one hand with — on the other — their dissents in support of liberal causes — like shorter working weeks and in criticism of child labour. His judgements were clear — peppered with aphorisms — and paradoxes. In one of his most penetrating chapters, 'Theory as Construct', David Burton follows in the steps of Laski and Frankfurter, to conclude that 'the Congress was the supreme political branch of government. Presidents were ordinarily passive agents executing the legislative will... It was Congress making law that the Court was expected to pass judgement on... presidents at best were only politicians'. But he is fully aware, tested as Holmes had been in the Civil War, that after the Fourteenth Amendment 'the central government grew more prestigious because it grew more powerful. Moreover Holmes bridged the years from the Civil War, in which he was seriously wounded three times, to FDR's New Deal. The liberal and the Puritan was centralist and nationalist also, so that David Burton's character study forms an urbane and

shrewd analysis of seventy years of rapid and total change, and of the need for social reform as its legacy.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Companion to the Symphony. (Simon & Schuster. 504pp. £30. 0 671 711014 1). Robert Layton has both edited and contributed to this invaluable book for music lovers. It contains authoritative essays on all major symphonists up to and including Beethoven; then on all composers of symphonies from Haydn to Tippett in detail, with reference to less well known and unjustly neglected figures. All contributors are acknowledged experts in their fields, such as H. C. Robbins Landon (Haydn and Mozart), David Brown (Tchaikovsky), Richard Osborne (Rossini and Beethoven) and the editor, Robert Layton, (Scandinavian music). The analyses are penetrating and readable, aimed at the concert goer and record collector, avoiding technical language but enabling the reader to broaden his repertoire whilst learning much about the evolution of the symphony.

Berlin. (World Bibliographical Series. Vol. 155. Clio. 161pp. £29. 1 85109 142 4). This useful series, designed eventually to cover every country and principal region in the world, provides an up-to-date guide to books and other source materials, almost all in English. Ian Wallace, Professor of German in the University of Bath, an acknowledged expert on German literature and contemporary affairs, has worked with four other eminent scholars to compile a comprehensive critical list of books on Berlin's history, geography, economy and politics. His own introduction reveals broad cultural knowledge of German social organization and contemporary literature from the late nineteenth century onwards. The volume will be welcomed in all European countries.

Tired and Emotional: the Life of Lord George Brown. (Chatto & Windus. £20. 357910 8642.) Peter Paterson captures and explores Brown's unpredictable nature, troubled career, turbulent personal relationships and his fondness for the bottle. Lord George Brown was a gifted Labour campaigner with the popular touch, who rose through trade union ranks to Foreign Secretary, only to die in obscurity, having broken with the Labour movement, his wife and his church.

The Shaping of America, Vol. 2, Continental America 1800-1867. (Yale University Press, 1993. £35. 0 300 05658 3). In the second volume of what he describes as a geographical perspective on 500 years of history, Professor D. W. Meinig of Syracuse surveys the half-century that leads to the dissolution of the carefully contrived unity of 1787. It is as well written and as lavishly illustrated as was Volume 1, and has as dramatic a tale to tell: of expansion in territory, population and economics. It is ethnohistory as well as geopolitics. It is rich in portraying the tensions and the challenges, especially those of Jefferson regarding the Louisiana Purchase. Meinig traces the expansion of distinct regional societies, Indians, Afro-Americans and sub-groups of each, and the development of cities, waterways, roads and railways. It is thick with vivid quotations, and even better supplied with possible exam questions. Some of them raise philosophic as well as geographic and historical issues. Thus: 'Seven was the optimum number of secessions for starting a civil war'. If only three or four had seceded, there might have been no War at all. Professor Meinig is to be congratulated, and given good wishes for the two books to come.

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p 103

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THE GRAPES OF NEGLECT — VIOLENCE AND XENOPHOBIA IN GERMANY

by Joachim Krautz

THE arsonists came at night. Fully aware of the likelihood that people might be in their bedrooms they set fire to the apartment house, in which — according to the nameplates near the doorbells — a couple of Turkish families lived. The fact that Turks were the sole inhabitants of that house had been the precise reason for the murderers' choice of their target. In the night from Saturday to Whitsunday five people — all of them women and girls — became the victims of this treacherous crime which took place in Solingen, a small, until then very ordinary town in the west of Germany. It was the climax of a whole series of violent attacks against foreigners since the reunification of Germany. A deadly series which has claimed 49 lives so far. All these assaults had in common that the perpetrators were led by racist or right-extremist motives. Pictures went around the world showing young men with tattooed arms and closely shorn haircuts, instigated by beer and rock music with explicitly fascist texts, hurling petrol bombs at houses while honest citizens stood by and watched. And the politicians, apparently, are not able or — as terrified foreigners in Germany claim — not willing to halt this development. Chancellor Helmut Kohl did not even think it appropriate to be present at the memorial ceremonies. What is happening in Germany at the moment? Has Nazism risen from its grave? Or will Germany turn once more into the scourge of Europe?

The current events make up a very complex issue. Over the past few years facts and statistics with regard to foreigners, aggressors and right-extremism in Germany have been perpetually blurred and distorted — both at home and abroad — to serve various interest groups. Right-extremism, nationalism and the ugly face of racism are by no means confined to Germany. But because of her historical peculiarity these phenomena have always been ascribed a specific significance in the country which made Auschwitz happen. In the following pages an attempt has been made to venture upon a careful analysis of the current crisis in German society. First, a short review shall show the differing developments of political consciousness in the two Germanies. Then the social status and economic significance of the various groups of foreigners shall be elucidated. Finally, an inquiry into the nature and origins of the violence in the light of the effect it bears on society shall conclude this analysis.

After the collapse of the Third Reich in 1945 the newly founded non-socialist middle-class parties (CDU, CSU, SPD, FDP) of the Federal Republic of Germany dissociated themselves completely from the bankrupt ideologies of the past. All energies were devoted to the economy as a surrogate for social interaction. Raising one's standard of living was thought more important than living down one's past. Of course a capitalist economy is always based on a somewhat conservative world view. It was only after the economic miracle had been accomplished and in the wake of a general youth rebellion throughout the Western world that an angry new generation challenged the values of their parents and asked embarrassing questions about their suppressed past. And what could be a bigger challenge to a conservative society than a youth embracing left-wing ideologies? But although the dialogue between the generations led to a painful reassessment of political values and even to a politicalization of society the sixties-movement could not change the system itself. Society became more transparent and more permissive but eventually it absorbed the leftist rebels including their ideas and ideals as the incorporation of the environmental movement into the political system shows (cf. the rise of the Green Party but also the platforms of their established parties which adopted some progressive ideas to take away their revolutionary impact).

Yet the discussion about Nazi-Germany, about the concentration camps and the horrors which had resulted from German nationalism and militarism, never ceased. The Third Reich had become an integrated part of West German school-curricula. No serious politician of the major parties would ever have dared not to reject Nazism. Even the most conservative right-wingers among the Christian Democrats (Christlich-Demokratische Union — CDU) or in the Christlich-Soziale Union (Christian Social Union — CSU) were at pains lest their platforms — at least the official versions of them — should sound too nationalistic. Exceptions from this rule were always confined to provincial party conferences or more or less closed circles.

For the majority of the young Germans who grew up in the sixties, seventies, and early eighties nationalism was out. And so were all its symbols like the national flag or the national anthem. It would have been unthinkable to sing the latter in school or to play it in cinemas after the performance as it is the custom in some other countries. Intoxicated fans bawled the national anthem and waved the country's flag in the football stadiums. But young (West) Germans who wanted to be politically fashionable defined their politics by the absence of patriotism and their national pride consisted of criticism of their country — if they were proud of it at all.

The situation in the other German state was different from the start. There the Communist government by definition had seen themselves as not having any links with the brown-shirted past. As a result there had never been any attempt at dealing with the past as there had been in the West.

Consequently, the notion of the nation had retained its positive conno-

tation for the people in the former German Democratic Republic. National pride for socialist achievements was not only condoned but even encouraged by the government. After all, one lived in the better part of the two Germanies. The general public, however, saw it differently. After having been fed — or rather brainwashed — with West German advertisements and TV commercials for decades they, indeed, imagined paradise, the land of milk and honey, as the epitomy of German ingeniousness — but on the other side of the Wall. Whether identifying themselves with or rebelling against the system and embracing the world view of the class enemy — none of the generations in East Germany ever felt obliged to suppress the sentiment of patriotism.

Even the Eastern version of the Western National-Demokratische Partei Deutschlands (National Democratic Party — NPD) — the most right-wing party still legal in the West — belonged to the political mainstream. Like all Eastern versions of West-parties the NDPD was part of one big bloc, a forced coalition headed by the ruling Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands (Socialist Unity Party — SED). They served the government as a proof of their multi-party system. But they did not have any dissenting platforms of their own. And as by definition any party accepted by the government was supportive of socialism the National Democrats were neither more nor less stigmatized than the ruling SED itself.

No wonder the enticers of West German right-extremist groups met with such a fertile ground for their propaganda when the Wall fell in November 1989. While the legal right-wing parties NPD and the Republikaner (Republicans — REP) have tried to attract conservative *petit-bourgeois* citizens the groups which openly profess their loyalty to National Socialism have recruited their followers among East German skinheads and hooligans (a social phenomenon, by the way, which had been anything but unknown in the former German Democratic Republic). One of the most active groups has been the illegal Deutsche Alternative (German Alternative — DA) which was founded by Michael Kühnen, a professed neo-Nazi and homophobe who died of AIDS in 1991.

The numbers of actual members of the various organizations range between a few hundred and a few thousand (nationwide) and even the largest legal right-wing parties — Deutsche Volksunion (German People's Union — DVU) and the Republikaner — do not have more than about 25,000 members each in the whole country.

Some of the groups have close connections with the Ku Klux Klan and with the official headquarters of the German Nazi-party (Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei/Auslandsorganisation — NSDAP/AO) in Nebraska, USA. (The latter has always been illegal in post-war Germany.) German nationalists were rendered unexpected assistance when the controversial self-appointed British historian David Irving went on tour through East Germany in April 1990. Irving, who denies the existence of concentration camps in Nazi-Germany, was introduced by the organizers of his lectures as 'the Englishman who tries to save the honour of Germany'.

In spite of the fact that there were hardly any foreigners living in East

Germany the various right-wing fringe groups and splinter parties were highly successful in spreading their message of the threat of 'foreignization'. In 1989 less than 200,000 foreign workers and students lived in the East — representing a mere 1.2 per cent of the entire population — compared to 5.2 million foreigners in the West — i.e. 8.2 per cent of the population there. And yet the first violent assaults against Vietnamese workers and Polish tourists in the East were reported as early as December 1989. Shocking pictures of attacks against hostels for asylum seekers in Hoyerswerda (in September 1991) and in Rostock (in August 1992) seemed only to confirm the worst prejudices West Germans hold against their brethren in the East: their society had been inferior, they are not used to hard work in a capitalist world, and now they even turn out to be prone to long-buried ideologies of hatred and violence.

However, the spectacular events of Mölln, a West German town where neo-Nazis murdered three Turks by setting their house alight in November last year, or of Solingen now, showed that all is not well in the old Republic either. But the good citizens in the West are only too willing to lay the blame on the sudden popularity of nationalist and neo-nazist ideas in the East, to call West German evil-doers 'imitators', and to lament a spread of xenophobia coming from the former internationalist workers' paradise. On the one hand the East: a hotbed for terror and violence because of all its deficiencies? On the other hand the West: a natural realm of tolerance and understanding because of the long-standing dialogue and exchange of views in its society? Does this picture hold good?

A recent poll among A-level candidates in the West German city of Munich showed that the majority of them believed the actual rate of asylum seekers among the population amounted to a menacing 30 per cent or more, whereas in fact it is less than 1 per cent. Those interviewed were neither neo-Nazis nor skinheads but they belonged to the intellectual elite of the young generation. Such grossly wrong estimates about figures concerning asylum seekers, refugees, and foreigners in general are 'common knowledge' nowadays. This cannot be the work of a few splinter parties alone.

As a matter of fact it is not. A year and a half ago Volker Rühe (CDU), the current Minister of Defence who was then General Secretary of the Christian Democrats, sent out a circular to all CDU-factions in the various Länder-parliaments urging them to make the issue of political asylum the major topic of their parliamentary debates. Furthermore, he added a standard letter with questions to be addressed to the local administrations like: 'How many asylum seekers are accommodated in the municipality?' 'How much do they cost?' 'Were there any complaints by local residents?' 'Have any incidents of welfare fraud become known?' 'And if not: By which means do the authorities check this?' The declared goal had been to make political asylum a public issue and to set the media on it. But why this literally playing with fire? This needs going back a bit further.

Until May this year Germany had the world's most liberal legislation granting every political refugee an individual right to political asylum. The

experience of the Nazi-dictatorship encouraged the Founding Fathers of the Federal Republic of Germany to write down this right into the German constitution. As a result of the political changes and upheavals in Eastern Europe and of the growing misery in the Third World but also because of improved international transportation the numbers of asylum seekers from all over the world have been increasing over the past few years.

Soon the right-extremist parties focused their attention on this alleged threat to society. At first, coming up with completely arbitrary figures, a differentiation was made between 'genuine' political refugees and 'economic migrants'. Using very emotional language the latter were denigrated as 'scroungers' or even as 'parasites'. Then, right-wing propaganda tried to create an atmosphere of fear using the absolute numbers of asylum seekers arriving in Germany every year. A horror scenario was conjured up claiming that within a few years foreigners would outnumber the native population. According to these figures from 1989 to 1991 alone about 650,000 refugees applied for political asylum.

But these statistics are faulty. Firstly, they ignore the fact that not all of these 'asylum seekers' belonged to the category of political refugees. Quite a few were *de facto* refugees, i.e. refugees from war zones who under the Geneva Convention cannot be expelled for humanitarian reasons. Their numbers have shot up tremendously from 1991 onwards as a result of the civil war devastating former Yugoslavia. Secondly, the number of applications does not necessarily indicate the actual number of asylum seekers because the appeal of a rejected applicant is treated like the application of a second person. But above all these figures grossly misrepresent the increase of the number of foreigners living in Germany because they do not take into account that in the same period of time almost 1.5 million (!) foreigners left Germany for good. With other groups of migrants coming to the country — relatives of foreign workers, members of EC countries etc., and because children born of foreign parents in Germany are nevertheless foreigners due to an atavistic law concerning nationality, the overall 'foreign' population is, however, still slightly on the rise.

Right-wing groups have constantly dwelt upon these statistics using terrifying images of 'floods of asylum parasites' etc. Germany has been compared to a 'boat [which] is full'. Appealing to basic instincts like fear and distrust, providing easy answers to complex problems, offering a clear profile of the enemy to project one's hate and frustration on — all this won them wide sympathies at a time when crises abound.

The outrageous fact is that the established parties have done so little to counter this development, to thwart these efforts to create an atmosphere of hate. As a matter of fact they soon began to sing the same song. The first one to do so was the CSU, who feared to lose voters on their far-right wing. Eager to court their electorate's favour the other political parties followed one by one. The last ones to join in were the Social Democrats whose former candidate for chancellorship, Oskar Lafontaine, declared in 1990 that 'something has to be done to solve the problem of

political asylum'.

The established parties, however, did not use such a blunt language and obtuse imagery as the extreme Right did. The further to the Left in the political spectrum the more 'substantial' their statements were. Refugees, abuse of political asylum, difficulties of integration, the overall costs — all this was presented to the public as a problem. And the media took the bait as well. Hardly a day went by without some politician lamenting the situation and calling for 'remedial measures'. Precisely this helped prepare the breeding ground for the widespread acceptance and understanding among the onlookers when somebody actually took remedial measures, although different from those the politicians had anticipated — the hooligans rather resorted to Molotov cocktails and baseball bats.

This lack of foresight is what leftist politicians reproach the established parties for; like Gregor Gysi, chairman of the Partei für demokratischen Sozialismus (Party for Democratic Socialism — PDS), the chastened and re-named successor party of the former SED. Gysi criticized the fact that none of the representative men or women of the government ever stood up and elucidated the situation with all the relevant statistics, connections etc. Instead they gave in to the mob — and changed the constitutional right to political asylum (a procedure for which a two-third majority in parliament is required). No refugee who has come to Germany via a so-called 'safe third country' is eligible for political asylum any more, but has to be deported back into this third country.

But this move only meant exporting our 'refugee problem' — particularly to the poor countries in Eastern Europe. One of the relevant facts the public should have been told is that practically closing the legal door to asylum does not mean that fewer refugees from the Third World — and more and more from the former Second World as well — will try to enter the safe haven of Europe, or rather Germany. This rash step, so the critics on the Left said, will only foster illegal immigration — with all its dire consequences. Instead, it would have been more effective to fight more consistently against illegal carrier organizations — a vastly expanding criminal enterprise. But above all it is necessary to combat the reasons for migration. The Third World is suffering tremendously from increasing economic hardship and environmental disasters. Tackling these problems at home — i.e. in the respective countries — would be a costly measure but maybe the only reasonable one on a long-term basis to keep people from migrating into Europe. At any rate, such a preventive migration policy would be a better alternative than exporting German toxic waste into these countries, another fact that has been constantly suppressed in the debate about 'genuine refugees' and 'economic migrants'.

The true economic costs of political asylum have also been perpetually distorted. Asylum has become a shot in the arm of Germany's ailing economy. In 1992 the government spent the equivalent of £3.5 billion on approximately 600,000 asylum seekers and recognised refugees, i.e. roughly £6,000 *per capita*. But this money did not go down the drain. Each refugee got about £3,700 in cash which he spent on consumer articles — thereby

supporting the economy. He has to spend the money in Germany because asylum seekers are not allowed to leave their respective districts. With the rest of the money the government subsidised all sorts of branches of industry; from food-packaging companies and lawyers to the builders of temporary shelters. Most of the small hotels of ill repute in the red-light district of Hamburg would have long gone bankrupt after AIDS had ruined their business if it had not been for the government which stepped in and filled their empty beds with refugees.

Because asylum seekers are allowed to earn up to £200 per month they have become an important support of the exploitive catering trade. Their readiness to work for hourly wages which would not attract any unemployed German is the reason why pizzas are still so cheap. On the one hand, having the refugees in the country is a disadvantage, from the taxpayer's point of view, but on the other hand, as a consumer the ordinary citizen profits by it.

It seems like irony of fate that the first asylum seekers who were rejected on grounds of 'not being prosecuted for political reasons' were as a matter of fact Germans. In the summer 1949, shortly after the foundation on the Federal Republic of Germany — which comprised the French, American, and British zone of occupation — the then Chancellor Konrad Adenauer (CDU) decided that of all the refugees coming from the Soviet zone of occupation — which was to become the German Democratic Republic — only 15 per cent, at the most, were 'genuine political refugees'. Illegal immigrants were to be deported back by force because 'they jeopardized law and order'. Depopulation of the East, over-population of the West, infiltration through Communist spies, even an influx of criminals infested with venereal diseases, all these boogies were employed to sell this unpopular policy to the general public. From the very beginning the Social Democrats in opposition endorsed an open-door policy — which they maintained until last autumn — and on 23 June 1950 after many heated parliamentary debates the restriction was finally lifted.

After the atrocity of Solingen criticism of the failed refugee policy is no longer confined to the Left but can be heard to a growing extent in the ranks of the established parties as well. In a recent interview Heiner Geissler, another former general secretary of the CDU, deplored the 'furtive rehabilitation of right-extremist issues in everyday politics as the main crime'. But as long as the government keeps playing down the xenophobic attacks and murders as 'acts of a few maniacs without any backing' and, at the same time, yields to right-extremist demands it will continue to fan the flames. Furthermore, by expressing the Germans' solidarity with all those 'who had been called into the country to help to build up Germany's economy' — and clandestinely omitting the refugees — Chancellor Helmut Kohl has declared the latter nothing short of fair game.

The turn to right-wing extremism which Germany experiences at present is part of an all-European revival of nationalism: the 'New Right'. Its driving force is an ideology of inequality based upon the assumption that

certain groups, peoples, and cultures are inferior to others. The hideous social-Darwinist conclusion is that the 'superior' culture — always one's own culture — is more efficient by natural law. Insiduously, the New Right adopted the standpoint and jargon of human rights activists and demand 'self-determination for the German people' and the 'right to cultural distinction' to disguise their racism. 'Miscegenation', thus their argument, 'is genocide'. It is their renunciation of a multicultural society — which Germany has actually become a long time ago — and their insistence on the purity of German culture and blood (!) which has won the extreme Right's sympathies. This ethnocentrism makes them focus their hatred not on asylum seekers alone but on foreigners in general.

Of the approximately 6.5 million people currently living in Germany without a German passport about five million are either foreign workers or members of their families. The West German Federal Agency for Employment commenced recruiting foreign labour in the mid-fifties when a threatening labour shortage became evident. The reasons for this shortage — apart from a rapidly growing economy — had been the effect of a prolongation of an improved vocational training, a curtailment of weekly working hours, and the re-establishment of the German army in 1955.

The countries with which bilateral agreements had been worked out — Italy, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Morocco, Portugal, Tunisia, and Yugoslavia — were all characterized by a surplus of unskilled labourers, a lack of capital, and a low technological standard. Critics, however, have always maintained that this policy of labour recruitment has led to a misadaptation of economic structures in Germany. And in the home countries the exodus of those showing the most incentive and flexibility was about as stimulating for the domestic economies as the 'brain drain' for the Eastern European economies during the Cold War. The export of surplus manpower helped the countries to conceal their true problems of employment and to alleviate social tensions. The monthly remittances from Germany, moreover, were more than welcome. In 1984 they increased to a record level of nine billion Deutschmark (about £3.6 million) to which the Turks alone contributed almost half. Since then these remittances have dropped by almost 20 per cent which is seen as an indicator of a growing determination to stay in Germany rather than return home.

The final return, however, is what has always been assumed until the discontinuance of recruitment in 1973. Foreign workers were called 'Gastarbeiter' (guest workers) to avoid the term 'Fremdarbeiter' which the Nazis used during World War II for their forced labourers from abroad. But the 'guests' first moved their families to Germany and now they more and more seem to intend to stay. The initial failure to take proper integration measures, particularly for the youth, has indeed created a foreigners' problem. But it is a problem of education and cultural identity the foreigners are facing, rather than a threat to German society.

From the outset, recruited foreign workers held mainly unskilled jobs.

In spite of the fact that in the meantime the second and even the third generations have entered the work force, half of all employed foreigners still work in the manufacturing and mining industries. Although nominally the two million foreign employees could be replaced by unemployed Germans many of them would still be irreplaceable because of the job structure. The greater part of unemployed Germans belong to the service industries, and furthermore, foreigners often hold stigmatized jobs which Germans are not willing to perform.

Of all the immigrant nationalities the Turks have a culture the most foreign to German sensibilities. And yet it is not only their Muslim religion and their extremely patriarchal family structure but their sheer number — with 1.8 million the Turks represent the largest minority in Germany — which has kindled a subliminal anxiety within many Germans. The foreign loses its exotic fascination if it becomes common and usual. It needs malicious incitement, however, to turn this anxiety into fear and hatred: fear of losing one's own cultural identity and hatred of those who appear to threaten this culture.

The search for cultural identity has always played an important part in German history — even before the Nazis misused the concept of 'blood and soil' for their ideology. To understand the Germans' attitude towards nationalism it is essential to keep in mind that unlike other European nations, Germany did not become a country in the modern sense of the word until 1871. For centuries all that the Germans had in common had been their language and culture. The projection of a mythical racial community served as a kind of compensation to support a particularly fragile national identity. But the notion of a German race — or an Aryan race — has never been anything more than a mere construct. Since the fourth century the people living within the borders of today's Germany have had a low degree of ethnic homogeneity due to great migrations and a constant exchange of population groups. During World War II a couple of million forced labourers who had been abducted from Slav countries constituted another influx; whereas after the war several million Germans — so-called ethnic Germans — were left scattered over Eastern Europe.

The subconscious fear of an uncertain national identity has resulted in a concept of citizenship based upon descent ('ius sanguinis') or upon the profession of German culture reflecting the definition given by the Nazi-Germany's Home Secretary, Wilhelm Frick, in 1939. This can lead to the absurd situation that a Latvian SS-man's grandson who does not speak a single word of German but whose grandfather had proclaimed his loyalty to German culture by joining the SS can be entitled to German nationality. On the other hand a young Turk, who has been born in Germany and who speaks German better than Turkish, still has no right to it. This law governing nationality ensures a steady increase in 'homemade' foreigners.

Of course there remains the possibility of applying for German nationality, but this leaves matters in the hands of local authorities; a procedure

which has always been complicated and arbitrary. In addition to the requirements — e.g. 15 years of legal and continuous residence, financial independence etc. — there has been one particular stumbling block preventing integration: applicants have to give up their former nationality before they can become Germans. As a result, foreign workers would be deprived of the option of returning home. Turks, for example, would lose their legal standing and be excluded from inheritance in Turkey. It seems, however, the German government, reacting to the massacre of Solingen, is now beginning to consider at least the possibility of dual nationality. This would by no means be a satisfactory solution for successful integration, to say nothing of all the current problems. But at least the younger generation would be given the opportunity of becoming fully recognized members of German society without falling out with their parents. At the moment foreigners cannot even vote in local elections. The Green Party and the progressives among the Social Democrats go even further and call for a proper immigration law with fixed annual quotas to acknowledge the fact that Germany has become a *de facto* immigration country a long time ago. Accordingly, application for immigration and political asylum would exclude each other. Even this radical idea seems to catch on with some members of the government. In early August Foreign Secretary Klaus Kinkel (FDP) announced that he was in favour of such a law.

And yet the question may be raised whether integration of ethnic minorities is desirable and whether an apparently unwilling society can be — or should be — compelled to accept foreigners at all? Does not a modern industrial state have the same right to determine its own policies as it is, e.g., demanded for tribal communities in the Amazon? But this is beside the point, as Hans-Magnus Enzensberger, one of the leading intellectuals and essayists in post-war Germany, illustrates. The question is not whether a society without — or at least with fewer — foreigners is preferred but, whether it is desirable to live in a society whose political acts are determined by violence, arson, and murder.

Critics on the Left keep asking what has happened to the government's determination, remembering the State's motto in the seventies and eighties to 'never give in to [left-extremist] terrorism' — violence which had always been directed against high representatives of the government and the economy. They bemoan the fact that German authorities tend to turn a blind eye to right-extremist violence. On the one hand, whenever the State itself or its institutions seem to be challenged the German police has been notorious for their excessive brutality. Last year's G7 Summit in Munich, where the leaders of the seven main industrial nations met, was well guarded by a special police force of 10,000 men. A couple of hundred hecklers, whose violent acts consisted of loud whistling and yelling protest slogans, were quickly neutralized, cornered, and beaten up in front of running TV cameras. But when a few hundred youths attacked the hostel for asylum seekers in Rostock a poorly equipped police squad were not able to defend themselves, let alone the people in the burning hostel,

although they had been tipped off well in advance. After having received a hint that no further harm would be done, they even retreated in order 'not to escalate the situation'.

The damage right-extremist violence has done to Germany's image abroad is tremendous. Big business has long since realized that the current development runs against their interests. The tourist trade fears losses, export figures plummeted already, and Japanese investments fell off to a record low in 1992. And they reacted swiftly: companies started to fire employees who molested foreign workmates in word or in deed (measures which the women's rights movement has been fighting for for years). It was mainly their initiative which brought about the large turnout of concerned citizens protesting against xenophobia at the nationwide candlelight vigils last December. All this reminded one of the 'public breast-beating contests', as Max Horkheimer used to call the mass abjurations after World War II. And while honest middle-class citizens — in accordance with the government — call the perpetrators 'a few demented criminals', the Left — in accordance with the press abroad — is busy in conjecturing the scare of reviving Nazism. Who is right?

It is a fact that since the reunification right-extremist terror and aggression have claimed at least 49 lives. The victims, were not only foreigners; 15 homeless and disabled were among them. Pretending to feel a call to 'cleanse' Germany from its 'impurities' the young perpetrators insist that they only perform the will of the majority. And in a horrifying way they are right. Xenophobic, racist, and eugenic ideas and prejudices are widespread even if they mostly remain tacit. Although there have always been violent crimes committed by youths the nature of the tidal wave of aggression currently sweeping over Germany is altogether different. Above all, it is the brutality of the assaults which is shocking. The youths — two out of three are younger than 21 — aim at maiming and killing their victims. Where does their readiness to commit acts of violence stem from?

The Left blame right-extremist organisations and the 'skinheads wearing ties' as the novelist Günter Grass called the MPs who chime in with the mob. Conservative circles — in a desperate attempt to lay the responsibility at somebody's door — put the blame on single-parenthood and anti-authoritarian education. Others see the phenomenon merely as the rebellion of a reactionary youth against their parents who belong to the generation of '68 just as the latter themselves had questioned the values of their parents through political dissent. But these simple and unsatisfactory explanations fail to get to the heart of the problem. It is not true that most of the youth come from disrupted families and the so-called 'redskins' belonging to the SHARP-movement (skinheads against racial prejudices) are by no means less keen on violence just for fun than their nationalist twins with their right-wing connections. As far as the danger of fascists usurping political power is concerned: the assaults themselves showed rarely any signs of tactical planning and aggressors and arsonists were in most cases only very loosely organized. More and more analysts

and experts see the current crisis as a problem of society as a whole.

The sociologist Wilhelm Heitmeyer regards the disintegration of post-modern society as the primary cause. In the West over the past few decades all traditional social ties have been severed: family, church, neighbourhood — with their double-edged meaning of security on one hand and social control on the other. Values of old have been rendered insignificant as materialism and consumption have come to be preached as the most important sources of happiness. Particularly during the eighties collective responsibility was no longer emphasized and a new generation grew up denying any ethical standards. The message that material success was within the reach of every individual bore the dire implication: whoever did not manage to live up to these expectations was a social outcast. In addition, the society of affluence has developed a new form of child neglect: material wealth and brand name ecstasy instead of love and care. All this did not exactly foster the mentality which would be necessary at a time when people are asked to share with their poor compatriots in former East Germany.

There, the forces of disintegration have been of a different nature — but not less destructive. Frustration and disappointment prevail with unemployment soaring in a country whose citizens had not known anything but full employment for 40 years and whose self respect had always been based upon work. Only anti-social elements, who refused to work, used to be without a job. Furthermore, despite the snooper activities of the 'Stasi' (the former East German Secret Service) there had been a sense of solidarity among the citizens against the bigwigs and party bosses of the ruling SED. Now with jobs scarce and uncertainty everywhere mistrust and envy govern people's minds. Young people are deprived of any perspective for the future. Besides, now that the euphoria about the reunification has long since abated and its true costs are presented by an only too evasive government, East Germans feel more and more excluded as second-class citizens by West Germans. They in their turn exclude those whom they deem even further down on the social scale. And so they fall back on the only identity which they think they can be sure of, i.e., their national identity: Germany for the Germans!

The intentional elimination of jobs due to rationalization leading to a loss of perspective among the young generation is a problem the entire industrialized world is confronted with. So is the growing negation of social values and communal responsibility as a result of a longstanding propagation of consumption and materialistic egoism. What does make Germany such a special case?

As a matter of fact, Germany is not at all unique in this respect. The disintegration of society is well-advanced in other countries, too. There are three factors, however, which contribute to Germany's status as a forerunner. For the first time a post-war recession has profoundly affected her economy. Contrary to workers in other European countries German employees had never been compelled to get accustomed to high unemployment rates. Then there is the shock of reunification which — by a growing

number on either side — is no longer seen as a blessing. Considering the dire economic impact it is rather perceived as the compulsory unification of two disparate, formerly even hostile countries. Thirdly, there has been indeed the tradition of a fascist ideology as the leading political power but these dark forces are only exploiting the current crisis of society.

What could be the cure to this crisis? First, it would be necessary to focus the attention of the masses on Germany's real problems: the decline of ethical standards, the devastation of the environment, the decrease of work, and the reunification which has virtually failed. Equally important would be to restrain the media from offering a forum for the perpetrators. The former were often rightly accused of depicting the crimes as if there were no victims or rather of portraying the aggressors, the 'misled youths', as the actual victims. Assaulting people is a safe bet to make it into the headlines of nationwide newspapers — but only if the motives are right-extremist. Some TV teams have been rumoured of having even paid Nazi-hooligans to hurl stones or raise their arms with the illegal Hitler salute.

Above all, there is an urgent need to reintegrate the aggressors. The Bremen criminologist Karl Schuhmann maintains that in dealing with right-extremist juvenile delinquency it is essential to prefer communication and assistance to punitive measures. The latter would desocialize the perpetrators even more and stir up sympathy for them. More money than ever has to be spent on education and social work. School classes have to become smaller. Altruism and social responsibility have to be taught and set as an example again. But only one week after the massacre at Solingen, Martin Kohlhausen, the speaker of the board of directors of the Commerzbank, one of the major banks in Germany, lamented in an interview that German politicians cared too much about social questions. And Gerhard Mayer-Vorfelder (CDU), a former Minister of Education of the Land Baden-Württemberg, declared that 'a thousand new policemen would be a better answer to the current problem than a thousand new teachers'. Meanwhile Foreign Secretary Klaus Kinkel seems to be the only member of the government who senses the need to act. Does he anticipate what could happen if the next house set ablaze had Jewish names on the doorbells?

[Joachim Krautz is a German writer living in Stuttgart.]

ENLARGING THE UN SECURITY COUNCIL

by Leo Muray

THE current session of the UN General Assembly promises to be a vital one. This because it will have to deal with the Security Council. President Clinton started the ball rolling when he intimated that he would like to see Germany and Japan made Permanent Members. The governments of both countries have formally indicated that they are interested. The constitutions of both countries need to be changed to entitle their governments to provide armed forces in case the Council — or the Secretary General — asks for them in order to carry out its decisions. The German government has already sent 1,200 men to Somalia after its Supreme Court permitted it. The constitutional changes in Bonn are already under way and it is significant that a leading Social Democrat politician has stated that Germany must obtain the key 'Right of Veto' when becoming a member.

As for Japan, the new government is likely to take its time for the changes there imply that Japan is determined to obtain more or less complete freedom to expand its military forces with all types of arms and equipment. The new generation of politicians are not particularly conscious of guilt regarding Japan's conduct in World War II.

The Security Council is important because its role has changed. As the Secretary General, Dr. Boutros Ghali, stressed in his June 1993 report to all members: 'In Somalia new ground has been broken by giving the United Nations operation the authority to enforce under Chapter VII of the Charter the decisions of the Security Council'. The Council, as the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Commons points out in its June report on the 'expanding role of the UN', seldom played the central role envisaged for it by the Charter which lays down that its decisions are binding on all member states because the permanent members were unable to agree. But since 1988 the Security Council has created 15 peace keeping operations, and as Dr. Boutros Ghali pointed out, there are at present some 70 areas of conflict or potential conflict in the world.

He has submitted to all members his 'Agenda For Peace' with recommendations on ways to improve the UN's capacity to pursue and preserve peace. In fact, since the end of the rivalry between the Western Powers and the former Soviet Bloc the role of the Security Council has grown. There has, for instance, been only one Russian veto recently, on the financing of the UN forces in Cyprus.

The Security Council is responsible for maintaining international peace and security. The UN started with just 51 members in 1945 with an 11 member Security Council. There were 118 members in 1965 when the Security Council had another four members added to it. Now the UN has 183 members. A majority of nine of the 15 members is required for a decision to be adopted, provided there is no veto. Abstentions are left out. If the Council was enlarged the majority rule would have to be changed and that would depend on how many new members were added. To enlarge

the Security Council once more seems reasonable.

The Council has five permanent members with the key right of veto: the US, Britain, France, Russia and China. The ten non-permanent members, serving for two years are elected by groups of countries: five African-Asian, two Latin American/Caribbean, two West European to whom, significantly, Australia and Canada are attached, and one East European. These groups pick their representative by agreed rotation, UN members outside these groups have hardly a chance to get into the Council. These agreements are informal. Dr. Boutros Ghali has written to all members for their views on enlargement. The General Assembly can change the Security Council only by a two-thirds majority and the changes have to be properly ratified by all the governments that voted for the change, that is by 123 governments. This is why the Commons Report sees little prospect of an early and easy enlargement.

Yet the Clinton administration has committed its behind-the-scenes prestige to the process of enlargement being started early in 1994. But the majority will oppose the permanent membership of Germany and Japan, especially having two more members with the right of veto, because there are many more aspirants. The Foreign Affairs Committee of the Commons says bluntly that it does not consider it likely that the General Assembly will grant Council membership to Germany and Japan without other members getting it too.

A new demand that the veto should be abolished — 279 have been cast so far — makes it more difficult. Britain and France — and the others — will never agree to give up their right of veto and it is hard to see how the Assembly could deprive them of it. The permanent members would resist for years. One aspect of this is only mentioned in whispers: the Five are the only 'legitimate' nuclear powers; would therefore giving the new members the right of veto imply that they could also become nuclear powers? They need not, of course, exercise this implied right. But one never knows. At best, it might take years to get permanent membership for Germany and Japan. In legal terms the UN Charter would have to be amended, and that amendment would have to be ratified.

It would cause little surprise in Whitehall if several major countries would now claim membership of the Council. India, with 880 million inhabitants is mentioned. So are Indonesia, Brazil and Nigeria. If they were also admitted they would drop out of the groups electing non-permanent members. There are sensitive issues involved. Indonesia's claim involves the sensitive issue of Islam. It is the only Moslem country mentioned and the Moslems must also be represented in a new Security Council. What is more, India is now not regarded as a power friendly to Islam. Argentina is also mentioned as a claimant because, after all, Brazil is not Hispanic. In the background is the race aspect. After all, if Japan and Germany joined there would still be only two non-white powers among the seven permanent members. Again, there would be no two-third majority if, say, only India and Brazil were picked. Every big group would demand that.

The end of the Soviet Union and the Soviet Bloc has also created problems. The three Baltic countries consider themselves closer to Western Europe than Eastern Europe with its one (rotating) member on the Council. And the new six Central Asian republics almost form a group while Georgia and Armenia would like a European label. It can be expected that there will be a demand to increase the number of non-permanent members as well. There are no new West Europeans as yet.

The British reply to Dr. Ghali's question about enlargement is cautious, making the real reaction dependent on how the Assembly debate goes. The key background problem, however, is finance. Dr. Ghali complains that the gap between the tasks the UN is asked to meet and the resources supplied is growing embarrassingly. Britain is committed to pay 5.02 per cent of the UN budgets, the US 25 per cent, Japan 12.45 per cent, Germany 8.93 per cent and Albania, for example 0.01 per cent. The old three Soviet Union members' — Russia, Belarus, Ukraine — budget commitment was 11 per cent. But there are now two budgets, the regular one and the Peace-Keeping one. In 1992 Britain's share in the latter was 6.102 per cent, the American 30.87 per cent and Albania 0.002 per cent. Basically, the contributions are calculated according to the average national income of a member state over ten years. But members do not pay promptly for the two year regular Budget. The US held back payments for years because of the aggressively biased policy of the majority of Third World members. In 1992 members owed the UN $439 million on the regular budget and $377 million on the peace-keeping one. At the end of 1992 member states owed $500 million in unpaid dues. The peace-keeping Budget adds to the difficulties. For example, Russia owed $130 million on the regular budget last March and $175 million for the peace-keeping budget for 1992. Some members are years behind in their regular budget payments although they are obliged to pay within 30 days.

Dr. Ghali revealed in his June Report that only some $64 million of the new $150 million Peace-Keeping Reserve Fund established in December 1992 have so far been paid. The rest can only be supplied if members pay their dues for the regular budget. 'Reserves', he said, 'are nearly exhausted and even a "significant amount" due to members who had contributed troops for the peace-keeping operations was still outstanding'.

The uncertainties of UN financing puts a question mark against Dr. Ghali's big Agenda for Peace proposals. They are based on the experiences of the troubles in Bosnia and Somalia. There are several stages of his proposals. They start with 'preventive diplomacy' that calls for fact-finding teams dispatched to areas of actual and potential conflict relying on a network of confidential reports with governments being obliged to support that network. Then 'confidence building missions' should identify the measures needed. The next stage would be Peace-Keeping. He has now set up a Peace-Keeping Operation Department closely linked to the UN Secretariat. Members are required permanently to assign troops and staff. The further stage is the 'Peace-Building' after a conflict where the UN has the responsibility to assist in progress towards

'democratization' like assistance in elections. He reports that he has had 36 requests for such assistance, of which 26 are from Africa. Dr. Ghali is eager to set up a worldwide UN diplomatic network.

This is a big and courageous programme. Its realization depends on the willingness of members to spend more money and make greater efforts than ever in making the UN work. The Security Council, the core of the UN, has already more responsibility since it authorized the use of force under the new Resolution 836. Expansion of the Council will be helpful but it remains a problem to find agreement on new members for the Council, or who should be permanent members and whether they should have the veto and what this would imply in terms of being entitled to nuclear arms.

The ever deepening crisis in former Yugoslavia is forcing the members of the Security Council into accepting more responsibilities that imply more action and, therefore, more loss of life. This is also causing more aggressive criticism of the UN itself. For the first time there are, as yet isolated, suggestions that the UN has proved ineffective and should, therefore, be wound up as the League of Nations was. The current session of the UN General Assembly will have to deal with this. The future of the Security Council is a key, especially now that the Third World, like Yugoslavia, its leader in the past, has also broken up.

THE US AND MEXICO DEBATE FREE TRADE

by Keramat Poorsoltan

ON February 5, 1991, the US, Mexico, and Canada formerly proposed the creation of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). Negotiations began on June 12, 1991, and it took 18 months of intensive haggling over everything from auto parts to oil rigs until the three participating countries finally agreed on a free-trade agreement (FTA) on August 12, 1992. The FTA is going to take effect on January 1, 1994 provided all three governments authorise it through legislation. As planned, over the next 15 years, the FTA will eliminate all tariffs among Canada, Mexico, and the US and consequently reduce the cost of thousands of products. NAFTA in several areas is actually three bilateral deals. Still, in general, it would be a sound interpretation to view it more as an American-Mexican venture. For instance, whereas in 1990 the trade between Canada and Mexico hovered around US $2.3 billion, that of the US-Mexico had surpassed US $52 billion. In this article, the bilateral trade relationship of the US and Mexico within the general framework of NAFTA will be discussed.

The FTA has been the subject of many debates in the US and Mexico. The opposition to the Agreement in the US comes mostly from labour unions, pro-labour politicians, and environmentalists. They argue that the existing pollution along the border of the US and Mexico will only worsen once the FTA takes effect. It is commonly believed that due to less stringent (and thus less costly) regulations on the environment and worker safety in Mexico, the FTA will be a great advantage to businesses that shift their operations from the US to that country. Such a move certainly will not be liked by US workers left jobless. Mark Anderson (director of the AFL-CIO Task Force on Trade) says the FTA should be called 'a free investment agreement instead of a free trade agreement'. Bob Filner, a Democrat representative from California, flatly labels the FTA as a scheme that would exploit US human and environmental resources. 'It is free trade for big business. We want fair trade for working Americans.' Another Congressman, Peter De Fazio — also a Democrat, from Oregon, calls the FTA an 'anti-worker, anti-consumer, anti-environment, anti-USA' plan. According to Senator Ernest Hollings — a Democrat from South Carolina: 'NAFTA is the wrong idea, at the wrong time, for all the wrong reasons'.

The main Mexican opposition to free trade comes from intellectuals and small businessmen. Jose Angel Conchello, a politician who supports the nationalist opposition leader Cuauhtemoc Cardènas, argues that Mexico is embracing the treaty too hastily. Professor Carlos Rico (at El Colegio de Mexico) philosophically explains that 'most of the concern is not about the FTA itself. In Mexico... most people see this as almost unavoidable. It is the last moment in a process of silent integration of the Mexican economy to the US economy... The concern... stems out of...

'Jeretcia', the heritage of the ideology of the Mexican revolution and its influence on national autonomy... what we are doing now is accepting the failure of a national project that started in 1910. We are accepting that a project that emphasized national autonomy and independence does not make any sense given the present circumstances. [People] are more concerned about the fact that the Mexican government seems to be so committed to [the FTA] that it might accept a less than perfect deal for the Mexican side'.

Officially, the FTA has been blessed by both sides. President Salinas of Mexico has made the FTA a linchpin of all his major programmes. If the FTA is not ratified by the US Congress, the Mexican ruling party will find itself without a very attractive platform for the next Mexican presidential elections, due to be held in 1994. A report released by the US International Trade Commission states that the FTA would 'enhance the US competitive advantage', 'improve US access to a growing Mexican market', give 'certainty and predictability' to US investors, 'benefit US consumers with lower prices' for Mexican products, and 'decrease the flow of illegal immigration into the US'. The same report counts the following advantages for Mexico of an FTA: Providing 'secure access' to the US market, increasing Mexican employment, productivity and competitiveness, allowing Mexico to earn foreign currency to meet its foreign debt burden, and lowering inflation. According to Professor Morici, the US is going to gain more from free trade with Mexico than it did from its 1989 agreement with Canada.

Several important issues related to the FTA and its impact on the US and Mexico will be discussed in the following lines.

Political stability in Mexico

A politically stable system along the line of free marketer President Salinas has been endorsed by many Mexico watchers in the US. Professor James K. Galbraith (at the University of Texas) believes that the primary purpose of the free trade agreement is to 'stabilize Salinas and cement the structural changes going on in the Mexican economy'. Professor Almon (at the University of Maryland) expresses the same opinion: '... one of the real issues here is, do we want to help the liberal Salinas administration to "lock in"... through an international treaty? Or do we in the misguided interest of trying to save a job or two here and there, slap them in the face and send them back into 1930 vintage protectionism?' Senator Max Baucus, a Democrat from Montana, adds that President Salinas '... is banking his party's future, and his country's future, on the successful passage of the Agreement'.

One report indicates that President Salinas' support is only as solid as the Mexican peso. In turn, the peso is only as stable as the confidence of US investors, who now hold 20 per cent of Mexican equities and 50 per cent of its treasury bills (Cetes). The high-yielding Cetes carried a nominal rate of 15 per cent, way above a comparable US Government bill that stood at 2.90 at the end of May 1993. If free trade is derailed, capital would likely begin flowing out of Mexico. That could trigger a

devaluation of the peso, followed by a host of undesirable events and certainly political upheaval. Indeed sensitivity to this matter is so high that the reports of a lack of consensus among NAFTA negotiators in Ottawa (May 21, 1993) caused the Mexican stock market to take a deep plunge.

There are some indications that the Mexican economy has started to cool. Economic growth fell from 3.6 per cent in 1991 to 2.7 per cent in 1992. For 1993, it is expected to fall even further, to 2.2 per cent. Vicente Gutiérrez Camposeco, president of the National Manufacturing Industry (Canacintra) — notes that about 50 per cent of the Mexican manufacturing industry had fallen into a recession by the end of 1992. The sectors in recession employ 53 per cent of Mexico's manufacturing workers. He partially attributes this sluggishness (where plants operate at only 40 per cent of their capacity) to the increasing tempo of imports. The economic slow-down, coupled with heightened political tension might make it difficult for President Salinas to continue the fiscal austerity aimed at cutting the trade deficit and bringing down inflation. Sergio Aguayo, a Mexican political scientist believes that: 'The government is becoming vulnerable to criticism and pressure at home and abroad'. Professor Jorge G. Castafieda (at the National Autonomous University of Mexico) envisions a road map for the future. He describes that President Salinas 'began his term trying... to provide an economic answer to a political problem. He will end his term with perhaps no choice but to find a political solution to an economic quagmire'. That solution entails an overhaul of the political system, a clean presidential election in 1994, which may bring the nationalist leader, Cardénas to power.

Senator Daniel Moynihan, a Democrat from New York, hearing of the Agreement said: 'What they have now is the stability of one party'. In fact, the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) has won every election since 1928, except for Baja California and Chihuahua won by the National Action Party — PAN. The Mexican political system with its current structure lacks sufficient stability. Its instability is to such an extent that worried to lose a gubernatorial election (Yucatan Province), the PRI simply decided not to hold it, and instead appointed a new governor. Alluding to a possible suspension of the Constitution, Mexico's Democratic Revolutionary Party (PRD) Senator Porifio Mufioz Ledo — a potential presidential candidate — argues: 'I ask myself that if in Yucatan the term can be extended... why couldn't it be extended on the Federal level?' In the same province, a peasant demonstration was brutally suppressed. After the independent local newspaper, *Diario de Yucatàn* criticized the event, its director, Carlos Menèdez Navarrete became a target of an harassment campaign. Finance Secretary, Pedro Aspe, bluntly talks about a definite 'risk of social instability' if the economy does not improve soon. Regardless of all of these developments, the authoritative business publication, *Business International*, discounts the notion that either PAN or PRD poses a serious threat to President Salinas. According to this source, a greater risk to political stability comes from rejection of

NAFTA by the US Congress.

Employment and wages

The subject of employment and wages should be considered the most controversial aspects of the deal. In general, proponents of the FTA have proclaimed it to be a 'win-win' prospect. Conversely, opponents of the Agreement view it as a 'win-lose' proposition, with Mexico bound to gain jobs mostly at the expense of US workers. The bulk of the argument of the pro-FTA group in the US is that the number of jobs in the US and Canada that may be lost to Mexico is no greater than the number of jobs that would have otherwise been lost to Asia. Professors Hufbauer and Schott (at the Institute for International Economics) estimate that the increased trade will create about 325,000 new jobs in the US by 1995, while eliminating about 150,000 unskilled factory jobs, some of which will be lost to cheaper Mexican competition.

The Agreement is going to affect the job market in various parts of Mexico unevenly. One may expect that due to the nature of *maquiladoras* (manufacturing firms set up just south of the border) they may turn out to be least beneficiary of the FTA. By design, *maquiladoras* are creatures of the current tariff structure, and little more than foreign enclaves on Mexican soil, segregated from the traditional industrial sector in that country. For instance, these US-owned plants buy 97 per cent of their parts from the US and sell almost nothing in Mexico. As such, the FTA should sweep them away. Paul Ramos Tercero, Director of Economic Studies of Secofi (Mexico's Commerce Secretariat) holds a different opinion. He maintains that: 'NAFTA contains many positive aspects for the *maquiladoras*'. In other words, current restrictions permitting no more than 50 per cent of *maquiladora* output to be sold in Mexico would be dropped within five years of the NAFTA signing. The change would mean *maquiladora* could have unlimited access to markets on both sides of the border. But not all the *maquiladoras* are US-owned, and they will be hurt more by local content rules that will place restrictions on their access to the US markets. The local content is 35 per cent for Japanese producers in Mexico for entry into the US under GSP. It is bound to increase to a much higher level under NAFTA. The outcomes are not conclusive, but as one Mexican street vendor says: 'You can earn more money selling chewing-gum on the street than working for a *maquiladora*'. He had worked in a *maquiladora* factory earning about $5 for an eight hour day. By selling candy at stoplights, he now earns as much as $16.50 a day, which is far above the minimum daily wage in Mexico which is around $4.30.

In Mexico, despite what may be stated as the positive signs of the upcoming FTA, the job market is not experiencing any great boom except in a few industries. Hundreds of small and medium-sized companies are wrestling with financial problems. Up to 10 per cent of the country's bank employees are about to lose their jobs as 18 newly privatized banks struggle to modernize. The hardest hit industries are textiles and toys. Eighty of the 265 members of the Mexican Toy Industry Association went

out of business in a single year. In preparation for free trade, high-paying manufacturing jobs have actually become scarcer as plants automate and increase their productivity. A recent report released by Mexico's National Statistics Institute (INEGI) indicates that one of the main reasons that has contributed to rising unemployment in that country is disappearance of manufacturing jobs. Indeed, as Grupo de Economistas y Asociados (GEA) — a private consulting company — calculates, despite lowering employment and cutting working hours, manufacturing companies have increased their output by 1.8 per cent in 1992. This gain in productivity was due to installation of modern equipment. For instance, it has been projected that personal computer sales in Mexico will post a 29 per cent increase, to nearly $1 billion, in 1993.

American organized labour expresses great discomfort toward the FTA. AFL-CIO Vice-President William H. Bywater believes that the FTA will turn industrial communities in the US into ghost towns by sending good-paying jobs to Mexico. He could be right. Professor Shaiken (at the University of California, San Diego) says Mexican workers, due to their higher productivity and increasing skill levels, are after high-value added jobs in the US. In other words, 'the jobs in the US that are vulnerable are not the $6-an-hour jobs, but the $18-an-hour ones... It goes to the core of the US industrial base'. However, Professor Almon (at the University of Maryland) presents a different view and maintains that: '... practically the only losers are jobs in the low paid apparel assembly industry'. George Fisher (CEO of Motorola Inc) expresses the same opinion, and points out that 'the days of chasing low-cost labour are over'. In fact, automation, and new product design have helped many businesses to shrink the labour content from the total production cost. Obviously this has created a situation where demand for labour is soft, and that has made workers apprehensive. According to one recent study the pact will hurt low-skilled workers in the US, but high-skilled workers may gain. Professor Leamer (at UCLA) estimates that over several years, real annual wages for low-skilled workers in the US will reduce by about $1,000, while annual earnings for high-skilled work could rise as much as $6,000. The Mexican Embassy in Washington has downplayed the 'wage gap' and maintains that the European experience with the integration of Spain, Portugal and Greece into the EEC shows just how dramatically both groups of countries benefited from the integration. The wage discrepancy between Portugal and Germany is virtually identical to that between Mexico and the US. Although Professor Morici believes that such an analogy is illusive. When Spain and Portugal joined the EC, 'their average manufacturing wage was about half that prevailing in the Community and their population only about 13 per cent of the EC total. Mexican wages are about 14 per cent of the United States-Canadian levels, and Mexican population constitutes 24 per cent of North America's people'. In other words, the FTA will be a more disrupting factor for US workers. The final words belong to Koechlin and Larudee. Their research indicates that NAFTA is going to hurt workers in the US

and Mexico. As they point out, by the year 2000 there will be a decline of about 500,000 jobs in the US. But Mexican workers will not be better off than before NAFTA.

There are about one million new job seekers every year, and unemployment stands at 13.5 per cent. This level of unemployment is so high that despite thousands of jobs created each year, millions still are left unabsorbed. With this huge surplus of labour, Mexico's low wages cannot rise dramatically and logically, under these conditions, one may not expect considerable improvement in living conditions. Although many companies must offer more than the minimum wage to retain labourers, that is not enough to keep workers in pace with inflation. Worse, in real terms, Mexican wages have declined by 60 per cent since 1982. According to Barkin's calculation, the real minimum wage (1960 — 100), that peaked in 1977, fell again and in 1990 stood at the 1960 level. Sheldon Friedman, a labour economist affiliated with the AFL-CIO, presents a similar view. By his calculation, the index of real manufacturing wages in Mexico dropped from 100 in 1982 to 61.8 in 1991. José Luis Calva (at the Mexico City's National University) maintains that from 1982 to 1992, free trade led to increased unemployment and a 33 per cent drop in real minimum wages in Mexico.

Organized labour in Mexico is also anxious over the dawn of the new era. Abelardo Carrillo, a leader of the Mexican Workers Congress, says: 'The private sector is using the conclusion of the trade negotiations as a pretext to carry out its intentions to take away some of the labour's conquests'. What does he mean by the labour's conquests? The answer lies in rather generous social services that cover workers. In Mexico, while wages may be low, job security and benefits are relatively high. A dismissed worker must receive severance pay of three months, plus 20 days' pay for each year of service. Mexico's social security system provides extensive benefits to workers, including profit-sharing, two six-week fully paid maternity leave, as well as child care, pension, medical, and disability benefits. Christmas bonuses of 15 days' pay are mandatory. For these benefits and others, a worker contributes about 5 per cent of his salary. The employer pays about three times that amount. Victor Munoz, an AFL-CIO organizer in Los Angeles indicates that Mexicans worry that their labour laws will be degraded to equal those in the US, while his union worries that US wages will be degraded to Mexican levels. Nevertheless, Manuel Suarez-Mier, of the Mexican Embassy in Washington, in a seminar held in 1991 justified this situation and said '... we have paid a very high social cost in the process of adjustment. Yes that is true, but there was no alternative to not adjust and not pay that high social cost. And the non-adjustment process is not only costlier but even less fair than the other process of adjustment. Normally any adjustment hits the poor far more than the rich, but a disorderly adjustment will convert itself into hyper-inflation and therefore, wipe out the poor'. However, José Ortiz, the World Union Federation's Director for Latin America and the Caribbean, claims that the workers' aspirations are simple: 'We want

a world that is different than what we have — where there is no hunger and no street children'.

Foreign Investment

Sergio Sarmiento, a political analyst, affirms that labour intensive businesses (automobiles, modernized textiles, small scale vegetables and fruit farms) are going to fare best in Mexico after the FTA is ratified. Jaime Serra Puche (Mexican Commerce Minister) verifies that US businesses seeking cheaper labour costs are likely to be among those most interested in Mexican investment. As he remarks, 'You can think of industries doing more business in Mexico if they are labour intensive and going more into the US if they are capital intensive'. A KPMG Peat Marwick study maintains that the FTA would result in $25 billion total foreign investment in Mexico. Much of that total might be money repatriated by Mexicans, although some would be direct investment by US companies. This amount roughly concurs with the amount calculated by Koechlin and Larudee, an increase of $3 billion each year, or $26.6 billion between 1992 and 2000. By either of the two estimates, the foreign investment outlook is not very encouraging for Mexican firms.

Peter Hutchinson, financial director of the Mexican conglomerate Grupo Alfa says 'Every one is talking very positively about the potential of Mexico, but what you don't see much of is dollars actually flowing here in long-term investments'. Mexican officials have consistently predicted that assured access to the US market will bring a steady flow of foreign capital. However, economic problems in the US and other developed countries have slowed down foreign investment in Mexico. In 1990, Mexico obtained $4.5 billion — 11 per cent of total market capitalization — in commitments, but that figure included sale of the state telephone monopoly — Telmex — to a group led by Southwestern Bell Corp. (It owns 12.5 per cent of the shares.) Portfolio investment, especially in the money market, has maintained a very solid pace. For 1993, Direct Foreign Investment (DFI) is down 33.7 per cent compared to first quarter figures of 1992. Although the numbers are a bit disappointing for the Mexican government, but Macro Asesoría Economica is predicting DFI for 1993 to be around US$5.6 billion which is similar to government estimates.

What has made the impact of DFI less positive is that a great portion of the foreign capital has gone into non-productive activities. Retail sales are growing faster than the population. The largest shopping mall — with 400 stores — in the country opened in 1991. Texas and Mexican developers are busy building office towers, multi-level malls, and luxury hotels. In 1992 construction growth was twice as fast as the economy as a whole. On the other hand, the expansion of manufacturing, that is roughly 70 per cent of industrial activity, lags behind overall GDP growth. Mexico's attempts to lure Japanese, as well as Americans into the purchase of Mexican banks have not been successful. Eduardo Camarena, of Abaco — a big Mexican brokerage firm — says: 'We found the Japanese are distracted by their own problems . . . and the Americans also have big headaches'.

Economic growth and development

As the result of the Mexican opening to foreign competition, intensified after Mexico joined General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), certain sectors of the economy in that country have been hit very hard. For instance, 75 per cent of the country's toy factories have closed, and employment in that industry has fallen by 50 per cent. The shoe industry now operates at 60 per cent of previous capacity. Massive imports of everything are building up a record trade deficit (to exceed $28 billion in 1993). Consequently, Mexico must maintain a steady stream of foreign investment to cover its huge trade deficit and service its $78 billion foreign debt, which is not much less than it was in 1982. Worse, if the US Congress does not ratify the Agreement, foreign capital might flee Mexico.

US business firms have been able to increase their exports to Mexico, and expect to see more of it if the FTA is implemented. For instance, in 1992, 2,400 lorries a day crossed the US-Mexico border in Laredo, Texas. They carried 38 per cent of $40.6 billion worth of the US exports to Mexico (against US$35.2 billion in imports). By applying the Commerce Department's rule of thumb — each extra $1 billion in exports creates over 19,000 net new jobs in the US — Mexicans have indeed helped create well over half a million new jobs for the US workers. By another estimate, every $10 billion trade surplus creates 350,000 new jobs in the US. The US now has a $5 billion trade surplus with Mexico. That implies a net gain of around 175,000 US jobs as the result of trade with Mexico. The city of Laredo forecasts that by the year 2000 'truck crossings' will rise to 10,000 a day without the FTA, and 16,000 with the FTA. It has been estimated that Mexico's imports from the US will approach US$47-48 billion for 1993.

Although it is true that nominal manufacturing wages have risen in Mexico, the big winners have been the wealthiest 10 per cent of society. These are the ones that can afford to buy imported goods or stocks in the hugely profitable privatized companies. There are significant gaps in the national income distribution. According to a Mexican government survey, the Mexican wealth remains concentrated in the hands of a very small group of people. As reported by the Mexican's central bank, Banco de México, the heavy concentration of banking assets is evidence of the country's skewed income distribution. Only 18,649 people, who hold 0.07 per cent of all bank accounts in the country, own 53.2 per cent of the total commercial deposits. Each of these individual accounts have more than US$320,000.

Apparently any change in the living standards of Mexicans have mostly come from increased consumption of imported — mainly American — goods. On the average, each Mexican consumes $380 worth of US products a year — $20 more than the average Korean, whose income is twice as high. By another estimate, Mexico imports over 10 per cent per person more than the European Community imports from the US annually. Jim Kolbe, a Republican Representative from the State of Arizona, in an article that he wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* in 1991 pointed out:

'America needs free trade with Mexico. To understand why, one needs to go to the parking lot at any shopping centre in the Southwest to see the hundreds of cars with Mexican license plates'. Rogélio Ramiréz de la O — president of the Mexican consulting firm Ecanal — has warned that imports of consumer items are up 1,000 per cent from 1988, while capital-goods imports are growing more slowly. Although intermediate and capital goods accounted for 85 per cent of all Mexico's imports, import of consumer goods grew much faster. Rebecca Reynolds Bannister attests that presently production sharing comprises only 25 per cent of US exports to Mexico, and it is declining. This statement implies that Mexico is being used less than before as a processing centre. If this situation develops into a trend, then chances of Mexico becoming a viable industrial power will diminish.

Environment

A disturbing fact about the FTA is the omission of any substantive reference to the environmental issues in the most recent draft text of the agreement. This was a politically motivated manoeuvre — in fact to avoid a very controversial issue — by all parties involved in the Agreement. The only reference to the environment is a letter that President Bush submitted to Congress in May 1991 where he outlined how environmental issues would be treated in the context of the FTA. Already the lower Rio Grande is the most polluted river in the US. Raw sewage from Nuevo Laredo is the prime source of this heavy contamination. The American Medical Association describes the region as a 'virtual cesspool'. The impact of Tijuana sewage on Southern Californian beaches is quite obvious. There is some evidence that indict *maquiladoras* as the major cause of the vast environmental deterioration. For instance, a General Accounting Office (US) report found US-owned plants in Mexico often violate the nation's poorly enforced environmental laws. Dr. Santiago Onate Laborde, Mexican Attorney General for the Environment, delineates: 'We do believe that certain mistakes were made in (the *maquiladora* programme's) implementation. There was no clear idea of how the industry could damage the environment'. Industrial accidents in Nogales *maquiladoras* in 1989 was triple Arizona's rate. Farther away from the border, and primarily in Mexico City, environmental quality has fallen to a very low level. Estimates point out that 20 per cent of atmospheric contaminants are caused by industry. Only 30 per cent of these industries are equipped with pollution control devices, which in many cases are inadequate or non-functioning.

Experts believe that environmental problems in Mexico are products of loose enforcement, as Mexico's 1988 environmental law is just as strict as the US regulations, but until recently nobody enforced it. Since 1989, the Mexican government has intensified its activities in regard to execution of the law. Between 1989 and 1991 it increased its environmental budget eight-fold, shut down 1,062 polluting plants — 82 permanently, including a state-owned refinery — Azcapotzaclo — in Mexico City that employed 5,000 people. Ironically, President Salinas was not under public pressure

to take such a step. One environmental activist believes that this action neutralized the efforts of the environmental movement and helped the state to consolidate its power. President Salinas himself has made it clear that Mexico will not accept new factories, even though they may provide jobs, if their technologies are harmul. Mexico's ecology minister has recently doubled the number of inspectors to 200 along the 2,000-mile Mexico-US border. Over the 1992-95 period Mexico is going to spend $460 million to clean the region and upgrade roads, bridges and sewage systems. David Robinson, director of marketing, Laboratórios ABC, a Mexico City-based company explains the situation: 'What's happening in Mexico is they're trying to do in three or four years what it took 20 or 25 years to do in the United States... No one is expecting that industries are going to comply overnight, but they are going to have to lay out, step by step, what they are going to do.

To rectify this deliberate oversight, the US, Canada and Mexico entered into a series of talks, side agreements to NAFTA. They were intended to address overlooked issues related to the environment and labour conditions. In mid August 1993, representatives of the three countries concluded their many rounds of tough negotiations and gave enforcement 'teeth' to NAFTA. The side agreements will make the US and Mexico subject to trade sanctions, although Canada will have to be worried only about fines and court challenges.

Migration

President Salinas: 'The US is losing jobs not to countries with lower wages but ones with higher wages like Japan and Germany. Besides, if we do not create additional jobs in Mexico, Mexicans will merely walk across the border looking for jobs in the North. We want to export goods, not people. Our intention with NAFTA is to create additional jobs and make wages grow, not to steal jobs from the US'. Despite this reassurance, the government's slashing of subsidies to Mexico's inefficient farmlands has caused an upheaval among farmers and their families. Many of these farms lack irrigation, and depend on rainfall. Owners of these very small and patchwork of private lands — *ejidos* — and communal farmers now have to pay full price for electricity, water, fertilizer, and seeds. The policy of granting property rights to the farmers which began in 1992, has caused communal farmers to sell or rent their lands, and some head to the north. The hardest hit are credit-poor peasant farmers. It is estimated that reduction or elimination of farm subsidies have fuelled a 10 per cent jump in illegal immigration to the US. Many researchers maintain that, in the short run, migration could actually increase as Mexico restructures its economy. New jobs won't materialize quickly enough to absorb displaced Mexican farm workers. What exacerbates the situation is an eight to one US-Mexican wage gap. Professor Paul Hinojosa Ojeda (at UCLA) estimates that about 850,000 household heads will leave the Mexican farmlands if corn subsidies fall. Of them, more than 600,000 will head to the US. The US currently absorbs about 100,000 immigrants from Mexico a year.

Epilogue

With important Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives voicing their opposition, there is a growing possibility that the FTA — at least in its present format — will fail to get ratified by the Congress. What

does this situation hold for Mexico? Alluding to the profound economic change Mexico has already undertaken, Carl Ross, an analyst at Bankers Trust International plc maintains that 'We believe the failure to pass the [agreement] would be a minor setback for Mexico . . . The reform process seems far enough along now to sustain itself on its own momentum'. Mexico at this juncture needs to find other markets for its growing output of manufactured goods. Horrified of rejection of the FTA by the US Congress, Mexican officials have been searching for other potential markets. A report by Mexico's influential business publication *El Financiera International* reveals some 'contingency' plans devised by the Mexican government. They include a meeting between Jaime Serra Puche (Mexico's Commerce Minister) and a group of investors from the Far East, and revival of plans about a free trade agreement between Mexico and the EEC. Despite this, Mexican officials deny that such a contingency plan has been drawn up by them. On the contrary, they are actively pursuing the FTA. The government of Mexico in a massive lobbying campaign has been spending large amounts of money — about US$15 million per year — and has employed an impressive number of political luminaries to push the NAFTA through the US Congress. About 70 firms are registered with the US Justice Department as representing Mexican interests. Of this, 22 firms or individuals, work specifically on the trade pact for the Mexican government. Charles Lewis, executive director of the Centre for Public Integrity which observes lobbying says: 'with Mexico hiring a large number of former officials, it can look like they're trying to buy the treaty'.

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In the November number of the *Contemporary Review* Raymond Tong visits Gwato, *The Village of Ghosts*, in the ancient kingdom of Benin in Western Nigeria. *The Last Years of Yugoslavia* by Hafizullah Emadi has been held over from October.

KAROSHI — A FATAL EXPORT FROM JAPAN

by Raymond Lamont-Brown

TOSHITSUGU Yagi emerged as a statistic on Japan's increasing early mortality chart. Now he has posthumously become an *eiyu* (hero) of a video citing hazards in Japanese office life today. Yagi was a *sarariman* (Japanese white collar worker) sometimes working through the night; he even stayed at a hotel near his work, too tired to make the journey home. Yagi had been delighted to receive promotion for his diligence, but hard work brought on physical collapse; he died of a heart attack, aged 43.

Yagi suffered from what the Japanese are now calling *karoshi* — 'death from overwork'. *Karoshi* usually refers to acute heart failure following high blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, or a cerebral haemorrhage. Today lawyers estimate that some 10,000 Japanese per year are dying from it. This is the same number as are killed by traffic accidents.

It has become a cliché now to refer to Japanese as workaholics. Yet, it was not always so. During the Edo Era (1603-1867) the Japanese gave over much time to leisure and cultural pursuits and were prone to take long vacations. Those who could afford it made treks around the country to emulate the great poet Matsuo Basho who produced the classic *Oku no hoso-michi* ('Narrow Road to the deep North') in 1692.

Following the Meiji Restoration of 1868, the government encouraged the nation to work hard to catch up with the progress made by western nations, since Japan was only just emerging from a medieval zenophobic sleep that had lasted from the early seventeenth century. The national unity policy promoted during the American Occupation and just after further encouraged the Japanese to become workaholics.

Immediately before World War II the average Japanese could expect to work around 2,900-3,000 hours per year. Today that figure has fallen to around 2,100 hours and a forty hour work week was declared an official objective. Nevertheless world recession and changes in Japan's industrial structure and the traditional life-long employment system has produced stress and psychological factors that have exacerbated the tendency towards overwork. The eroding of the influence of the paternalistic company which would look after you from the cradle to the grave has produced negative psychological symptoms to compensate for the old 'dependency expectations'.

Karoshi is one of these new 'symptoms' and usually seems to occur in workplaces which exhibit two factors. Employees are under immediate threat if their work demands strenuous mental effort and working to deadlines. Stress too, is built up when employees work independently, and to their own initiative, without any assistance from colleagues. The Japanese mind is not geared to independence, especially in a land wherein many employees still take their holidays in work-mate groups.

The bereaved families of *karoshi* victims have come across a major

obstacle to winning recognition of the cause of their loved one's death. Their right to compensation too, is difficult to establish. Most victims' families don't bother to make a claim. Japan's snail-pace justice system deters claimants. During 1992, however, some 600 people filed claims against employers and up to now only 30 claims have been examined.

Mitsue Yagi, the widow of Yagi, was told by Japan's Ministry of Labour, that her husband did not die from overwork. They said that he had worked hard every day for years and so was used to the lifestyle. The Ministry ruled that a victim of *karoshi* has to have been working double the normal working hours just one week previous to death for compensation to be granted.

Neither was Yagi's death covered by his insurance policy; the company's assessment was that he had only been working for three or four hours overtime a day in the week before he died. They concurred with the Ministry of Labour that this amount of time was not sufficient for a claim. Mrs. Yagi commented publicly: 'The Ministry has completely disregarded the fact that my husband had been returning home late almost every night for months'.

The plight of the Yagi family is being featured in a video film currently promoted by the national Defence Council for Victims of *Karoshi*. It was set up in 1988 and deals with some 3,000 calls per year from people who feel pressured by work, employers, government bodies and the like. They quote a further case as part of their publicity: Mr. Daiken Iwata told them that his daughter had died aged 23, after an asthmatic attack allegedly triggered by overwork. Iwata filed a lawsuit against her employer, Fuji Bank for damages. 'I found it difficult', he averred, 'to believe that Fuji Bank . . . paid so little attention to the lives of the people working in their own offices'.

A lawyer, Toshiro Ueyanagi, adviser to the National Defence Council said recently: '*Karoshi* is thought of as primarily a Japanese problem, but we are worried that Japanese firms setting up overseas have in effect begun exporting *karoshi* through their system of long working hours and few holidays'. And labour agreements in Japan, he emphasised, between management and employees can easily sidestep legislation devised to protect workers. Ueyanagi added: 'Many workers are working harder than ever, often doing unpaid overtime due to recession and cut backs'. Indeed the fear of the *kata-tataku* ('tap on the shoulder') of the executive sent to fire you is very real in modern Japanese business.

Toshiro Ueyanagi and his colleagues are not hopeful that the change of government in Japan will help the plight of those vulnerable to *karoshi*. It is only very recently, for the first time since the 'oil shocks' of 1974, that government departments admit that Japan has finally joined Europe in a recession. And that to get out of her troubles Japan must set a course towards *risutora* (restructuring).

The knock-on effect of small businesses closing has meant that the annual bonuses that every Japanese employee expects have been cut. Even companies like Nissan and Sony are reporting losses and some

executives elsewhere are being paid partly in vouchers in lieu of cash. This is another stress level for the *karoshi* vulnerable.

A very distressing aspect of the recession is being seen in the increased cases of those who feel that they cannot even wait for *karoshi*. In this connection the case of the Tomita family was highlighted recently. While out for a car ride, Mr. and Mrs. Tomita, and their three infant children, were found dead by carbon monoxide poisoning, the parents having taken the whole family's life because of pressure of debt and the attentions of a loan shark.

Japan is finding it more difficult to restructure. Before, the country could export its way out of trouble. Now western trading partners are promoting a blocking policy; and *karoshi* is one product the West does not need to import.

POEM

ENEMY DEAD
(Arabian Gulf 1991)

The sands will not forgive
My blood's stain . . . blood
Poured by false prophets
Who command their truth
Ignite pillars of fire
Past avenging dunes.

Fear crawls catlike
Through armour scourged
By genie winds
As vultures clamor
Dead offerings
Of men.

Battle rakes a heart
Bleeding despair . . . night
Grinds flesh from bone
And blinded dawn lifts
My aching soul
To silence.

Elizabeth A. Bernstein

WHILE THE MUSIC LASTS

by Spaulding Taylor

CLASSICAL music is dying in Britain; the patient is being wheeled into casualty; the respirator is pulsing in erratic gasps. A handful of devoted experts are huddled anxiously over it; but the gates are empty of journalists, and bulletins ('critical but stable') are being posted to only a couple of incurious passers-by. Classical music is dying, and no one cares.

An alarmist view, surely. Look at the hordes trooping into operatic extravaganzas from Wembley to the Birmingham National Exhibition Centre — but this appears to have a minimal rub-off effect on the main opera houses, and only applies to opera anyway. Londoners may protest, pointing towards their record number of professional symphony orchestras — but the orchestras are desperate, locked into a circle of performing more and more pot-boiler repertoire to get audiences, which nonetheless become smaller and smaller, sensing the stench of decay. There are, of course, exceptions, but even the best orchestras, playing the most stimulating programmes, are attracting less and less interest from the general public. The BBC is currently reviewing the future of all of its orchestras. The major newspapers, following what seems to be the trend, review fewer and fewer classical concerts; rock and jazz have taken over the arts pages in our journals, and why not? This is what interests most readers.

It isn't only classical music, of course. Classical theatre is currently in the doldrums, having largely given way to musicals both timeless and transitory. Shakespeare is reckoned too 'difficult' for today's pupils to cope with. (Why? Are they stupider than previous generations?) Trendy arts programmes like *The Late Show* concentrate on the esoteric, the outlandish, the new — anything new, however lacklustre or derivative — at the expense of artistic groups dedicated to interpreting the masterpieces of Europe's past. Recently, public arguments have raged about the virtues and vices of daring to judge artistic output, whether in literature, music or visual art. Yet relativism misses the most basic point, which is why no one outside the cosy coteries is listening. The artistic establishment has lost touch with its roots. The elite has betrayed its own kind; it has gone where the music-lover cannot follow it. In the end, by sheer power of abstentions, the arts will collapse — more, they are collapsing, the collapse has started. No amount of brave talk will immediately re-establish the pillars of our shared culture.

If this sounds alarmist, consider the facts. The splintering of our musical culture is already well advanced. The elite, dominated by the upper-classes, which set the artistic standard in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, has lost their way. The upper-classes may indeed attend Glyndebourne as well as Ascot, but they cannot be counted on to attend Checkov — and their tastes are no longer seen as a guide to the middle classes anyway.

The aspirational middle-classes, in many ways more cultured than the aristocracy, may still choose to have their daughters taught the piano — though a surprising number of daughters still quit upon marrying — but are dashed if they are going to attend a piano recital at the Wigmore Hall. They might buy a compact disc of Tchaikovsky's symphonies, but the notion of hearing them live does not enthrall them. Never having been taught to love opera, they consider a whole opera intimidating; but their innate yearning for good music causes them to tune into the three tenors concert, or even the puerile 'Young Musician of the Year' on the BBC.

As for the rest of society, their pretensions to middle-class comforts seem to begin and end with home improvements and an up-graded car. High culture is viewed with suspicion, if not downright hostility. A taxi driver once said to me wistfully, 'I used to like listening to Radio Three, but the ruddy speakers put me off the music'. We have erected barriers where we needed ladders, and ladders where barriers are necessary. We have trained a generation of musicians, artists and actors for a world where they are not needed, and may never be needed. We have reduced great orchestras to touring, cruises and playing film music (when they can get it) in order to survive — massive dinosaurs choking beneath the weight of meteor dust. Music-makers have cut themselves off at both ends — from the intelligentsia, who despise the 'Classical Spectaculars' at the Royal Albert Hall, and from the masses, who may come, only to feel vaguely unchallenged and unfulfilled.

The musical elite has split in every direction — from those still espousing the impotent rites of mimimalism, to those leaping onto the anaesthetising political correctness of 'world music', to those clinging to the arcane traditionalism of authentic performance, to those composers groping back towards tonality in a desperate search for what we once called 'meaning'. In a world where few are willing to stand up and admit that Bach takes precedence over 'reggae' in content, form and spiritual depth, there are a thousand other paths to get lost in other than these. The economic recession has only more cruelly exposed the bones of our cultural depression. The heart has gone out of our cultural life, leaving the institutions — the Proms, the Royal Shakespeare Company, the Royal Academy — looking lost and wounded, last defiant bastions of a richer age when art itself was perceived as being meaningful, even necessary.

Don't let the pages of concert advertisements in the Sunday papers deceive you — classical music, in Britain, perhaps in the world, is in the last stages of illness. And yet there may still be hope. I know of amateur orchestras where the love of playing survives, where second violinists bring the scores to the rehearsal. I know composers carving out their own voices in the context of historical experience. I know young people who do not regard Beethoven as being alien to their experience, and students awakening to the pleasures of opera. As long as people seek truth and depth in their existence, music and the arts will matter, must matter, beyond the latest craze, beyond the banalities which will never outlast their decade. We have been let down by most of our composers,

by our arts administrators, by our programme makers, by our artistic pundits, as well as by the economic forces which make puppets of us all. But nothing is irreversible; nothing is certain. If we can recognise and hold onto the timeless excellences we have achieved, if we can reject the false gods of novelty and emptiness, if we can educate (and not just the young, either) then the foundation is there to rebuild on, and the arts may yet recover. The patient, remember, still breathes, still dreams, perhaps of the timeless music of T.S. Eliot:

> Music heard so deeply
> That it is not heard at all, but you
> are the music
> while the music lasts.

[Spaulding Taylor is a freelance journalist with a particular interest in the performing arts.]

POEM

SOMETIMES A WORD

Into the mirror of a pool,
    Static in autumn, deep and black,
A stone falls, cracks the glass and sinks
    To a forgotten resting-place:
The mirror forms again, the ripples die.

And music often, like a flower in space,
    Fading into an empty room,
Leaves unseen shadows everywhere
    Before the deaf walls crush the bloom,
Assert their permanence, absorb the sound.

Sometimes a word, a look, a sign,
    Falling upon the guarded mind,
Echoes like music or a stone,
    Ruffling the troubled consciousness
And twisting the frail tendrils of the heart.

R. L. Cook

THE SCOTS IN CAROLINA

by R. D. Kernohan

LONG before it got its present name, Franklin, near the western tip of North Carolina, was a sacred site of the Middle Cherokees. It cherishes a mound on which their councils may have met. Now the 'gem of the Smokies' plans to have another holy place. It is building a home for the Scottish Tartans Museum, the first outside Scotland. There was a bagpipe band for the groundbreaking, and they carried the good news across the State to the Highland Games at Grandfather Mountain. It will also go to publications that cater for a nationwide American interest in things Scottish, mainly with a strong clan and kilted emphasis. The sponsors in Franklin, led by the mayor and the minister of the First Presbyterian Church, would also like to get the tourists to stop off on the way from the National Park and the Cherokee reservation to Atlanta and the deeper South, reckoning on a power of loyalty as well as curiosity. For in these parts it is likelier than not that visitors as well as locals will have at least a trace of Scots ancestry.

When I visited them they also let me change the course of ethnic history in Appalachia, even if very slightly. They agreed it would be a good idea to extend the name and concept to 'Scottish Tartans Museum *and Heritage Centre*'. For just as a heritage is what you choose to remember, a heritage centre is what you choose to put in it, from — I think I suggested — a glimpse of Robert Burns's cottage to the history of golf. I was too tactful to quote John Buchan's well justified comment on the quondam cultural hero of the South, Sir Walter Scott. That 'Wizard of the North', said Buchan, induced imaginative tradesmen to provide family tartans for Scots Lowlanders 'whose ancestors would as soon have worn woad as the dress of their hereditary foes'. To suggest that modern tartans are the product of an evolutionary process, and not of direct literal inspiration, would have been a poor return for Southern mountain hospitality. In a country as complex as the USA, the milder assertions of ethnic identity need badges or outward and visible symbols like tartans.

Not many Scots-Americans may have taken to the kilt, except for ceremonial occasions like the annual Grandfather Mountain festival, and one who did is reported to have suffered near-martyrdom in Peachtree City, in the Georgia Lowlands around Atlanta. He was allegedly barred from the local high-school prom on the grounds that all bare knees were prohibited by a ban on shorts. Maybe that was why in Asheville the most fervent Scots-American I met was not wearing the kilt but a well-tailored tartan suit. But to speak less than tactfully, even less than reverently, about clans and tartans in North Carolina would have been inappropriate as well as inexpedient. More than any part of the United States, it not only inherits a substantial Scots heritage but one reflecting in roughly equal measure the three main elements in it: Lowland, Highland, and Ulster-Scots — or in American English, 'Scotch-Irish'.

The Highland Scots settlers of North Carolina, who might have recognised at least some of the tartans and of the sporting items on the Grandfather Mountain agenda, actually became lowlanders in the New World. If a heritage centre were mainly to commemorate them, it would be better placed in the Cape Fear river 'Scotch country', where Campbeltown is concealed under the post-revolutionary name of Fayetteville.

When the Rev. David Macrae visited the area immediately after the Civil War, he could still find not only numerous fellow-clansmen plus Macnairs, Macleods, and others, but 'a very few' people who could speak and read Gaelic. He heard the tale — gaining in the telling, perhaps — of a prisoner acquitted because his counsel had addressed the jury in better Gaelic than the State attorney's. In this part of North Carolina many of the Scots settlers had been on the wrong side in the Jacobite risings against the British Crown but became 'Tories' in their American exile and stayed true to their post-rebellion oath of allegiance to King George — among them Flora MacDonald, the heroine who helped to see the defeated Prince Charles Edward safely back to France after the rout at Culloden. She and her husband chose not to stay in the new Republic.

The Gaels had a weakness for lost causes: a Wilmington General Macrae claimed to have commanded the last of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia to be in battle before Appomattox and to have led the last brigade to stack arms after the surrender.

The Piedmont and low-country South — and, far to the North of Franklin or Fayetteville, the Shenandoah Valley, where Woodrow Wilson was born in the Presbyterian manse at Staunton — might also in theory be better settings to develop the traditional links between the Scots heritage and Presbyterianism. Not far from the new museum, Franklin has a historic Presbyterian church founded in 1833 — which counts as venerable in these parts — but the Scots and Ulster Presbyterians who headed for the mountains generally got there well ahead of their kirk. North Carolina's Civil War Governor Zebulon Baird Vance (of Scots and Ulster Presbyterian stock), was an exception, and his birthplace has Scots-style Communion-ware on show. But the Vances were in a relatively accessible valley and not more typical Appalachian coves. If and when the mountain men and women got religion, it was often from more mission-minded Methodists and Baptists. It may be worth somebody's thesis to explore whether the subsequent tendencies of the dominant Baptists to theological disputation and local schism owe something to the inclinations of the eighteenth-century Scots and Irish Presbyterians from whom many of them are descended.

Among the surprises in meeting contemporary Presbyterian congregations deep in the mountains — apart from the determination of some of Schopenhauers, Vermicellis, and Kosciuszkos to produce at least one Scottish ancestor — is the generous sprinkling of immigrant Yankees and a larger one of low-country Southerners who have moved up from Charleston or Atlanta, some to work, many to retire. For Appalachia today, despite continuing pockets of poverty and the startling contrasts

where trailers, shacks, and handsome houses sit on adjoining lots, has a fair number of very prosperous people. Some own or run the profusion of modern small-scale industries. Others are half-year residents who divide their year between the mountains and Florida. There are even some refugees-in-retirement who have moved back northward after seeing enough of Florida to last them for the rest of the lives they had meant to end there.

But Appalachia — the mountain region with no defined frontiers but cultural affinities that link parts of up to ten States — is an appropriate setting for a celebration of the wider Scots contribution to the United States, and especially to the South. Many Scots and Scotch-Irish moved westward through the Cumberland Gap but a fair number stopped off on the way. Cape Fear Highlanders and Lowland Scots from the Carolina seaboard also drifted into the Piedmont and the mountains beyond. Horace Kephart, who recorded in 1913 the folk-ways and speech of the Great Smoky Mountains when the region was both remote and despised, found only a handful of Lowland Scots words and usages in the mountain dialect, rich in echoes of the English speech of the colonial era, but he claimed that the clear mountain pronunciation of 'r' was a Scots inheritance. He also devoted much of his book to whisky, tracing not only a self-evident Scots and Scotch-Irish connection in using the Old World's methods to distil New World grain but in the American mountaineer's attitude to having it taxed. There are also less inebriating Scots influences, some again via the Scotch-Irish, in the fiddle-music, the folk-song and perhaps the dances of the mountain people.

Yet there are fewer Scottish names than might be expected to be found in the accounts by Kephart and others of the old Appalachia, and a fair proportion of the McNeills, McQuaids, McClungs, McKnights, McFalls, Grahams, Buchanans, and so forth who turn up, as well as the Lowland names like Crawford, Burnett, and Boyd, may have come by the Ulster route. Other Scots names are indistinguishable from old-stock American Anglo-Saxon ones, especially after Scotticisms in spelling have disappeared and Wylie has become Wiley. In few cases — as in the great Southern name of Calhoun — simplified spelling conceals nothing, though I wish I had had the time to check whether Mingus Mill near the end of the Blue Ridge Parkway started off as Menzies, which Scots pronounce the same way.

Had I lingered in the 'Celtic' shop in the reviving downtown Asheville — right side Scottish, left side Irish — they would surely have simplified or over-simplified matters for me. I should have phoned up the indubitably Scotch-Irish Carnahans listed in the local phone-book to ask which way to turn. As far as I could see, such commercial Celts do their best to fit most of the common names of the English-speaking world among the clans of Scotland and the tribes of Ireland. And that perhaps indicates one of the complexities for a very large proportion of Americans who want to affirm or discover their roots. Some of them have so many, and they have become so tangled in the course of new growth in America. That

has been going on a long time, even in Appalachia with its claim to be the most ethnically homogeneous region of the United States. There are French names which may be Huguenot. There are Irish names of early settlers which in modern Belfast or Glasgow might be accounted 'Catholic' rather than Ulster-Scots. There are signs that very different kinds of Germans were lumped together as 'Pennsylvania Dutch'. Very different peoples, and elements of quite different cultures, have been mixed.

I came across a striking visible example of that when I went to see the grave at Lexington of Stonewall Jackson, often thought of as the archetypal Scotch-Irish Presbyterian assimilated in Virginia, though it was by marriage that he came into his Church. Nearby is a striking nineteenth-century Celtic cross, apparently modelled on one of the ancient crosses of Iona, with a Confederate veteran's marker at its foot and carrying an inscription worded with typical English-speaking piety of its time. But the family names, on both sides, seem pure Italian.

Such encounters instil a mood of caution when a modern Scot meets the passionate Scots by descent (or sometimes by adoption) in the United States. I am polite but unmoved when I hear of 'the kirkin' o' the tartans', even asked for guidance on its procedures, for that is a rite of American origin and — except where visiting Americans have enthused over it — unknown in its 'homeland'. But to visit Glasgow Va., close to the Natural Bridge, even to gaze from afar on the oddly-spelled vineyards of Edinburg, or to be asked these endless, earnest, enthusiastic questions, to rule on the specialised areas where 'Scotch' is still an appropriate adjective, or be trapped over the Bourbon into reading Lorimer's New Testament in Scots on a warm Southern mountain night; and, for a Presbyterian, to find the form and mood of service no more distant than the one in the next parish at home: these are moving things that can thaw the thrawnest spirit and turn a cynic back into a romantic. For their sake I even forgive the local paper in the Mountain country that misreported me as predicting the early triumph of Scottish nationalism and speaking — as no Scots royalist would ever do — of the 'English' Royal Family, that source of insatiable curiosity and fascination in the Great Republic.

Such practical matters sometimes show just how far ethnic enthusiasts in America can be from trans-Atlantic realities, more notably, of course, in the case of the Irish Republican lobby than of any Scots societies. For some Americans an assertion of ethnic identity is a necessity, for others somewhere between a luxury and an enriching affirmation that shades naturally into a little harmless make-believe, like parading tartans down the church aisles.

It can be hard for the visiting ethnic affiliate to know which is which, or when which is what. Within the American identity — or should it now be identities? — it is easy to recognise the distinctive white Southern one, even to appreciate the Georgia joke (possibly now being adapted in Arkansas) that 'Jimmy Carter maybe wasn't a very good President but at least he didn't have an accent'. In the same way it does not take long to sense that while most of Appalachia is of the South it is not quite like

the rest of the South.

The difficulty comes in weighing the significance of one of the matters which makes Appalachia distinctive. More than any other part of the Union it remains the Kingdom — or Republic, I suppose — of the WASSPS, as properly spelled: white Anglo-Saxon-Scots (or Irish) Protestants. Yet it lacks most of the characteristics, attitudes, and styles which are conventionally associated with that once-dominant and still powerful strain in American life. Parts of it remain relatively poor. Most of it was till recently as unfairly despised and rejected as the President most associated with the region: Lincoln's Scotch-Irish successor, Andrew Johnson. (The visitor soars in the estimation of Greenville, Tennessee if he knows who Johnson was and still higher if he has a good word for him.) Much of the region retains lifestyles and beliefs unfashionable among American trendsetters and opinion-formers.

These are realities, related to the emotions and interest-groups of politics but rather removed from the romanticism of the Highland Games at Grandfather Mountain, or the Tartans Museum (and Heritage Centre) at Franklin N.C., or the Scotch-Irish festival in the Shenandoah Valley. I cannot see the Scotch vote figuring prominently in anyone's political calculations.

But I returned from revisiting this most hospitable and congenial part of the United States wondering whether some of these relatively superficial things may not have a bearing on different American attitudes to changes within the United States. They may also be relevant to trans-Atlantic relations in an era where we may no longer need an alliance of necessity. There is some significance in the quiet survival and even revival of special relationships between Americans and Europeans, especially British Europeans whose passports now place the European Community above the United Kingdom. Regardless of how the special relationship of governments fares as conditions change and Presidents and Premiers come and go, the English-speaking affinities, which some Continentals distrust so much, reflect the feelings of large numbers of people and a great deal of communal and national experience.

The survival of ethnic romanticism among some of the oldest white tribes of America — long after their great flow of immigration has ebbed away — may also have some significance for the United States. Very different ethnic identities are vigorously promoted and highly fashionable there today, both among relatively new arrivals and those who have been there a long time and only now feel able to assert themselves. Will they unwittingly stimulate a reaction in more traditional and less self-conscious minorities — even in that largest, most widely spread, and least precisely defined minority of old-established Americans that cannot be defined by national origins or religion but in which Scots and Scotch-Irish have long since been integrated? Or will the rootlessness of some American life-styles and the shaping of environments like Southern California's create a longing to rediscover older identities, ethnic or regional, or to adhere to them where they survive, as in Appalachia? I was going to

add 'and in the South generally', when I remembered the impression made on me in revisiting Atlanta for the first time in more than 30 years, with some things (for example in racial matters) changed for the better and others just changed, but changed utterly.

But the sheer pace and scale of these changes may create a mixture of nostalgia, romanticism, and eagerness to trace and nourish roots. When I had visited Charlotte on an earlier trip I was assured that they 'had learned from Atlanta's mistakes and would not make the same ones', but that seemed to be another Southern city moving into a new kind of world. It may also be significant that when the copyright owners sought a sequel to the plantation mythology of *Gone with the Wind* they found an author who exported Scarlett O'Hara to Ireland — to find her Irish roots and promote Irish myths rather than Southern ones.

The more America changes, the more fascinated a lot of its peoples may be by 'roots' and the more they may express that fascination in ways that are emotionally satisfying rather than intellectually entirely convincing. That applies when those whose descent goes back to the Ayshire Burns country by way of County Down take to the tartans, but it also applies to the cults of the Pilgrim Fathers, Cavalier Virginia, the covered waggon, the Frontier, and the old plantation. It produced *Fiddler on the Roof* as well as *Gone With the Wind*. It is no more completely convincing when black and very pale-brown people whose ancestors have been in America for twice as long as the Kennedys (and who in some cases have their share of Scottish descent too) project themselves as African-Americans.

But perhaps among the truths that ought to be held as self-evident (to borrow a famous Virginian phrase) is that to an extent people are what they think they are and feel themselves to be. I'm not sorry that there are still a lot of Americans, especially in the South and the Mountains, who feel themselves in some sense Scottish-Americans, or even doubly hyphenated as Scotch-Irish ones.

It is still flattering for those who are conscious of living in an old country to be treated in the United States as if they were from 'The Old Country', however remote that concept now is from the realities of either American sociology or diplomacy. I shall be making a point of stopping off next time to see how things are progressing with the Scottish Tartans Museum and Heritage Centre.

[Robert Kernohan is the former editor of the Church of Scotland magazine *Life and Work*.]

PYTHAGORAS AND THE BEAN

by Kate Garnons Williams

IF you ever wondered what Pythagoras, the Greek mathematician, had to do with *Vicia Fava*, the humble broad bean, the answer is, absolutely nothing — on principle. His apparent aversion to the harmless legume was not, however, simply a matter of personal preference — for all we know he may have been quite partial to the bean; it was a question, believe it or not, of profound philosophical conviction.

Pythagoras is chiefly remembered, with varying degrees of pleasure or pain, for his theorem concerning the right-angled triangle — 'with', as W. S. Gilbert put it, 'many cheerful facts about the square on the hypotenuse'. But in the sixth century B.C. he attracted more attention as an eccentric, even cranky, philosopher. Driven as a trouble-maker from his native island of Samos, he eventually found his way to Crotona, a Greek colony in southern Italy, but not before he stopped off for a brief stay in Egypt. And it was here, almost certainly, that he picked up many of those decidedly un-Greek ideas on which he based his philosophy and lifestyle.

The Egyptians were an endless source of fascination to the Greeks who felt something of an inferiority complex towards the older and more sophisticated civilisation on the Nile. Herodotus, that much-travelled Greek historian of the fifth century B.C., further stimulated interest in the country with his traveller's tales. And concerning the broad bean, he reveals an interesting snippet of information: the Egyptian priests of his day, he tells us, could not bear even to look at the vegetable, 'because', he deduces, 'they imagined it to be unclean'. Herodotus does not elaborate on this statement; nor does he offer any explanation for the fact that traces of broad beans are to be found in a number of Egyptian tombs dating from earlier times than his own. What, we may wonder, had the poor benighted bean done, to become all of a sudden taboo?

The answer is, of course, that it had done nothing. Herodotus had simply got it all wrong. Believing as they did in the transmigration of the soul after death from one species of life to another, animal or vegetable depending on the owner's spiritual state of health, the Egyptians considered the broad bean a more than likely candidate for temporary residence. And why the broad bean? Aristotle suggests the most plausible answer, when he points out the resemblance between the shape of *Vicia Fava* and the human testicles. What better accommodation could Nature afford the soul of man-in-transition, so to speak — offering him, as it did, a remembrance of times past! The reluctance, then, of the Egyptian priests to come in contact with the broad bean, which Herodotus observed, can be understood in terms rather of excessive respect than disdain: to paraphrase Malvolio in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, they believed, 'the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit' — not a 'bird', but a bean.

The transmigration of souls was only one of the ideas Pythagoras took with him from Egypt to southern Italy. Not surprisingly he soon attracted

a body of curious followers, but in the course of time many of them decided to live permanently under his guidance and in accordance with his rules. Although the community, or the Brotherhood as it was called, accepted women as well as men, the observance of silence and chastity, which was part of the rule, may well have acted as a deterrent to the more frivolous-minded.

Vegetarianism was another feature of the Brotherhood's way of life, though it seems to have been of a rather selective kind — only the heart and brains of an animal were absolutely forbidden. The reasoning behind this very specific prohibition looks to have been based more on ritualistic than philosophical grounds, it must be said.

Mathematical principles, as one might suspect, also figured strongly in Pythagoras's teachings. 'All is number', was his starting point, and on the basis of this he worked out some sensible schemes, like the numerical ratio between the notes of the musical scale, but also some less sensible, like the idea that the planets were arranged in a musical relationship to each other — the so-called 'harmony of the spheres'.

And where did the broad bean fit into his scheme of things? Since he had taken on board the Egyptian attitude to the vegetable, the unsurprising answer is — not at all. Indeed, so great a distance was Pythagoras prepared to keep between himself and the bean, that one literary source claims he actually met his death as a result. According to this source, he was being pursued by his enemies — one can imagine he made not a few — when, directly in his path, he saw a bean field; rather than cross the field and risk touching the beans, he chose death at the hands of his pursuers.

Philosophy apart, however, there may also have been practical reasons why Pythagoras warned his close-knit community off the beans — they are, after all, well-known promoters of stomach-rumblings and flatulence. There is an interesting piece of evidence supporting this line of thinking that comes from another closed society in the Greek world. Initiates into the Mysteries of the goddess Demeter, which were celebrated at Eleusis not far from Athens, were required to abstain from broad beans for some days before their initiation. As the ceremony is known to have taken place in an underground and crowded chamber, rumbling abdominal and gaseous emissions would hardly have been conducive to the salubriousness of the atmosphere and the solemnity of the occasion. Though not normally squeamish about any bodily function, if the plays of Aristophanes are anything to go by, the Greeks were ever a practical people! Generally, it must be said, breaking wind was encouraged, in public as much as in private, as a healthful measure; otherwise, it was feared, the excess gases would rise to the brain where they would cause nightmares or, worse, disturb the reasoning powers altogether.

Another purely practical consideration that may have weighed with Pythagoras when he banned the bean from his community's diet concerned the widely-held belief among the Greeks that the broad bean was an aphrodisiac. Given that the Brotherhood embraced both men and women, every sensible precaution needed to be taken to preserve amity and order:

chastity and silence both made good sense; nothing should be allowed to discourage either.

For a more unexpected explanation of the prohibition, we must return to Aristotle, the fount of so much knowledge, philosophical as well as scientific. He explains it, somewhat surprisingly, in terms of politics. Pythagoras, he argues, in forbidding his followers to associate with the bean, was in fact forbidding them to participate in the democratic process of voting as it was practised in many Greek cities. Approval or disapproval of a candidate for public office was registered by the voter, depending on whether he placed a dark or a light coloured broad bean in a large urn. Pythagoras's rejection of the democratic process, if that is what it was, was all of a piece with the exclusivity he enjoined on the Brotherhood. Aristotle probably got it right.

One final, if less convincing, interpretation of Pythagoras's embargo on beans has to do with the Greek practice of consulting oracles for advice and guidance. Since 'paging the Oracle' at Delphi and the other shrines of Apollo, the god of prophecy, was an expensive and time-consuming business, people often preferred to use cheaper and more readily-available options. Among these latter were 'bean oracles', to use which you paid a fee to draw from a jar, lucky-dip fashion, a single bean on which was inscribed a sign. For a translation of the sign, you could refer to a ready-reckoner, usually on display in a public place, to discover there the sort of advice you can today pick up in any newspaper horoscope: basically, variants of 'Go ahead' or 'Wait and see'. It's just possible that Pythagoras was issuing a health warning against relying overmuch on the gods to make the important decisions, when he voted against the bean. But this interpretation is unlikely in view of his known reverence for the god Apollo.

Whatever the true explanation for Pythagoras's fixation about the broad bean, something of his attitude towards it persisted well into Roman times, long after his Brotherhood was dispersed and many other of his theories were discredited. The Romans even added refinements to the taboo: the black spot, so often visible on the bean's pale skin, became for them an omen of death, so the bean itself became associated with bad luck.

Sceptical though we too may remain about much of Pythagoras's philosophy, perhaps he was on to something when he banished *Vicia Fava* from his diet — whatever his motive might have been. He did, it must be remembered, live to the age of 80. Not bad going for an anicent Greek; though bad news, maybe, for modern consumers of the broad bean.

DELTA SKELTER — IN AND ROUND BANGKOK

by Mervyn Horder

FOR the tourist the disadvantage of Bangkok is the other tourists. The waterborne Floating Market — most popular of all Bangkok tourist attractions — now employs several white-helmeted floating policemen to keep the tourist launches from swamping the legitimate market boats, so that the age-old enterprise can continue to function at all; and in all the great Buddhist 'wats' (temples) the ceaseless clicking of cameras and strident conversations in American and German spoil the atmosphere of complete calm proper to such places. Small wonder perhaps, that many tourists, baffled by the confusion and heat of this city of many contrasts, give up altogether and retire to spend the day in a plastic sun-chair by the swimming pool of their luxury hotel, eating a Western-style sandwich lunch and swilling endless expensive lagers.

The Tourist Organization of Thailand (TOT), however, offers its more adventurous patrons a well-conceived alternative. Starting at 8.00 a.m. in an air-conditioned bus, your first experience of Bangkok life is three or four hold-ups, each one ten minutes or more, jammed tight in commuter traffic. The word 'Thai' means free, and not even Paris provides so cogent a demonstration of Parkinson's Law that traffic expands at once into every space created to accommodate it. The hold-ups give one time to study the fantastically wired street lamp posts, which in cats' cradles of staggering complexity fifteen feet above ground sustain the whole of Bangkok's street lighting, domestic power and telephone systems. Thais love small evening parties with intimate friends in gardens with lights strung from trees; and the temptation to shin up these posts and lift the extra current direct from the mains is one not often resisted.

At last we are away westwards down a long straight dual carriageway, through miles of subtopia complete with shop-parades, tyre dumps, small factories and all the other features of the suburbs of all modern cities. There are fortunately no elephants about today — the slow-moving working elephant, most of all when returning unlit at dusk from his day's job, is a hazard that all Thai drivers fear. Twelve miles out, among the rice fields, we turn sharp left down a much narrower road which takes us past an enormous long low chicken and duck battery and brings us finally to Samut Sakhon.

This little town at the sea's edge, with a direct rail link back to Bangkok, is the principal fish market for the big city, its narrow shady alleys all but impassable for the jumble of wooden tubs and trays offering an incredible profusion of dried and fresh fish of all sizes, some of them still alive. The innate sense of grace and style which informs everything that Thais do ensures that everything is done to give the fish 'package appeal'. In particular, what caught my eye was a neat way of putting up eight tiny sprats in a star shape, heads together in the centre, the whole battered ready for frying.

Europeans are a rarity in Samut Sakhon, but Thai courtesy towards guests soon overcomes their natural shyness, particularly among the very young and the very old. It was not long before a schoolboy, dared on by his laughing comrades, stepped boldly forward and held out his hand. Nothing in Thailand must ever be done casually, perfunctorily or without due ceremony, least of all so personal a gesture as shaking hands. Look the stranger straight in the eyes, place both your hands over his, shake several times seriously and with determination — and for better or worse you have made a friend for life. I later had trouble in shaking off a smiling little grey-haired old man who followed me everywhere with his hand in mine, repeating incessantly the only English word he knew, which was 'fish' (pronounced 'fifth'); it was as well that I knew no Thai at all, since I felt that with only the mildest encouragement he would gladly have packed up at once and come back with me to London.

At the waterside, among all the market craft, there were three flat-bottomed speedboats waiting, a kind of motorized punt holding up to six passengers lying back in pairs on the floor of the boat. The many sharp bends in the river, the need to avoid floating branches in the water, and the bump-bump bump of the flat bottoms crossing the wash waves of other passing craft made the handling of these boats quite a skilful affair, the more so as the operators were determined for the honour of Thailand to travel as fast as they could and show off to the utmost in front of the honoured foreigners.

We set off northwards up the Tachin River, then swerved west into the maze of tributaries which connect the Tachin with the next big river the Meklong. The scenery was pure Conrad — mangrove and coconut swamp on both sides of the pale grey turbulent water some hundred yards wide; stilt-built wooden houses with landing-stages, from which children waved to us like maniacs as we passed; temples set back from the river across a lawn, the larger ones with tall chimneys at the side, since in Thailand all the main temples are also crematoria; large new bungalow schools; and occasional smaller buildings at the water's edge boasting a square red brick chimney, which turned out to be sugar factories.

A visit to one of these shows you that the raw material of Thai sugar is the juice of coconut palms, which have been milked down a bamboo tube. Chips of wood from another tree are added to the liquid to prevent fermentation, and the whole is reduced by simmering to a pale yellow fudge-like substance in only a few hours. The final thickening — hard work in the heat — was being done by hand by a gorgeous teenage girl, manipulating an outsize wire whisk with the most beautiful wrist movements, which we poor untutored Europeans found impossible to imitate and extremely tiring. The final sugar product is packed away in square tins, where it keeps indefinitely.

The river goods traffic is carried in long chains of barges with tin or thatch roofs and the usual strings of family washing which distinguishes barges the world over. No one seemed to have heard of the Plimsoll Line — the loaded barges ride with decks awash, so low in the water as

to appear capsized altogether; but each barge has its attendant, and no doubt they know what they are doing.

After an hour of darting in and out of these barge convoys we dashed in fine style up to the quay of Meklong town. Here we took to the train, a four-car diesel built in Japan, second and third class only, the former well upholstered in pale blue plastic. A picnic lunch was produced from nowhere, served with the utmost simplicity and ingenuity in three polythene bags tied together. Bag one contained cucumber salad, bag two roast porkstrips on long wooden sticks with some pieces of fresh toast, bag three some Thai-style hot red sauce, into which you dipped the pork and toast as required. Oranges and bananas out of a basket, and soft drinks out of a small wooden crate followed at exactly the right moments. British Rail please copy!

We ate running past thousands of acres of square man-made sea-water pans where a large part of the country's huge demand for sea fruit of every kind is artificially bred. This enterprise is an essential part of the national food supply, and efforts are constantly being made to improve and extend it, even to starting prawn colonies in mangrove swamps, hitherto regarded as useless for all purposes.

The rail trip ended on the Tachin River again, and a ferry crossing brought us once more to the bus waiting in Samut Sakhon. Returning to Bangkok late in the afternoon, we again hit the commuter traffic, this time coming out of the city. One of the worst hold-ups was in the Street of the Invisible Menders, where the practitioners of this intricate craft, male and female, sit on the pavement all day long chatting to each other at their work, which is said to be as cheap, as good and as quick as any of its kind in the world. Certainly the animated, laughing, gossipy scene was a marked contrast to those solitary, dejected-looking ladies who I remember plying the same craft in the London windows of the Invisible Mending Co. before the war.

Perhaps the eight-hour excursion had been no more than the equivalent of a tourist staying at the Cumberland Hotel making a journey to Southend and taking a look round the Essex market gardens; but even as such a journey would undoubtedly show a foreigner more of English daily life than any more conventional visit to the Tower of London, so we returned feeling we had learnt more about Thailand than most of those millions who pass temporarily through Bangkok.

[Lord Horder is a writer and composer. He has adapted this from a feature he did for 'Women's Hour' on BBC.]

Literary Supplement

THE SCOTTISH DISRUPTION

Scotland in the Age of the Disruption. Edited by Stewart J. Brown and Michael Fry. Edinburgh University Press. £19.95. 0 7486 0433Z.

Crown Him Lord of All. Edited by Clement Graham. Knox Press (Edinburgh). £4.95. 0 904422 41 0.

These two collections of essays commemorate in very different ways the 150th anniversary of what Scottish history calls 'The Disruption', when the Church of Scotland was rent asunder over the lawful powers of the State and its courts in matters ecclesiastical. Scots Presbyterianism, already divided by sundry minor secessions, was never the same again, even though most of the pieces were eventually put together again.

Both books borrow cover or jacket from the great panorama by the Scots artist and photographer David Octavius Hill, showing the 'free and protesting' Church's Assembly, presided over by Thomas Chalmers, then at the peak of his international celebrity. Their approach has little else in common.

The collection compiled by Stewart Brown, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Edinburgh, and Michael Fry is a fairly academic celebration. Its religion is generously laced with sociology and even literary criticism, though its prevailing tone is a modern version of the 'Moderatism' against which (as much as patronage) the Free Church evangelicals protested. The authors, as with most such volumes, contribute more from the diversity of their interests than to the unity of the book.

The book also ranges beyond Scotland, with an account of the impact of the Disruption on the Scots of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, though the important links between Scots and American Presbyterianism are rather cursorily mentioned. There is also a valuable essay by Andrew Ross on the role of the Scottish evangelicals in reviving and shaping the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa, even though they were already well on the way to going native — using High Dutch in church and Afrikaans for less formal occasions — and were relatively unaffected by the Scots conflict of Church and State.

Clement Graham's collection of essays is very different. It shows how the present Free Church of Scotland (the 'Wee Frees') see their history and their present role as a small ultra-conservative denomination. This is the remnant which, by an irony of history, won its right in the courts to the name and even the property of the old Free Kirk — or such of it as it could use — when the main heirs of the Disruption tradition took their first step in 1900 towards the Presbyterian reunion which created the present Church of Scotland in 1929.

This Free Church, often caricatured and sometimes confused with the still smaller group of Free Presbyterians who sat in judgement on the present Lord Chancellor, are drawn in different directions by their mainly Highland culture and their mixed feelings about more strident and popular forms of 'born-again' Christianity. Their most gifted theologian and writer, Donald Macleod, has even been drawn off into the Brown-Fry book, to which he contributes a study of Chalmers' policy towards poverty and pauperism, which reflected both his social concern and what would now be called his Thatcherite economics.

The Wee Frees remain significant enough in theology, in their Highland

heartland, and in their history to deserve a book which offers their own testimony to a wider public. This collection of essays may serve, though even other Presbyterians will probably remain baffled by the combination of personal graces and unyielding opinions.

R. D. KERNOHAN

ANOTHER BALKANS?

The Baltic Revolution, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and the Path to Independence. Anatol Lieven. Yale University Press. pp.455. 0 300 05552 8.

It is a long time indeed since England's trade with the Baltic made it worthwhile to set up the Baltic Exchange. The author, a member of an ancient noble family that served Grand Dukes and Tsars, has made an impressive effort to re-introduce the Baltic people, their history and present problems. He deals with their past history and goes into great detail about the complex political in-fighting that led to the present, insecure, independence of the three countries. The details do not matter so much for a reader, but they bring out the curious fact that the Kremlin under Gorbachev proved its ineptitude in dealing with the three Baltic countries that the West never recognized as being legally parts of the now defunct Soviet Union.

They are small countries settled with people descending from ancient tribes with their own languages hardly known in Europe. These tribes formed into nations, but always under the shadow and pressure of powerful and aggressive neighbours, Germans, Swedes and, above all, Russians. Some, like the author's own Livonians, and the original Prussians, disappeared, amalgamated with the Latvians on the one hand and 'absorbed' by the conquering German Knights on the other.

The most numerous, the Lithuanians, just 3.67 million, once shared an 'Empire' with the Poles, although they dropped Paganism only 600 years ago. They have never forgotten it. They are Roman Catholic and secure because their Russian minority is under ten per cent. The once famous Jewish minority was wiped out during the last war. The Latvians, their neighbours in the north, are quite different, being Protestant — due to German rule — and 42 per cent of their 2.68 million are Russian and Belorus. Again, their Jewish population is less than one per cent. The smallest country, Estonia, with a population of 1.57 million, has 35.2 per cent Russian and other Slavs.

The Estonians, also Protestants are related to the Finns. They are extremely conscious of the fact that Russians form 50 per cent of the population of their capital, Tallinn (once called Reval), and the next two biggest towns have Russian majorities. The Estonians are defending laws that are aimed at forcing the Russians to leave by making it very difficult for them to get Estonian citizenship. Moscow is threatening sanctions — and possibly more. This is why the author has gone into rather boring detail about the manoeuvring of politicians, many of them veteran communists, that has gradually given power to extreme nationalists. The Latvians are in a similar situation with over 60 per cent Russian speakers in their well-known capital of Riga.

The author dwells amusingly on the fact that the three nations really do not like or trust each other, despite having been dominated together by the Russians. There are, of course, real differences. The Estonians and Latvians feel that they are closer to the West, especially Scandinavia, than the Lithuanians. Their educational standard is higher, as the author explains. Their industrial work force is also much stronger and better trained. The Lithuanians,

for their part, feel safer from Russian pressure. The Baltics regard the Russians in their midst as the result of Soviet occupation between 1944 and today. Statistics show that in Estonia, for instance, the Russian population increased from 8.2 per cent in 1934 to 30.3 per cent in 1989. One of the most tense cities is Narva, close to the Russian border with 94 per cent of its population Russian.

The author thinks the possibility of Russian military intervention is real and will be 'justified' by having to protect the Russian minorities. He also stresses the fact that Estonia and Latvia have only been truly independent nations between 1918 and 1941 and their languages had to be developed in that period. Lithuania, with its involvement through Poland in European history, is slightly different but also indulges in the feeling of insecurity. This feeling has led to growing forces taking an anti-Western attitude because they feel entitled to anti-Russian Western aid that has not been forthcoming.

The 'ethnic cleansing' in former Yugoslavia is bound to encourage groups in the Baltic countries to think of the same if there is real trouble in the Russian Federation. The author helps us to bear that in mind.

LEO MURAY

GUARDING THE FALKLANDS

Reasons in Writing: A Commando's view of the Falklands War. Ewen Southby-Tailyour. Leo Cooper, 1993. pp.383. £16.95. 0 85052 3169.

Many men and their skills saved the Falklands in 1982. Some have been acknowledged. One who should be is the author of this book. In 1977, Royal Marine Commando Ewen Tailyour was ordered to the Falklands with a ridiculously small detachment of 44 men to restructure defence proceedings and to act as a 'trip wire' to buy time if invasion occurred. Privately, he undertook a detailed and unique charting of the Islands (for which he was elected yachtsman of the year) without which the very complicated amphibian landings would have been impossible.

Tailyour calls this mission his love story with the Islands he grew to understand so well. But the more he learned the more horrified he grew at the shifty attitudes of the Foreign Office, all too ready to let the Islands go to Argentina if they could be shuffled off quietly. Despite Lord Shackleton's Report in 1976, showing that the Islands could maintain independence with a few more yards of airstrip, the Foreign Office pleaded poverty, nicely overlooking the fact that far from being a burden the Islands had more than pulled their weight on the ecnomic front.

There had been Argentinian landings in 1964 and 66, and after the Southern Thule incursion of 1976 invasion remained a real fear for the Islanders. And a real fear to Ewen Tailyour, pulled out in 1979 for an appointment at Greenwich Staff College, where he continued to preach the danger and value of the Falklands, not only from Argentina but from a then envisaged Soviet stranglehold on South America and the Cape route; also the economic and strategic value of Antarctica.

He at least, was not surprised when the call came on April 2nd, 1982. 'Reasons in Writing', is a military requirement that those involved in an enterprise explain their actions. This book is an attempt to clarify the very complicated logistics of amphibious landing and the human conflicts too. Commandoes are of necessity somewhat maverick and were not encouraged by the disciplinarians of the senior services. In particular there were clashes with Admiral Woodward who seemed to find the Commando Brigade 'rather

an embuggerance', messing up his blockade plans.

In his final reflections Tailyour regrets the personal alienations which may have hindered victory and regrets even more he did not convince Staff College in 1979 that the Islands were worth bothering about. Like Rex Hunt, he concluded that politicians and the FCO were the biggest threat to the defence of the Falklands. He hopes that the large tri-service base now established should keep the Islands safe in their role as guardian to the southern entrance to the Pacific. But the political sword still hangs over the gains from that Austral autumn. And the ghost of the Malvinas (oddly named from the French settlers from St. Malo, once a British possession) has not left the South Atlantic.

MOLLY MORTIMER

MORE FRANKLIN

Re-Appraising Benjamin Franklin, a bicentennial perspective. Edited by J. A. Leo Lemay. Associated University Presses. 1993. 0 87413 448 X.

Leo Lemay of the University of Delaware has put all Franklinists in his debt by organizing the three-day conference in Philadelphia and Delaware in 1990 — the 200th anniversary of Franklin's death — that led to the writing of this book. He describes the result as 'the most ambitious single collection of essays on Franklin ever assembled'. It includes 24 essays from today's experts, four of whom came from foreign countries. The range is awesome, reflecting Franklin's own versatility. Owen Aldridge rebuts Franklin's alleged Puritanism. Claude Lopez asks: Was he too French?

Several literary historians discuss Franklin's social, religious and literary traits. He is seen not just as journalist but as publisher and bookseller, as deviser of practical projects from fire-protection and fire insurance, the cleaning and lighting of streets, and as inventor. But he was more than all of these. Robert D. Arner of the University of Cincinnati evaluates his campaign against drinking and drunkenness; Ronald A. Bosco of the University of New York at Albany assesses Franklin's role as crime reporter; the French literary scholar Daniel Royot of the University of Lyon sees him as the Founding Father of American humour. Ellen Cohn of Yale discusses the songs he most enjoyed and has a singing voice with which to illustrate the range; and David Yerkes of Columbia University probes his addiction to new coinages of words. This is a fascinating and diverse collection: the Father of all Yankees would have enjoyed this tribute to his genius.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE: THE CATHEDRAL AND THE PYRAMID

Mexico. James A. Michener. Secker & Warburg. £14.99.

James Michener has, by my reckoning, written some 35 books, prominent among them *Centennial, Texas, Alaska, Chesapeake* — and, to show that he does not limit himself to American themes, *Caravans, Iberia, Hawaii* and *The Bridges of Toko-Ri.* He is a superb story-teller, and his formula is fictional: he writes a novel as his central theme, but the characters are rooted in the soil and the history of his chosen country; their adventures reflect and embody its story. He is competent as geologist, as historian and as psychologist. And his books are rich in remarkable though 'minor' characters. Here, his central character Norman Clay is a Princeton-educated Virginian whose family roots

have been in Mexico since Robert E. Lee soldiered there in the 1840s. He is sent to Mexico as a Spanish-speaking journalist, to cover the duel between two celebrated matadors. By this device, Clay and the reader discovers or re-discovers Mexico and its turbulent history and his family's part in it: Spaniard versus Indian, Catholic versus pagan, the quest for the exploitation of gold and silver, war, civil war and revolution in the twentieth century. The result is a gripping adventure story that becomes also a vivid portrait of a fascinating class-torn country, which is almost incidentally a tale of the sad, bitter and dirty — and sometimes highly lucrative business — of being a matador. For bull-fighting for Mexico as for Spain is art-form, sport, big business and festival. It is 'sunlight sculptured by a flaming cape' — sordid, grisly, violent. But as told here it is near-poetry. This is a powerful and moving piece of work by one of America's best story-tellers.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SOME ASPECTS OF OXFORD

The Illustrated History of Oxford University. Edited by John Prest. Oxford University Press. 404pp. £25. 0 19 820158 3.

This volume has ten essays by ten different scholars. The essays cover a wide range of topics, from the relations of the University with the City of Oxford ('town' *v* 'gown'), Oxford's part in English history, the university's architecture, its contribution to classical studies, to 'life sciences', medicine and 'modern physical sciences', to 'modern arts', to the University's various collections and to a final chapter devoted to 'the growth of an international university'. As with all collections the appeal varies although the illustrations are of a high quality throughout.

In the first essay, the historian, John Prest, discusses the University's relationship with the City of Oxford although one wonders why the first essay was not on the University's role in English history, a somewhat more important topic. In John Prest's essay there is, to this reviewer, a somewhat apologetic note, as if the University had to apologise to the City for the powers it once had and for the influence it still has. One really should ask exactly what the City of Oxford, assuming it would have been raised from a town to city status had it not been for the University's presence, would have been without the University. The City has more than had its revenge through the motor works which transformed the university from being the city's centre to Cowley's 'left bank'. Once the Tudors had destroyed the abbeys there would have been little to distinguish Oxford from neighbours like Swindon or Reading.

In his essay on 'The University and the Nation' Vivian Green, formerly the Rector of Lincoln College, is surely rather dismissive about the Oxford movement when he writes that it was 'a backward-looking movement... [which] later contrived to inject some warmth into the liturgy and teaching of the Established Church'. If it was backward-looking so, too, is Christianity in that it traces its roots and mission to its foundation, something the Oxford Movement did, and did successfully.

Geoffrey Tyack, in his essay on 'The Architecture of the University and the Colleges', gives a good view of his subject although he barely mentions some of the most hideous modern buildings put up by the University and Colleges: they rival in ugliness anything the City erected in the form of council tower-blocks. The picture editor, if not Mr. Tyack, does, to be fair, include

a photograph (fortunately in black and white) of the Florey Building put up by Queen's College. When the Queen Mother, as Visitor of the College, came to open the building she was rumoured to have said that it was the ugliest building she had ever seen. She was right.

The Rev. Dr. Geoffrey Rowell's essay on the university and religion is well written and H. D. Jocelyn's contribution on classical studies is in itself a history of the university, especially when read in conjunction with the following essay on the University's contribution to modern studies in the arts by Alan Bell. While there is a glossary of peculiarly Oxford terms which includes for some reason, 'varsity', something this Oxonian never heard used, there is no chapter which describes the daily life of the University and its members in the 1990s. Unless one had been to Oxford oneself one would finish the book without knowing much about actual university life. Likewise, there is nothing about the growth of new colleges, the effect of admitting women into men's colleges, the University's current campaign to raise new funds, the problem of increasing violence against undergraduates (perhaps in delayed retaliation for all those centuries of ill-use by the University against 'townies'). Altogether there is a certain critical perspective missing in the book: for example, do efforts for a Japanese college in Japan lower the University's reputation even though they bring in money? We are not told of the debate about lowering standards in order to get coloured undergraduates. Finally we are not told of the University's shameful behaviour in refusing to honour Lady Thatcher, the United Kingdom's first woman Prime Minister and an Oxford graduate, with an honorary degree — and this in a century which has dedicated itself to advancing the cause of women. A great university can withstand criticism even in illustrated histories.

JAMES MUNSON

THE CALAMITIC BLADE

Walt Whitman: From Noon to Starry Night. Philip Callow. Allison & Busby. £19.99. 0 86031 708 0.

Edmund Wilson in nostalgic vein recalling Princeton, Class of 1912-16, remembers that 'indomitable buffalo', Scottish-German Duncan Spaeth, 'who was a permanent scandal by reason of his admiration for Whitman', including in a course on nineteenth-century English poetry a lecture on the good gray poet, whose biography he thus delivered: 'Walt Whitman — born on Long Island, died in Camden — found life beautifull'

Mr. Callow's biography serves us rather better; albeit there are sundry unexpected omissions. While confronting perfectly adequately Whitman's sexual fluidity — no longer the enigma it was once thought to be — young Pete Doyle and all, he, surprisingly, makes no significant reference to the Symonds epistolary inquisition and Whitman's Calamitic apostasy. Edward Carpenter, a contextually seminal figure if there ever was one, is regulated to the periphery. This seems odd, since it was from Carpenter's prose-poem, *Towards Democracy* (1893), that Whitman's influence was imported, as was purveyance in similar polemic style of the Uranian creed.

As Richard Le Gallienne's biographer, I was, naturally, saddened to find no reference to him in these pages. He, I realise, certainly was the most peripheral of characters, but he was Whitman's most devoted proselyte on this side of the duck pond, and it was he who, in 1894, when Henley turned the commission down, besought John Lane to allow him to edit the works of Whitman. William Michael Rossetti, however, is accorded due space as midwife to the

small blue book which, issued in 1868, cradled between boards for their first thus fledged appearance in England, a hand-picked brood of Whitman's poems.

The lacertilian Gosse, ubiquitous *post mortem* as he was in egregious life, is expectedly present. Mr. Callow reports his visit to the prophet in decline at Mickle Street, where the poet is still fending off the 'amativeness' of Mrs. Gilchrist, with whom he desires intimacy no closer than 'adhesiveness'. He does not report Gosse's about turn from fawning, sycophantic despatcher of a copy of *On Viol and Flute*, in 1873 — accompanying letter: 'There is no one living by whom I am more desirous to be known than by you . . . I draw only closer and closer to you.' — to his later and less reverential stance. Receiving Whitman's fresh from the press *Letters*, a quarter of a century on, that same devoted disciple calls them 'revolting' and comments: 'One doubts no longer, but I cast no stone'. Gosse, of all closet dwellers, was in no position to do so. With sickening condescension he continues: 'The strange old creature in his loneliness getting this queer gratification for his impulses'. Strange dialogue between Harmodius and Aristgeiton.

Whitman's blade of grass may well be thought, as Blake's grain of sand, a magnificent compression of the cosmos: his *Leaves of Grass* the Bible of Democracy. Indubitably his Song of Songs was the glory of the commonplace. But those leaves were of calamus grass, the common sweet flag grass of America, and not, for him, solely democratic herbage but also phallic symbol; and he who gathered them exposed himself by the display of a Hemingway-like insistence on his maleness that strikes as pathological. His fancy lighted, in homo-erotic fashion surely, on the youthful Washington bus-conductor, Peter Doyle, and turned — a gender mutation of Munby's celebrated predilection for rough-handed, booted, sooty-aproned women — to lusty, sweat-glistening stevedores, horse-busmen, drivers and soldiers. *Leaves of Grass* brought fame and infamy. His life was measured out, not with coffee spoons, but by editions of the *Leaves*. Prophet he may have been, but as his biblical precursor, without honour in his own country, and, in his fifth decade, reduced to peddling his own works, selling books from a basket in the streets of Camden.

The land that Whitman sang was a Never-Never Land, every bit as Pan-esque as that which Barrie's Peter piped. But it was *how* Whitman sang that brought a new dimension to poetry, made him our archetypal modern poet. The salt sea, beside which he was born, breaking upon the Paumake shore was, he said, what made him a poet. Its beat in his blood was his metric measure. Its surge and ebb and fall, the tides of his rhymes of sound called rhythms. From the leaves of his music, attuned successors, including Miller, Lawrence, Crane and the poets of the Beat Generation, have drawn liberating forces.

Mr. Callow pursues the real Walt, 'evasive in his thicket of identities'. He seeks the shadow, which, in this contrary case, is the reality. He has done his work well, with elegance and clarity, which makes this not only an essential biography, but a pleasure to read.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

KINGSHIP AND SYMBOLISM

Rituals of Royalty: Power & Ceremonial in Traditional Societies. Ed. David Cannadine and Simon Price. C.U.P. 351pp. 0 521 42891 2. *Crowned Heads*. Veronica Maclean. Hodder & Stoughton. 433pp. £25. 0 340 56214 5.

These are works that are not completely at either end of the same spectrum. In their way they are attempting to address the same questions: why have

monarchies arisen, and why have certain ceremonies connected with them developed?

The death of King Baudouin of the Belgians, *le roi triste*, has given rise to displays of grief in a divided nation, evidenced by the placing of flowers both within and without the palace gates, by his subjects. Interestingly, the very question of the succession had already been addressed. Two years ago the Belgian Parliament considered the possible succession of Princess Astrid, the king's niece, thus effectively abrogating the Salic law, which has cast its spurious shadow for many centuries. At the very same time Paul Keating, the Republican-minded Prime Minister of Australia, has suggested that it may be time for the Queen to retire, as she cannot represent the 'Australian-ness' of the Antipodean nation. The Kabaka of Buganda is at the same time restored, a monarchy thirty years in the wildnerness, and inducted into his kingdom, but in two very different ceremonies, attempting as it were to weave together two contrasting cultures, during one of which he touches the umbilical cord of his dead father, and in the other a crown made in Bombay is placed on his head by an Anglican prelate. Yet both are valid expressions of symbolic succession and continuity. Thus, even though the treatment of monarchy spans many centuries and cultures, we find the same issues addressed: simbiosis, empathy, representation and succession.

The chapter in *Rituals of Royalty* which is perhaps nearest to our own ideas in Europe of kingship is that concerning Carolingian royal ritual examining the anointing and election of kings in the ninth century. Janet Nelson, in describing the development of Frankish royal ritual, covers the great feasts as well as the involvement of the Church, concluding that it was 'an affair of the guts and the soul'.

The Christianization of ancient ceremonies is of course almost as old as Christianity itself, and is covered by Averil Cameron in her treatment of the Byzantine Book of Ceremonies, court ritual compiled by the Emperor Constantine VII Porphyrogenitus, a tenth century sovereign whose very name tells us how conscious he was that he had been born in the purple.

Strikingly, it is particularly monarchies now in Africa and in Asia, some of them naturally non-Christian, which tell us most of continuity and ceremonial and, with these things, the elusive but indelible exercise of power. Thus in the nineteenth century the King of Nepal saw himself, Richard Burghart tells us, as the divine actor in his realm. Divine he might be, but he had to share his divinity in a universe of thirty-three million gods! Prithvi Narayan Shah, the founder of modern Nepal, is described as 'shrewd, resourceful and ambitious'; in a word, he was powerful. Yet power can be exercised from less aggressive bases, especially spiritual power.

The monarchy of Madagascar which lasted until 1896 revolved around the revitalising ceremony of the royal bath, repeated every year; it seems no coincidence that the idea of ritual cleansing is also found in an extant British Order of Chivalry. A king and his continuity remind us of our own mortality and hopefully immortality, our own need to renew. Thus Michelle Gilbert, in writing on ritual and power in parts of Ghana, concludes that 'the king is distinguished from ordinary people in many ways. One is that symbolically he does not share their limitations of time. Ordinary people die and are dead. But the king is never dead'.

If a king loses that essential association with the people then even a monarchy 3,000 years old may come to an end, as it did in Ethiopia in 1974. These remarkable essays would be complemented also by the reading of *The*

Emperor; Fall of an Autocrat, by the Polish journalist Ryszard Kupuscinski, possibly the most compelling monograph ever written on this enduring subject.

Lady Maclean trekked round the world in her own personal royal quest to see and interview all the world's surviving sovereigns. She failed to see the imperious and assertive Beatrix of the Netherlands, the self-effacing Baudouin of the Belgians, (now, alas, gone before his time and never to be interviewed) the clever and elusive Hassan of Morocco, and the inaccessible rulers of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia; but she succeeded with all the others, no mean task. She is anecdotal and discursive, having most of the gifts of the good journalist and not all those of the good historian. She is sometimes inconsistent with her references and not always correct in her terminology and facts. Thus on one page Haile Selassie is Emperor of Ethiopia and on the next of Abyssinia, (where he is also consigned in the Index). The Queen Mother is referred to as a 'monarch', which she is not; neither is the ruler of Kuwait a 'King'. Philip II remained thirteen months in England on his first visit, and four months on his second. Yet these are small quibbles on an enormous and ambitious canvas.

Those keen on anecdotes will spot and take issue with her recounting of the Queen Salote and her lunch story. It is such an old chestnut, it has grown whiskers. Robert Lacey attributed it to Noel Coward, others to Winston Churchill. Lady M. rather whimsically attributes it to 'the typical Londoner'. Perhaps the other attributees were both that! The interviews of the intrepid Lady M., who reminds one of the great lady Victorian and Edwardian explorers, never daunted by anything, show an amazing contrast of personalities and cultures. Perhaps the words of King Juan Carlos of Spain best sum them up: 'Each king must reign in a different way when he succeeds. Each king must do so, and a king who reigns successfully in one country would not be able to do so in another . . . I could not be King of Siam, (sic) but I know my own country and my own people and I show myself all the time so that they know me'. It may sound simplistic, but it is also the recipe of a successful sovereign.

MICHAEL L. NASH

GOING THROUGH FIRE

And Who Are You? Adrian Gallegos. Adelphi Press. 1992. £14.95. 1 85654 066 9.

'Following for Gallegos — stop. Congratulations from us all on your escape — stop. All the best Gerry'. This is the text of a wartime radio signal received by Adrian Gallegos from Commander Gerry Holdsworth at Allied Force Headquarters soon after he had reached the relative safety of partisan territory in the north of Italy, then under the command of an SOE officer named Major Gordon Lett. Gallegos at that point had spent thirteen months in, or escaping from, a series of German labour and concentration camps in Bavaria and Austria during 1943-44. By relating the events which led up to his capture, and all that followed it, he unfolds a story of breathtaking adventure which makes *The Thirty-Nine Steps* seem almost colourless by comparison.

Truth we know is often stranger than fiction and in this book by Adrian Gallegos (whose title, *And Who Are You?* is probably, with a somewhat unwieldly and top-heavy construction, one of its weaker points), we read of superhuman exploits and endurance described with restraint, modesty and humour. Gallegos was born in Rome in 1907 of a Spanish father and English

mother so his background was cosmopolitan to say the least, and he spoke five languages fluently. When young he took British nationality. Gallegos lived in pre-war London and worked for a well-known firm of underwriters at Lloyds until 1940 when he joined the RNVR and was subsequently seconded to SOE and based at various times in Gibraltar, North Africa, Sicily and Italy. It is these war years which are at the heart of his book and which make absorbing reading, giving Gallegos's story something of the quality of epic and the heroic, though he himself would be the last person to make such a claim.

After a routine mission to infiltrate an agent by sea onto the Italian mainland, Gallegos was captured by Italians and subsequently handed over to the Germans. Masquerading as Italian he experienced appalling privations for varying lengths of time, in a series of thoroughly dreadful prisons and labour camps. The people he met, the brutality he encountered, and the hardships he endured before succeeding in his third and final attempt to escape, compel our attention and admiration. The story of his journey, largely on foot through enemy terrain and, against all odds, his eventual crossing into allied territory and meeting with partisans under the command of a British officer; and from there his last and final trek back to base and a transit camp in Rome concludes the wartime saga of a remarkable and courageous man. He said of himself afterwards that he 'had gone through fire and had come out of it unscathed and greatly strengthened'.

To some extent the reader of Adrian Gallegos's book is able to share in this catharsis. It is well worth reading.

ANN BONSOR

SHORTER REVIEWS

John Henry Newman Apologia Pro Vita Sua. (Everyman paperback. £5.99. 0 460 87232 X.) This new edition of Cardinal Newman's famous *Apologia* is most welcome. The editor, Dr. William Oddie, has prepared a marvellous piece of scholarship. This edition, at 438 pages, contains much more than just the text of Newman's book. There is a biographical note on Newman's life, an introduction that explains why and how the famous 'apology' — or explanation—was written, a chronology which will help those unfamiliar with the nineteenth century, Newman's own appendices, twelve pages of explanaaory notes and, finally, suggestions for further reading. This edition of what has become an English classic is extremely well presented and a credit to the publishers; its publication, at a time when religious debate in England is tackling fundamental questions about the English Church, is most timely.

Cultural Research Papers on Regional Cultures and Culture-Mixing. (The Octagon Press. 0863040 64 0.) The variety of topics covered by the twelve papers (edited by Tahir Shah) in this selection is very wide indeed. It ranges from the memoirs of Sir John Glubb — Glubb Pasha — concerning his time in Trans-jordan to secret societies in Sierra Leone and the survival of native beliefs among slaves shipped from Africa to the New World. Other topics include the story of the Moors in Spain after the demise of the Mohammedan Empire, the Ainu or 'first people of Japan' and cults in nineteenth century Britain.

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From "Music of Tears"
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POLITICAL RENEWAL ITALIAN STYLE

by Mark Gilbert

THE recent spate of bomb explosions in Florence, Rome and Milan has acted as a potent reminder that Italy is undergoing its most turbulent political crisis since the late 1970s. Whoever is responsible for planting the bombs, the purpose of the explosions is clear. The blasts are an attempt to intimidate the judges, politicians and thousands of ordinary people who are trying, with some success, to renew Italian democracy.

The underlying causes of the current upheaval are to be sought in the failure of post-war Italian governments to build a normal bond of mutual service and respect between the state and the citizen. The trains do not run on time, though this, in fact, is the least of the average citizen's problems. A more serious issue has been the ossification of the country's political class into a privileged *nomenklatura*. The complexities of the Italian political system, with its party lists, abundance of parties and permanent Communist opposition meant that Italian voters were either unwilling or unable throughout the Cold War to vote the country's governing parties out of power. This situation generated predictable results. By the mid-1980s, Italian politics was a by-word for corruption, jobbery, wasteful 'pork barrel' legislation and the pointless pursuit of personal power by the political elite.

Though this system had its defenders, it was inherently unstable. The first signs of public restlessness with the political system came in June 1991, through a referendum to simplify the electoral system and stamp out fraudulent voting procedures. One of the *nomenklatura's* most glaring privileges was the possibility of using the immensely complicated party list system to manipulate election results. This made the huge victory won by the reformers, in the face of the open opposition of leading figures such as the former Socialist Prime Minister, Bettino Craxi, a symbolic affirmation of the public will for change. The long-serving government coalition, however, especially the Christian Democrats (DC) and the Socialists (PSI), acted as if nothing had happened. Confident that their strangle-hold on the state television network and much of the press would enable them to mould public opinion during an election campaign, Italian leaders continued to play politics by the old rules. The then President, Francesco Cossiga, grasped that the parties were making a disastrous blunder, but his efforts to make them change their ways were undermined

by his eccentric methods of presenting his views. As a result, the parties only discovered how far they had underestimated the strength of public opinion on the reform question in April 1992, when they were given an unprecedented drubbing in the national elections. The ruling coalition only obtained a majority in Parliament by the narrowest of margins, and the DC slid below 30 per cent for the first time since the war.

Yet, in retrospect, the parties must be glad that the election was held when it was. Since April 1992, the political fortunes of the old guard have gone from bad to worse as the judiciary, sniffing weakness, began rummaging through the dirtiest political laundry in the western world. The subsequent revelations of the *mani pulite* investigations in Milan, Rome, Venice and Naples have shocked even hardened cynics. It has become clear that since the early 1980s major public works contracts were awarded entirely on the basis of enormous under-the-counter 'contributions' to politicians from favoured businessmen; that most of these *tangenti* never reached the parties' coffers, and that many leading 'statesmen' were living far beyond their declared means. Worse still, a clear connexion between the political parties and organised crime seems to have been established. This is not a reference to the judicial woes of Giulio Andreotti, whose alleged friendship with the *capi* of the Sicilian mafia and reputed involvement in the murder, in 1979, of the journalist, Lino Pecorelli, has still to be fully investigated, let alone proved. Rather, it is a comment on the situation in Naples, where a flood of detailed confessions from repentent *camorristi* and disgraced politicians has shown beyond reasonable doubt that the political hierarchies of the city were working hand-in-glove with the principal crime families.

No democratic political system, however well-entrenched, could survive wrong-doing on this scale. Even the competence and personal honesty of Giuliano Amato, the Socialist academic who became Prime Minister after the April elections, could not prevent the Italians from switching their votes away from the traditional governing parties at every subsequent opportunity. The biggest beneficiary has been the *Lega Nord*, the populist movement often characterised, falsely, as neo-fascist. Despite (or perhaps because of) the occasional verbal intemperance of the party leader, Umberto Bossi, the *Lega*'s share of the national vote has mushroomed from about two per cent in 1990, to almost twenty per cent today. In December 1992, voters elected *Lega* pluralities in two important northern towns, Monza and Varese. In June 1993, the *Lega* took control of administration in Milan, recording the highest ever vote, thirty-nine per cent, for a single party, as well as of numerous other urban centres in the Po River Valley, Italy's industrial and commercial heartland. The coalition parties, meanwhile, suffered their *Caporetto*. The DC were the main victims of the *Lega*'s success in the north of the country, while their grip on the south was loosened by the left and by the neo-fascist *Movimento Sociale Italiano* (MSI). The party now stands at a post-war low of just eighteen per cent: a projected change of name to the *Partito Popolare* may not be enough to save it. The PSI is still worse off: bankrupt, divided and

vilified by the press and by public opinion, it obtained less than five per cent of the votes in the June elections and is now facing a serious threat of extinction.

The *Lega*, however, has not been the only gainer from the collapse of the old regime. Public desire for change caused the electorate to vote by massive margins for a 'first past the post' electoral system in a national referendum held in April 1993; the leader of the referendum movement, Mario Segni, the son of a former President of the Republic and a long-time campaigner for a clean-up in Italian politics, now seems set to create a centrist force, the so-called *Alleanza Democratica*. This new party would attempt to act as a magnet for progressive Christians, members of the small but important Republican party, and disaffected socialists. More generally, it would establish a middle-class alternative to the *Lega*, whose supporters are predominantly lower-middle and working class. Segni seems also to be inching towards an accommodation with the only traditional political force which has survived the recent convulsions intact: the *Partito Democratico della Sinistra*, the former communists.

The PDS has had a good 1993. Relatively few ex-communists have been arrested in the corruption scandals, giving the PDS a comparative reputation for honesty. Its election results, while not spectacular, have been encouraging: like the *Lega*, the PDS can count on a little under twenty per cent of the national vote. The party has also shown tremendous powers of endurance. The PDS was an infant exposed at birth to the bitter weather which followed the collapse of the former Soviet empire, but it has emerged hardier for the experience. The party leader, the much-maligned Achille Occhetto, deserves a great deal of the credit for this achievement. Showing great persistence, Occhetto has steered the PDS away from Marxism and towards a form of progressive social democracy which is attractive to many voters, but which may be impossible to realise in the context of Italy's devastated public finances.

This thumbnail sketch of recent political developments in Italy serves to underline a central point. For decades, Italians have said that they were governed by a *partitocrazia*, a government for and by the parties. Italy is now a fully-fledged *democrazia*. Sovereignty has quite genuinely been transferred to the people; the people have now got to decide what they will do with it. For the moment, power is in the hands of a caretaker government headed by Carlo Azeglio Ciampi, the former governor of the Central Bank, but it is generally conceded that this is a temporary solution. Italy will have to choose between the new centre — Segni and his allies; the revived left — the PDS; and the new right — the *Lega*. The most likely combination here is, as Segni has implied, a 'Stop the *Lega*' coalition between the new centre party and the PDS. Yet Segni, a lifelong anti-communist, is not an obvious ally of an ex-communist party, while the *Lega* is less explicitly right-wing than its colourful rhetoric and populist policies (reconstitution of Italy into three federal 'macroregions', privatisation and limits on immigration) sometimes make it appear.

To complicate matters further, other new parties can count on sub-

stantial followings in certain regions: the *Rete*, whose leading lights are the anti-mafia campaigners, Leoluca Orlando and Nando Dalla Chiesa, have strong support in Sicily, especially Palermo. Nor are the old parties wholly out of the reckoning. The DC, though wounded, remains the best-organised party in southern Italy and can count on a large client vote. *Rifondazione Comunista*, the group of hardline communists which split from the PDS after the dissolution of the old Italian communist party, enjoy substantial support in parts of the south and in big industrial cities like Turin. The MSI has done disturbingly well in recent elections, especially in Calabria, the 'toe' of the Italian boot. Even under Italy's new 'first past the post' electoral system, all these parties can be expected to have significant representation in the next Italian parliament. How such a parliament will be able to form a coherent government is a question to which there is no easy answer.

This climate of acute political uncertainty is compounded by the dire state of the national debt, which has reached 110 per cent of GNP, and the still un-won battle against the mafia (the arrest of Toto Riina earlier this year was, however, a body-blow from which the mafia will struggle to recover). Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to be too pessimistic about Italy's prospects. The political changes of the last eighteen months have been exhilarating, and are not merely a leap in the dark, as many Italian commentators profess to believe. The respected daily newspaper *La Repubblica* worried that Italy was being handed over to the 'new barbarians' in the wake of the *Lega*'s landslide victory in Milan, but it is hard to see this as other than upper middle-class *angst*. Whatever the *Lega*'s faults, it does possess a serious and thoughtful economic policy, is committed to European integration and has moderated its earlier, somewhat egoistic, demands for northern secession. The PDS and Segni show a similar willingness to think hard about the purpose of their political activity. After decades of government by men like Andreotti, whose most notorious remark is 'power wears out those who haven't got it', government by parties which want to treat politics as a means to an end can only make a refreshing change.

[Mark Gilbert teaches in the Department of Political Science at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, USA, and has written on Italian issues in *Italian Politics and Society* and the *Political Quarterly*. He is currently writing a book, to be published in 1994 by Westview Press, on the collapse of the Italian party system 1987-93.]

ASPECTS OF THE WASHINGTON ISRAEL-PLO AGREEMENT

by Leo Muray

WITH the Washington Agreement, Israel, the PLO and the countries that support it, have set up the field for a five years' hurdle race. At every hurdle that one of the runners does not jump the race can end.

To start with, Israel is to transfer authority from its Military Government and Civil Administration to 'authorized Palestinians' in five spheres ranging from education to tourism. There is to be a Joint Israeli-Palestinian Liaison Committee plus an Economic Co-operation Committee that is to work on 13 specified sectors of the social structure from Water and Finance to the Media.

It is not said who selects and empowers these 'authorized Palestinians' and whether the Israelis will have a word. But it is obvious that it is Yassar Arafat and his faction of Fatah, the PLO key organization, that will decide. Revealingly, at the last minute, before Mr. Abbas, Arafat's current chief adviser, signed the Washington Accord, Arafat insisted that in the references to the Palestinian side in the text the term 'Palestinian' must be changed to 'PLO'. Thus Palestine was everywhere identified with the PLO, in fact with the Arafat faction of Fatah.

Another factor enters here. The PLO is made up of several Palestinian organizations of which Fatah is one. The PLO has several central bodies of which the General Assembly of around 600 members is the basic one that adopted years ago its Charter that calls for the elimination of the state of Israel and formally this has not been changed. Arafat's officials explained before the Washington Accord that it would take too much time to assemble it. But it has not been called yet after the meeting. Again, the top Executive Council gave Arafat only a tiny majority for the Washington Accord with non-Fatah members being absent and even some Fatah members like Mr. Kadoumi, the Foreign Affairs 'Minister', having resigned in protest.

It is obvious that Arafat wants to have complete control of the procedure on the Palestinian side in order to ensure that only his own supporters are selected for the various Committees and bodies. It is generally recognized that there is strong opposition to the Washington Accord among some Palestinians of all sections of society and that it will not be easy for Arafat's staff to find the score of delegates and officials that are needed. It is also obvious that the Israelis will have to have a say in the selection of members of these Committees and Authorities.

There is, of course, a remarkable and hardly discussed anomaly in that Washington Accord that creates serious uncertainties. It has hardly ever happened that a state, Israel, has made a formal, binding accord with a political organization, especially when such an accord covers a

detailed programme of action over a period of years. Arafat's insistence on the term 'PLO' instead of Palestine makes that anomaly more tricky. Nothing is being said about the PLO ratifying the Accord. The Accord leaves it to an 'Interim Agreement' to specify the structure and powers of the 'Palestinian Council' to be elected not later than July 13th, 1994. This Council is to have legislative and executive authority. It is to start negotiations for a permanent settlement with Israel on December 13th, 1995, at the latest.

Now that new Council will not be the PLO. Therefore it will not be bound, or expected to be bound, by the Permanent Settlement that is supposed to have been worked out by then. It is likely to demand changes. And nobody could blame it. Thus, by insisting on the PLO and not Palestine being the partner in the five years progress towards that undefined 'permanent settlement' Arafat obtained freedom of argument, action and responsibility by his last minute manoeuvre that exploited the commitment President Clinton had entered into. In essence it means that in December 1995 the new Council can refuse to ratify what has been worked out and ask for more, especially regarding a Palestine state which the Israelis have been careful not to agree to in the Accord.

Arafat is well known to be seriously concerned about the virtual crumpling up of his following. He is therefore showing that the objectives of the opposition to the Accord and its timetable, by both secular Left Wing Nationalist and Islamic groups, are also his in the long term. This comes out plainly in his statements, especially in those made after meeting officials of Arab governments whose support and help in real terms he does not appear to have obtained despite background diplomatic moves by the US and West European governments in his support. He announced quickly and forthrightly that he would set up shop in Jericho as a seat of Palestine government. Here it must be borne in mind that it is the 'area' of Jericho, the size of an average English County, and not just the town, that will come under the new administration. What is more, the Palestine side is already talking of a ninety-three mile corridor through Israel to link the Jericho area with the Gaza Strip. The District of Jericho is larger than the Gaza Strip, three hundred and seventy eight square kilometres compared with the three hundred and sixty of Gaza. It includes the key Allenby Bridge across the Jordan River to the Kingdom of Jordan. The Israelis insist on keeping control of the bridge. It is one of the real hurdles.

The setting up of a police force in Gaza and Jericho is another sensitive issue, especially once the Israelis have withdrawn from the whole of the West Bank next July. The Israelis want the PLO administration to deploy around six thousand police. The PLO want thirty thousand equipped with armoured personnel carriers and helicopters. The men are coming from PLO brigades in Jordan and Egypt. There are some Israeli suspicions that this is the beginning of an army. The force in Jericho is the more important one, because of Jerusalem and the Allenby Bridge. It has not yet been laid down how far the PLO Police Force will co-operate

if militants raid into Israel as Islamic Hizbollah does occasionally in the north.

Another problem is that Arafat may proclaim a Palestinian State in Jericho if there is a deadlock on Jerusalem. Arafat has repeatedly stated that the Washington Accord is the 'first step' towards a Palestinian state with East Jerusalem as capital, possibly a confederation with Jordan which, of course, would give the Palestinians a majority in the kingdom. Israeli Premier Rabin has stated that he 'opposes the creation of a Palestinian State' between Israel and Jordan'. He did not mention confederation and did not say what his government would do about it. One can assume from Arafat's remarks and his trips to secure the support of Arab rulers that he is confident that Israel will not take action if he declares early independence. The Western powers will put pressure on Israel not to.

The issue of security and police is closely linked with that of the proposed return of the Palestinian refugees. The PLO implies that it is part of the Accord. It bristles with difficulties and the Israelis are, in essence, keeping quiet, implying that they might consider just the 1967 refugees, those who fled in the Six Day War. The Israelis say there are 200,000 of them and they come, of course, from the territories they occupied in that war. The PLO says there are 800,000. But the PLO also demands that the refugees of 1948 should be allowed to return, now 45 years later — possibly one and a half million people. But they came from what is now proper Israel. It is a vital difference. Many are already asking for the return of their property. Many of the 1948 refugees have been kept in the Gaza Strip and sustained by the UN. In the 19 years of Egyptian control until 1967 only few were allowed to work in Egypt.

That refugee issue is, inevitably, linked with another, the borders of Israel. The Israeli side is reluctant to commit itself now to any lines. They regard the time until December 1995 as the time of testing the intentions and stability of the PLO regime and of the behaviour and actions of the Arab countries. Arafat, for his part, has left no doubt that he feels entitled to regard the Washington Accord as the first step not only towards the founding of a Palestinian State but also towards the withdrawal of the Israelis from all the territory they seized in the 1967 war, East Jerusalem in the first place. It is significant that the UN Resolutions 242 and 338 are quoted that order Israel to do so. They regard as binding the original text that mentions 'the territories' occupied that implies total withdrawal and not the amended text that says there should be withdrawal from 'territories' occupied, not specifying that the withdrawal must be total.

A key aspect of the Washington Accord is that President Clinton and the US are committed to its success in the first stages this year. The US has been supporting Israel since President Truman recognized it at once. But by agreeing to the Washington Accord Arafat has now gained US support. With the PLO fractured dangerously, the Arab states mistrustful because of his support for Saddam Hussein, and with the growing under-

swell of Islamic extremism Arafat desperately needs Western, American in the first place, aid in all forms, especially financial, for only then has he got a chance of establishing real control in the West Bank and Gaza and can risk setting up shop in Jericho this winter.

President Clinton is also committed to success and must therefore help. The current negotiations about financial aid from the World Bank are therefore crucial. The plight of the fractured PLO became more than obvious when they asked for a two billion dollar annual grant in response to a World Bank offer of three billion dollars stretched over ten years. Even this is a lot of money for a population of just over two million in Gaza and the West Bank, twenty billion dollars in ten years. The latest World Bank report says three point eight billion dollars has been lent to countries in Europe and Central Asia! The IMF, which is also involved can only lend money to countries after they have been formally recognized by the UN. The current meeting of the UN General Assembly may deal with that.

The string of assassinations within the Palestine camp shows that the December 13th date for Israeli withdrawal, first stage, is already questionable. It will depend on whether the PLO can establish — and maintain — effective security control. Any grants by the World Bank are likely to depend on that. So will therefore Arafat's authority.

The Washington Accord is a unique agreement between a state and a political organization. Both sides therefore have more freedom of action than two governments would have. At some stage it may become vital that the PLO General Assembly has not given Arafat the constitutional authorization for the Accord. Next July's planned elections for the Palestinian Council would be one of the critical moments. There is nothing certain until then, least of all ratification by Israel and by whom?

Two basic uncertainties dominate the process: will Arafat survive for the next five years and be able to show the Israelis that he can cope with the terrorists and will Rabin — and his successors, he is 72 — restrict concessions to help Arafat to survive to those acceptable to a naturally distrustful Israeli public? Arafat is now engaged in obtaining the approval and support of the various bodies of the PLO and this hangs in the balance, while at the same time Rabin has to face growing resentment and opposition with every murder of an Israeli by Islamic extremists.

THE LAST YEARS OF YUGOSLAVIA

by Hafizullah Emadi

THE past three years have witnessed unprecedented upheavals and rebellions by millions of people in East European countries. Rigid social and political structures disintegrated and tyrant after tyrant fell from the domain of absolute power when the rebellious masses took matters into their own hands. People rebelled against their system believing that what they were fighting against was socialism. They believed that only a Western-style market economy would deliver them from years of oppression and deprivation. The Romanian dictator Nicolae Ceausescu was executed, the Berlin Wall was torn asunder, and East Germany's Erich Honecker fled to Moscow. Bulgarians, Hungarians, Czechoslovakians, and Albanians fought for a Western-style political and economic system. In Yugoslavia, which was already integrated into the Western economies, the peoples' struggle took a different form — the struggle for national liberation.

To understand the failure of the Yugoslav regime and the resurgence of nationalism it will be argued that the ruling class in Yugoslav politics failed to exert its dominance in society. The first crisis was manifested in the construction of Yugoslav-style socialism based on the concept of self-management development in 1950-1980, which led to uneven economic development and growing foreign debt. The second crisis was reflected in Yugoslavia's circumventionist approach to the question of internationality which gave birth to nationalistic sentiments during Tito's rule and led to ethnic unrest in the post-Tito era and then to the disintegration of Yugoslavia. The ruling class failed to transform itself from a position of domination to that of hegemony. It did not seek the active consent and support of Yugoslavia's multi-nationality but rather relied on coercive force in maintaining its domination. The ruling class organized a powerful secret police apparatus (UDBA) and used it to suppress opposition. To become hegemonic, the ruling class (or faction) must prevail in society in terms of its economic, political, intellectual, and moral leadership through the articulation of a national popular outlook based on the active consent of its subjects.

Building and maintaining hegemony 'involves taking systematic account of popular interests and demands, shifting position and making compromises on secondary issues to maintain support and alliances in an inherently unstable and fragile system of political relations... and organizing this support for the attainment of national goals which serve the fundamental long-term interests of the dominant group'.[1] Hegemony also requires an accumulation strategy based on 'a specific economic growth model complete with its various extra-economic preconditions and outlines the general strategy appropriate to its realization. To be successful such a model must unify the different moments in the circuit of capital... under the hegemony of one faction (whose composition will vary inter alia

with the stage of the capitalist development)'.[2] The crisis of a modern state occurs when the ruling class lacks active social support. 'If the ruling class lost its consensus, i.e. is no longer leading but only dominant, exercising coercive force alone, this means precisely that the great masses have become detached from their traditional ideologies and no longer believe what they used to believe previously, etc. The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born: in this interregnum a great variety of morbid symptoms appear'.[3] Policies and practices of external social formation (multinational and transnational corporations) as an external factor also can precipitate the crisis of a modern state.

Yugoslavia emerged as a kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in December 1918 under the leadership of the Serbian King Alexander Karadjordjevic. It united the former Austro-Hungarian territories of Croatia, Slovenia, Dalmatia, Vojvodina, and Bosnia-Hercegovina as well as the independent kingdoms of Montenegro and Serbia. The King consolidated Serbian domination by creating administrative apparatuses (courts, police, and army) predominantly run by the Serbs. After having achieved this goal, he permitted elections to a Constituent Assembly in November 1920. Fifteen political parties participated in the elections. The Democratic Party led by Stojan Pribicevic captured the majority of the seats, followed by the Communists. When the Communists supported a workers' strike in Bosnia and Slovenia in December 1920, the government outlawed their activities. In June 1921 the Assembly endorsed a constitutional monarchy which was primarily based on a Western model of parliamentary liberalism. The Communists withdrew from the Assembly, objecting to the centrist character of the constitution. The Croatian Peasant Party led by Stjepan Radice also withdrew from the Assembly because of its advocacy of establishing an independent Croatian Peasant Republic. Despite the constitutionality of the regime, the King enjoyed enormous power and ruled the country single-handedly until his assassination in 1934. Since the King's son, Peter, was very young at the time of his father's death, his uncle Paul ruled the country until he was overthrown in a coup that installed Prince Peter to power. In 1941 Yugoslavia was invaded by the Axis powers. During the wartime period the country experienced bitter civil war and heroic resistance to the occupation forces. The Communist-led Partisan Movement led by a Croatian, Josip Broz Tito, organized and united various social forces against the Axis powers and led a successful partisan warfare. The Partisans succeeded in liberating the country and proclaimed Yugoslavia a Federal Peoples Republic in January 1946.

Prior to World War II Yugoslavia was one of the developing countries in Eastern Europe. In 1937 the country's total foreign debt was estimated at $388 million with annual debt services of 16 per cent of annual export earnings.[4] In the immediate post-World War II period the Yugoslav leadership formulated political and economic development strategies aimed at modernizing the country. Yugoslavia regarded the Soviet Union as a

unique embodiment of socialist construction and maintained cordial relations with it. Yugoslavia's political and economic development policies were based on a Soviet model of development. The 1946 Constitution recognized Yugoslavia's ethnic groups as separate nations within the federal system. Although the regime's policy concerning equality of nationalities remained symbolic in character, it constituted a fundemental departure from the policies and practices of the former government and it also served to legitimize the new regime. Yugoslavia was comprised of six officially recognized nations: Croats, Macedonians, Montenegrins, Muslims, Serbs, and Slovenes. Table 1 shows the country's ethnic population based on a 1981 census.

TABLE 1

State	*Population*	*Percentage of Population*
Serbs	8,140,507	36.3
Croats	4,428,043	19,7
Muslims	1,999,890	8.9
Slovenes	1,753,571	7.8
Albanians	1,730,878	7.7
Macedonians ...	1,341,598	5.9
Montenegrins ...	579,043	2.5
Total:—	22,427,585	

Source: Lenard Cohen and Paul Warwick, *Political Cohesion in a Fragile Mosaic: The Yugoslav Experience* (1983, p.163).

To modernize the country's economy, the state nationalized industrial establishments, cancelled all peasant debts, established collective farms and confiscated the holdings of foreign banks, private companies, and churches. Yugoslavia received substantial aid from the Soviet Union to build and modernize its agriculture and industries. Relations between the two countries gradually deteriorated over ideological and political issues. Stalin denounced President Tito and his party for ideological deviation, i.e not pursuing the collectivization of agriculture with sufficient vigour, abandoning the class struggle, and down-playing the vanguard role of the Marxist-Leninist party. When Yugoslavia was expelled from the Soviet bloc in June 1948, President Tito defended his position by arguing that his road to socialism differed from that of the Soviet Union because of material conditions peculiar to Yugoslavia which necessitated different institutional forms and developmental policies.

Early in 1950 Yugoslavia advanced the concept of self-management as the principle road toward building a socialist society. This new policy granted the citizens a larger role in decision-making concerning economic development and allowed the return of some portion of the surplus value to the producers. Yugoslav theorists postulated that a socialist society could only be established when decentralization and self-management intensifies and producers are in charge of direct management of the production. This type of thinking led to a series of political reforms and the promulgation of a new constitution in 1953. The Constitution changed

Yugoslavia to a 'Socialist Federal Republic', and allowed individuals who were not members of the Peoples' Front or the Communist Party to stand for elections to the Federal Parliament. The new policy forced most local party secretaries to resign as heads of local government institutions. Designated anew, the League of Communists was no longer considered to be a moral and political authority in guiding economic, government, and social life. As a result party membership declined from 779,382 in 1952 to 635,984 in June 1956.[5]

The reform led to a greater degree of enterprise autonomy, expansion of trade with the West, foreign investment and aid to Yugoslavia's economy. The expansion of trade and the ever-increasing rate of imported industrial inputs resulted in an estimated $250 million balance of payment deficit in 1961.[6] Foreign aid to Yugoslavia did not come without strings being attached. It forced the country to devalue its currency in order to bring the domestic price system more in line with international prices, and to open its economy to international currents so as to increase its participation in the capitalist world economy. The devaluation of dinars further crippled Yugoslavia's economy to the extent that in the late 1960s the bulk of enterprise net income was going to debt services. In 1969 most enterprises were unable to meet their financial commitments and some could not even pay wages to their employees, which led to increasing worker unrest in 1971-72. Foreign aid and investment increased Yugoslavia's balance of payments deficit to $1 billion in 1974.[7] Development did not proceed evenly throughout the country. Economic disparity between developed and underdeveloped regions, and differences between towns and villages grew. Table 2 shows per capita income between developed and underdeveloped regions in 1947-1973 (in dinar value).

TABLE 2

	1947	1955	1964	1973
1. Yugoslavia	1,682	2,306	4,276	6,456
2. Developed Regions ...	1,874	2,643	5,087	7,874
Slovenia	2,571	3,958	7,575	12,337
Croatia	1,758	2,776	5,048	7,769
Vojvodina	2,045	2,641	5,189	7,784
Serbia	1,668	2,090	4,258	6,525
3. Undeveloped Regions	1,241	1,592	2,704	3,887
Bosnia-Hercegovina	1,380	1,770	2,786	4,120
Montenegro ...	1,322	1,620	2,895	4,383
Macedonia	1,157	1,598	3,284	4,696
Kosov	839	936	1,528	1,966

Source: M. Bazlar-Madzar, 'Regional Development' in B. H. Horvat, (ed.) *The Yugoslav Economic System* (1976).

Growing regional differences on the one hand, and political and ideological deviation since the late 1950s on the other hand, culminated in the growth of various nationalistic tendencies both within and without the party and state apparatuses. Unitarism is closely associated with the Serbian majority, which articulated a unified and strong Yugoslavia. The Serbs had many grievances against other ethnic groups because they suffered a setback in 1941 under the Axis powers, lost political power

after World War II when the Soviet forces drove the Nazis out of Belgrade and turned over the capital to the Partisans, and were dispersed under a federal arrangement during Tito's rule. Separatism is identified with the developed regions of Slovenia and Croatia and irredentism has been ascribed mainly to Albanian nationals identifying themselves with Albania proper. These three nationalistic tendencies posed a major threat to unity and stability in Yugoslavia.

Since President Tito seized power in 1946 he and his party did not do much to resolve the question of internationality but rather adopted a circumventionist approach toward the issue. They contented themselves that the 1946 Constitution, which recognized six republics and two autonomous provinces on the basis of nationality, had established equality among the nations. In the 1950s efforts were made to weaken traditional ethnic identities. The 1953 Constitution, which stressed the common interest of the working people, led to the dissolution of the Chamber of Nationalities and its replacement by a Chamber of Producers. One of the main policies of the regime during this period included a campaign to cultivate a transnational culture that went beyond traditional ethnic and regional loyalties. To achieve this they began propagating the idea of 'all-Yugoslav' consciousness to create greater cultural uniformity.[8] The Yugoslav regime succeeded in instilling an 'all-Yugoslav' consciousness to its citizenry to the extent that in 1981 approximately 1.2 million people or 5.4 per cent of the total population declared themselves as 'Yugoslavs'.

When these measures failed to resolve ethnic friction a new constitution was introduced in 1963. The Constitution granted autonomy to local governments on the grounds that such governments would dispose of all or virtually all non-federal authority and stated that the workers management approach was based on the assumption that local authority and decentralization would improve nationality relations. The Constitution also stipulated that proportional representation of all ethnic groups in both republic and federal administrations must be on a parity basis. These measures institutionalized ethnic and sectional competition in the decision-making body of the state apparatus. Despite all these initiatives, nationalism remained as a strong force to be reckoned with. The nationalist upsurge in Croatia grew when a group of Croatian writers published the 'Declaration of the Croatian Literary Language' in 1967. The group maintained that the Croatian language had been suppressed by the Belgrade establishment in the same manner that they exploited the Croatian economy. Croatian intellectuals and party officials demanded greater autonomy, recognition of Croatia's contribution to the Federation, and relaxation of controls over the political and social life in their region. President Tito condemned the leaders of the Croatian League of Communists for their 'rotten' liberalism. During his speech to the Croatian Communist Party, Tito stated that 'in the present situation a surgical knife is needed, and I will not hesitate to use it'. The implementation of this policy forced many Croatian party members to resign from their posts. It also led to the arrest of the leaders of the Croatian Student

Association in 1972.[9]

Albanian nationalism also posed a potential threat to stability in Yugoslavia. Albanian nationalism, unlike that of Croatia, did not consist of economic demands, where the federal government could negotiate the question and accede to some of their demands or to replace recalcitrant leaders with those of their own choices. Kosov is the most underdeveloped region in the federation and the Albanians always demanded the creation of a Republic of Kosov, union with Albanians elsewhere in Yugoslavia or with Albania proper. Sporadic nationalist disturbances occurred in October 1968 in Prizren, Pec, and Suva Reka on the eve of Albania's National Day. In November approximately 3,000 demonstrators marched through the streets demanding an end to colonization, the creation of Kosov as a republic, and the establishment of a national university. It is claimed that five students were killed and 400 were arrested by security forces. To placate the dissidents Yugoslavia's leadership acceded to only one of the Albanian demands, the establishment of a university in Pristina (the newly created Pristina University received substantial support from Albania and its enrolment increased from 12,000 in 1971 to 35,000 in 1981).

To counter the growing nationalist impulse, the Yugoslav leadership resorted to the practice of old politics. The Party's Central Committee recalled a large number of veteran politicians who were dropped from the party in the 1960s to serve in the elite corps and approved an increase in military representation on the Central Committee. The majority of the military officers were from the wartime generation who also held high posts in the government in the 1950s. Return to old politics also necessitated a strong national leadership. To this end a new constitution was endorsed in 1974 which made Tito president for life. The increase in military representation was designed to support his politics and to enable the state to effectively deal with the growing ethnic unrest.

After Tito's death in 1980, ethnic unrest escalated again. The League of Communists of Yugoslavia (SKJ) introduced a new reform which included the appointment of a 23-member collective leadership of the party and an agreement that the presidency of the Central Committee as well as that of the Federal Republic, which is comprised of representatives of each republic and autonomous province would rotate annually. The reform did not please the disenchanted ethnic groups demanding political sovereignty. The demise of Tito on the one hand, and growing unemployment, decline in production and living standards and high inflation on the other hand, aggravated the situation. Table 3 shows Yugoslavia's foreign debt in 1972-1980.

TABLE 3

Year	1972	1974	1976	1978	1980
$ Million	3,437.7	5,061.7	7,419.7	11,547.3	18.485.8

Source: M. Ledic, 'Debt Analysis and Debt Related Issues — The Case of Yugoslavia'. *Ekonomska Analiza* 1 (1984, p.56); World Bank, *Yugoslavia — Adjustment Policies and Development Perspectives* (1983).

Ethnic unrest continued unabated throughout the country. The most violent demonstration erupted in Kosov and Macedonia in the Spring of 1981. Student demonstrators at Pristina University went on strike and were supported by industrial and mine workers. The Yugoslav leadership declared a state of emergency and dispatched a contingent of the federal police to stabilize the situation. Three weeks later another round of demonstrations erupted when 10,000 students marched on the streets in definance of the state of emergency. It is estimated that 30 to 40 persons were killed and as many as 1,000 were injured.[10] The government's selective policies and practices added fuel to Albanian nationalism in Macedonia. In Bitola the government demolished Albanian and Gypsy townhouses, built apartment complexes and distributed them exclusively to non-Albanians. Similarly, a market in an old section of Skopje (Bitpazar) owned by Albanians and Gypsies was turned into a parking lot.

The Yugoslav leadership condemned the growing Albanian nationalism and accused their leadership of being foreign (Albania proper) agents. Serbian apologists condemned Kosov Albanians for the alleged crimes against the Serbian population there. According to them 'the Kosov Albanians raped and pillaged . . . desecrated Serbian cemetaries and Serbian religious institutions. They set Serbian barns and haystacks on fire. They cut down timber on Serbian lands, and constructed buildings on Serbian property. No method or tactic was excluded in the effort to force the Serbs to flee Kosov. And they did so in large numbers'.[11] The Serbian press published articles blaming the Albanians for the rape of Serbian nuns and women, attacks on Serbs and the burning of the Patriarsija Monastery in Pec in order to justify the military crackdown of the Albanians. Most of the accusations concerning Serbian mistreatment as well as the burning of the monastery in Pec were not true. Most Serbs were leaving Kosov for Serbia due to shortages in housing, jobs, and basic amenities. Upon arrival in Belgrade they claimed to be harrassed, beaten and their women molested and raped by Albanians. 'Serbs hearing this in Belgrade, demanded that these poor Serbs be given preference in housing and in jobs after all they have suffered. The Serbian government has engaged in propaganda against Albanians in that region to raise Serbian nationalism and to justify its own Serbian nationalist aims'.[12]

The Muslims reside in four administrative regions: Sarajevo, Pristina, Skopje and Titograd. During World War II, Muslim intellectuals of upper class backgrounds formed the Yugoslav Muslim Organization (JMO) to defend their rights and protect the inherited rights of the aristocracy. Although the Muslims co-operated with the Partisans during the war, they formally capitulated to the Yugoslav leadership in the immediate post-war period and were allowed to manage their own local affairs. Muslim leaders co-operated with the regime and remained circumspect from any political activities. The government did not identify them as a Muslim nation until 1971. The resurgence of Islamic radicalism in the Middle East also had an impact on the Muslims in Yugoslavia. Young Muslims began

to identify themselves with various Islamic trends in the Muslim movement in the international arena, which ranged from Lybia's Islamic socialism to Khomeini's Pan-Islamism.

The Muslim's increasing demands for autonomy was not acceptable to the Yugoslav leadership because 'it would have not only revised the uneasy compromise between the League and other religious bodies but would have disrupted the balance of internationality relations within Bosnia itself'.[13] In 1983 the Yugoslav government outlawed the organization and arrested its top leaders, Dr. Alija Izetbegovic, Omer and Salih Behmen, and Ismet Kasumagic, claiming that they were informants of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini and sentencing them to various prison terms.[14] Melika Salahbegovic was charged for writing a letter to Khomeini which read: 'For 37 years I have been living in a Christian milieu and in atheist Europe, where a handful of sacred Muslims live in an atmosphere of falsehood and hypocrisy. It is no wonder therefore that my youth and that of thousands of my compatriots was spent staying along paths of ignorance, it is no wonder that we are returning to Allah. If we are submissive, it is our despair'.[15] Alija Izetbegovic was released in November 1988 and in May 1990 he and his supporters founded the Party of Democratic Action (SDA). Although the SDA split and another faction, the Muslim Bosniak Organization emerged in September 1990, the SDA succeeded in capturing 86 of the 240 seats in both Chambers of Assembly during the elections held in December 1990.

Growing nationalist upsurges forced Serbian party leader Slobodan Milosevic, who rose to power in 1986, to use any means at his disposal to keep the country from breaking apart. He began to exploit Serbian nationalist emotions by dispatching a group of his supporters to different regions to organize public demonstrations and agitate Serbian nationalism. In October 1988 Milosevic's supporters brought down the entire leadership of the Vojvodina province and established their authority there. They also staged a massive student and workers demonstration in Titograd, the capital of Montenegro, demanding the ousting of moderates who opposed greater Serbian controls.[16]

Despite Milosovic's desperate attempts to unite the country and consolidate Serbian domination, the national struggle continued throughout Yugoslavia. During the 1990 elections in all republics except Serbia and Montenegro nationalists won the majority of votes and drove members of SKJ out of power. In the Spring of 1991 Slovenia and Croatia declared their independence and the federal army was forced to withdraw as the UN peacekeeping force of 8,000 troops were deployed there.[17] Since there was no Serbian minority in Slovenia, Belgrade did not continue its military aggression there but it continued its attacks against the breakaway republic of Bosnia in the name of protecting the 1.4 million resident Serbs. Serbian local militias fought the Croats and Muslims in control of Sarajevo. Serbian leader Radovan Karadzic stated that 'it is like a jewel and you cannot give it up anymore'.[18] The world has watched in horror as the various factions have fought to grab that 'jewel'.

To conclude, the origins of the nationalist struggle in Yugoslavia can be attributed to the failure of the ruling class to articulate development strategies that incorporated the interests of the country's multi-ethnic population and invoked their active support. The development strategies which they formulated not only led to uneven development but also further indebted Yugoslavia to foreign economies. Foreign debt, high inflation, and growing unemployment generated public discontent throughout the country. The inability of the Yugoslav leadership to reduce economic disparities between various regions compelled various national groups to seek alternative solutions to their problems — sovereignty and independence. The emerging nationalist sentiments of the 1970s finally gained its momentum and led to the disintegration of Yugoslavia and to the savage war.

NOTES

1. Bob Jessop, *The Capitalist State: Marxist Theories and Methods* (New York: 1982), p.148.
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3. Antonio Gramsci, *Selections from the Prison Notebooks*, Hoare and Smith (ed. tr.) (London: 1971), pp.275-76.
4. R. Notel, 'International Credit and Finance', in M. C. Kaser and E. A. Radice (eds.) *The Economic History of Eastern Europe 1919-75*, volume 2 (Oxford: 1986), pp.252-64.
5. M. George Zaninovich, *The Development of Socialist Yugoslavia* (Baltimore: 1968), p.85.
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7. *Ibid.* pp.67-95.
8. Fred Warner Neal, 'Yugoslav Approaches to the Nationalities Problem: The Politics of Circumvention'. *East European Quarterly* 18:3 (September 1984): 327-334.
9. Zachary T. Irwin, 'Yugoslavia and Ethnonationalists', in Frederick L. Shiels (eds.) *Ethnic Separatism and World Politics* (1984), p.125.
10. Zacharay T. Irwin, *op. cit.*, p.127.
11. Alex N. Dragnich, 'The Rise and Fall of Yugoslavia: The Omen of the Upsurge of Serbian Nationalism', *East European Quarterly* 23:2 (June 1989), p.185.
12. Ronald Wixman, 'Ethnic Nationalism in Eastern Europe', in *Eastern Europe: The Impact of Geographic Forces on a Strategic Region* (CIA, 1991), p.42.
13. Zachary T. Irwin, 'The Islamic Revival and the Muslims of Bosnia-Hercegovina'. *East-European Quarterly* 17:4 (January 1984), p.453.
14. Hugh Poulton, *The Balkans: Minorities and States in Conflict* (London: 1991), p.43.
15. *Ibid.*
16. David Lawday, 'The Messy Unravelling of Tito's Union'. *U.S. News and World Report*, October 24, 1988, pp.50-52.
17. Jill Smolowe, 'Why Do They Keep Fighting?' *Time*, May 11, 1992, pp.48.49.
18. *Newsweek*, August 24, 1992, p.45.

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THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY: AN AMERICAN PERSPECTIVE

by Stephen Markovich

FOR the past several weeks I have been in Europe doing some work on German politics and unification. Over the course of my stay I have felt a creeping negativism regarding the status and the future of the European Community, a negativism that stems primarily from the gloomy reporting on the EC rather than from my own views of the association. Of course, not all of the media reporting is gloomy. Occasionally sunny sides are presented but these tend to be exceptions in a sea of negativism. More often than not, when I scan a newspaper article or watch a television newscast dealing with the EC, there is a pessimistic tone in the story. Moreover, the pessimistic tone seems to permeate all levels; whether the story covers a major issue such as Maastricht or a minor clause in a trade agreement, it is there. Over time the incremental effect of these pessimistic stories leaves the impression that the Community is in dire straights and that its very existence is at stake.

Now some of this pessimism is understandable. Not all is rosy with the EC. Individually and collectively member countries are suffering through economic sluggishness, if not economic recession; national tempers are fraying over currency devaluations and exchange mechanisms; the Community's competitive abilities in international markets are being questioned; and arguments over the future structure of the EC are reflecting disagreement and divisiveness. Covering any of these difficulties will admittedly result in a story that is negative in tone, and progressive stories over weeks and months will ultimately create a tide of scepticism over the viability of the Community itself. To avoid being caught up in this tide, one has to step back and review the positives that underlie the European idea, and these positives are substantial.

Consider, for example, the strong support for the Community that persists through the syndrome of difficulties. Despite the economic problems, the respective domestic concerns, and the close votes on Maastricht, member governments and their populations remain in favour of the European idea; governments are arguing over the type of Community and not over its continued existence; and popular majorities support the Community even though they question some of its specifics. A corollary to the internal support for the EC is the external attraction. European outsiders want to become insiders; they very much want to become members. For present members, it is a question of fending off applications until they decide whom to admit and how fast to grow.

The very size and wealth of the Community are also obvious 'pluses'. Along with the United States and Japan the European Community is one of the three economic giants in the world, and it has the potential to become the richest and most influential. Presently the EC has a total

population that is nearly one thousand million more than America's and a gross domestic product that is one thousand million dollars greater; compared with Japan, its population is about three times as large and its GDP nearly twice as big. With expansion sure to come the Community's size and wealth will continue to increase and concomitantly so will its economic influence. Of course, what America and Japan have and the Community lacks are the established unity of single states and the institutionalised power of national governments. But these are characteristics that the Community is developing or, more accurately, striving to develop in some form or other. Fundamentally these are the underlying points of Maastricht, are they not?

The unity and power of the EC, expressly the degree of unity and power, are critical points in the Community's continuing debate over structure and control. Because of the disagreements among member states over these points — varying from those who want the Community to remain a loose confederation of states to those who want it to meld into a supranational federal government — media reports convey a negative tone due to the substantive differences being reported. Much is made of these differences. In fact, too much is made of them and too often they are not put in perspective. These differences are important, to be sure, but it should nevertheless be stressed that, as important as they are, they are differences over which road to take and how fast to go on the way to further integration. It should also be stressed that they do not undermine the impressive unity that the Community has already achieved and do not erode the institutionalised process for expanding that unity. At most they slow the process down or cause a temporary delay. Even Maastricht, for all its magnitude, should be kept in this perspective: approval moves the Community down the road to integration; disapproval would have been but a pause in the trip.

Pauses, delays, detours, bumps — whatever they are called — are to be expected in an endeavour as immense and imaginative as the European Community. They have happened in the past and will occur again. In no way are they new to the Community. After all, to reach its present stage, it has had to endure the intransigence of de Gaulle, survive the oil crisis of 1973, and suffer through the growing pains of expanded membership; and it has had problems with currency values, farm prices, energy policies, and other issues. Some issue, major or minor, is always facing the Community; it is constantly confronted with problems that call for resolution. Sometimes resolutions come smoothly and rapidly and sometimes they are postponed indefinitely, and at other times they seem to go through frustrating periods of incubation as member states slowly work towards adequate settlements that gradually gain united support. When a particular problem proves to be especially difficult, the delays in resolving it or the decisions to table it are merely reflections of Community discordance on that issue at that time. An extended pause may be necessary for a consensus to evolve.

Failure to resolve a particular problem immediately or by some self-

imposed deadline does not spell disaster. Established, centralised governments are often just as slow and reluctant in acting on issues that have inadequate consensus due to internal divisions. Why should more be expected of the Community? Indeed, rather than criticising the Community for occasional pauses and postponements in its development, it should be commended for its excellent record in generating resolutions and overcoming difficulties. Over forty years, since the inception of the European idea, the Community has covered a myriad of issues, has met challenges and survived crises, and has steadily assumed more roles and responsibilities. All in all, it has been an impressive development, a development that has displayed resiliency and flexibility, and a development that says there is more to come. The future of the European Community remains promising.

By now some readers may be thinking: here is a genuine Pollyanna if there ever was one. Here is a dreamy optimist blithely glossing over fundamental difficulties and airily transforming problems into prospects. Pollyanna I am not. An optimist? Yes, but not a dreamy one. There are good reasons to be optimistic about the European Community. It does have problems, definitely, but, to re-state my point, despite these problems it continues to progress — at varying speeds and sometimes haltingly but nevertheless it goes forward. My main point is that we should keep the broad, steady development of the Community in focus when considering any one of its specific problems. By doing so, the problem is kept in proper perspective and the overall objective of the EC — to strive for peace and stability through economic and political co-operation — is not lost.

Lest this conclusion still carry too much optimism for some readers, let me turn to an area where the performance of the Community has been a disappointment, some would even say a failure, and that is its inaction on the Bosnian War. To this convulsive war the Community has reacted feebly. Rather than get involved and attempt to alleviate the cruelties of the war and the threat to European stability, members of the Community, especially the major powers, have let the war run a chaotic course. Instead of acting as a twentieth century Concert of Europe on a war in their own continental backyard, they have dithered over what to do. It is the dithering, let alone the lack of leadership, that has diminished the image of the Community and its principal powers.

Unfortunately, at least for Bosnia, the lack of Community leadership is due in large measure to the present weakness of national governments in the major European countries. In all of them — in Britain, France, Italy and Germany — the governmental leaders are struggling. In Britain, the Prime Minister, John Major, is having difficulty in putting his stamp on his government, and in gaining the confidence of his own party and of the British public. As a result he has been reluctant to take any risks on behalf of Bosnia, far more reluctant, judging by her public comments, than his predecessor, Margaret Thatcher would have been. In France, President Mitterrand is spent, partly due to ill health, but more so to the

beating his Socialist Party took at the last election, one which divided governmental leadership between major parties. In Italy the entire government, from Prime Ministers to bureaucratic officials, is racked by financial scandals that have undermined public confidence. In Germany, Chancellor Helmut Kohl, shortly after riding the wave of unification to a political high, now finds both his government and the economy under political siege. However, to Kohl's credit, early in the Balkan crisis he did urge strong action by the Community but could not get any support for his interventionist position, and, due to the memory of Germany's punitive occupation of Yugoslavia during World War II, he was unable to press his position more forcefully than he did. It was up to another European leader to take Kohl's position and push it in the Community but no one did. Had Lady Thatcher been in power, she most likely would have provided the backbone the Community needed to respond to the Balkan troubles. ('Maggie, oh Maggie, where are you now that we need you?' could well be a Bosnian lament.)

With the Community dallying it was up to the United States, a non-European power, to step into the breach. President Clinton, like Chancellor Kohl earlier, has urged more forceful action but has had difficulty persuading the Europeans to follow his lead. Reluctantly they have finally agreed to air strikes against Serbian positions provided the Secretary General of the United Nations sanctions these strikes, at least the first one. These cautious actions do little for the Community's image. What they have done is subordinate the Community to American leadership and UN decision making, and significantly these actions have subordinated the role of the Community on a matter within its own region. Such a feeble performance hardly bespeaks a resurgent Europe; it is hardly reassuring for the European idea.

From the onset of Yugoslavia's disintegration and ethnic wars the uncertainty and inaction on the part of the European Community, its dithering, as stated earlier, has done more to mar the image of the European idea than any of the internal squabbles in the Community. If the Balkan conflicts can be contained, if ethnic wars can be avoided in other parts of the continent, then the Community will survive this external trauma, much as it has internal differences in the past. However, if ethnic leaders throughout the continent have little to fear from collective European power, then the Balkan wars may be replicated in the future, and on a larger scale, with greater ferocity, and with increasing destabilisation for all of Europe.

Ultimately it is the Community's failure on the Bosnian question that can potentially do more harm to its future than the political-economic differences over accords such as Maastricht. On such matters progress is sooner or later made. On the Bosnian question, however, the lack of will and action may have long term effects detrimental to the European idea.

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ECHOES OF 1968

by Robin Varcoe

IT'S summer. Early August. A poor summer, cold and wet. Grey clouds swirl over the orchards and, in the fruit fields, the rows of blackcurrant bushes fade into a misty wash of hedgerow, tree and cloud. The leaves on the bushes drip with rain and glistening spiders' webs brush against my face and hands, wet from picking. The slippery yellow clay is stained red where berries have fallen from numb fingers and where, crouching, I have trodden them into the ground.

As I pick, I dream. A rhapsody of love and rebellion. Daydreams, utopian and omnipotent, nourished by television images of a wet May: the student demonstrators, linked arms and running; red flags, black flags; the singing of the 'Internationale', the cries of 'ouvriers... étudiants... unité!'

In May, excited and impassioned by the news from Paris, I had lain awake in the safety of my bed at midnight, listening to the live commentary from the Boulevard St. Michel, my transistor turned down low so as not to disturb the rest of the family. I had imagined streets of cobbles torn and piled up, helmeted police in long black shiny PVC macs clambering over barricades in the darkness, their batons and circular shields held before them like ancient combatants. I had heard the sudden sound of short explosions and imagined the tear gas, the water cannon, the running figures in the dark rainy streets.

These are the events which feed my dreams, the grandiose dreams of a schoolboy in the school holidays in August, picking blackcurrants with numbed fingers! My parents are far away, touring in their two-tone cream and grey Wolseley somewhere between Vienna and Prague. I have been left behind, alone at home for one month, alone in the large redbrick house on the hill, scary and creaking at night.

Alone in the large redbrick house, I invite school friends to stay overnight. Fruitpickers by day, in the evening we descend on the village pub in colourful, self-conscious clothes, velvets and silks, long hair growing longer with the times. Late at night back at the house, we inhabit the lounge floor, lying, sprawling on the carpet or sitting crosslegged and barefoot, backs against armchairs, drinking bottles of brown beer and smoking Gauloises 'Disque Bleu' (it was not just the events of May in France with which we intoxicated ourselves. We were Francophiles, reading Camus and Sartre rather than Golding or Graham Greene). We puzzle over cryptic notes on LP sleeves in the light of candles and listen to the singer on the record-player calling us:

'... tales of brave Ulysses
How his naked ears were tortured
By the siren sweetly sing-ing.'

Inside the dimly lit room, the lingering perfume of French tobacco pungent and harsh in our throats, we float and drift to the rippling of cymbals

and the loud, sweet and rasping base notes of the guitar, descending into turquoise, purple and crimson dreams:

'. . . and her footprints make you follow
Where the sky loves the sea . . .'

Were we lucky to grow up in the sixties, siren voices calling us, nurtured on the optimism of the times, the gush of historical possibility? No wonder we were utopian and felt omnipotent. For the first time in history a whole generation, not just a few poets, ascetics, philosophers or revolutionaries, were rejecting the everyday, crying out for other realities, mystical or political. 'Tune in, turn on, drop out!', 'Be realistic, demand the impossible!', 'Playpower!' Phrases straining against reality, encapsulated the meaning of the times and having no conceptual place today, resonate only in memory, in the wash of history.

A Saturday morning. No fruit-picking. My friends have gone home and I am alone in the house. My father is faraway in Central Europe and I sit at his desk in his study wearing a khaki safari jacket from the Army Surplus store, onto which I have stitched red felt patches bearing the words, painstakingly embroidered in gold on crimson, 'Anarchy' and 'Love'. Outside, the sun momentarily breaks through the grey August clouds, lighting up the dance of dust motes across the desk.

A pile of post for my absent parents lies in the sun's rays, and amongst the circulars from Book Clubs, the subscription renewal forms, the bills and final reminders in red, is a court summons addressed to my father for non-possession of a valid railway season ticket. Although I am surprised, even shocked, I feel also a curious pleasure. How often had my father, although a member of the Liberal Party, declared that he was 'emotionally, an anarchist'. I had wanted to believe him but had not. Now here was living proof; my father was not only cheating British Railways but he had also been caught and would have to go to court. Was he a criminal? Was he an anarchist? Somehow I fancied this court summons drew us closer together in rebellion, emotionally and politically.

I sit at my father's desk and write an urgent letter to him faraway in Central Europe, care of an address in Vienna. I write to tell him about the final reminders in red and the court summons but also to tell him he shouldn't worry, to reassure him, to welcome him as a comrade. I write about the coming revolution, telling him that we are in the last stages of capitalism, that I have it on good authority that capitalism can only last about another six months and that perhaps it will be over by Christmas! I extol the socialist future where public transport will be free, where private property will cease to exist and mortgage arrears will be annulled, with everyone granted their own home by the State, 'from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs'.

I was at that time, as well as being an anarchist, a believer in free love and an existentialist, also a 'Leninist' and a member of a group of Labour Party Young Socialists calling themselves 'The Lenin Club'. 'The Lenin Club' met on Sunday afternoons in that niche of conservatism, nearby Tunbridge Wells. The five members of this subversive organisation would

drink tea, read and discuss 'Capital', produce leaflets and write manifestos with Leninist slogans such as 'All Power To The Labour Government'. The eloquent and persuasive leader of this group of 'revisionists' (as we were called by those real revolutionary groups outside the Labour Party) was the elder brother of a schoolfriend. An emaciated and dedicated revolutionary, he had a degree in Russian and Anthropology and was writing a Ph.D. on the social life of baboons in order to support his theory of the existence of a socialist matriarchy at the dawn of human history. He had also converted his Roman Catholic father to Marxism and under his influence it seemed to me that the moment had come for me to reach out to my father and do the same. As I posted the letter to Vienna I was certain. My father would join us.

My parents arrived back from their holiday in the middle of August, my father unbelievably, and unexpectedly, furious at my letter. Was it my stupidity, my half-understood Marxism, my naive slogans and illusions? Or was it because in confronting him with the invalid season ticket, I had linked this minor oversight on his part, morally, with those who, politically, stood against everything he believed in?

My illusions, my omnipotence, were shaken but not shattered. In my mind there was still no doubt about The Revolution and that it would only be a matter of time. Paris in May had been a sign; one had to choose — the working class or the bourgeoisie? My father was quite clearly on the wrong side.

The Bayswater Road one week later. The fleeting shadow of a cloud in a blue sky, the welcome warmth of the afternoon sun after the past cold rainy weeks. Sitting on a low wall, the soot-stained London brick feels rough to my fingertips. I kick the heels of my desert boots impatiently against the brick, waiting, expectant.

People are gathering on the pavement in front of me, standing alone or in groups. Their words are lost in the noise of the passing traffic on the Bayswater Road. I slip off my wall to exercise my numbed legs and walk the first few hundred yards towards Notting Hill Gate. My first demonstration. What will happen? Will there be running groups in the road as in Paris? Linked arms, clenched fists and shouts of 'Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh!' or 'ouvriers... étudiants... unité!'? I walk back again through the thickening throng to the low wall and then a few yards further along to the black iron gates guarding the entrance to Kensington Palace Gardens. Two policemen in shirt sleeves standing behind the gates open them just sufficiently to let a black limousine through, and out into the Bayswater Road. There is movement in the crowd towards the car and towards the gates, but they swing quickly shut and the two policemen are joined by several others to form a line behind the thick iron bars. The limousine pulls unimpeded out into the traffic, moving off in the direction of Lancaster Gate. I try to peer between the black bars of the gates and beyond the line of police. Is this the nearest a protest can get? Where exactly is the Russian embassy anyway?

That morning, that Wednesday morning, no longer fruit picking, I had

got up reluctantly and sat at an abandoned breakfast table in the kitchen. I was the last, my parents had eaten and gone — my father on the early train to his office in London, my mother was busy somewhere round the house. I surrounded myself with a wall of cereal packets mindlessly reading their backs, in my ears the sound of Radio Caroline jingles from the transistor I carried with me everywhere, the sweet taste of cornflakes, sugar and milk in my mouth.

I sat there, the smell of toast under the grill, the sound from upstairs of my mother making beds, the comforting chug-chug of the washing machine, the singer on the radio, the familiar jingle before the news, then the newsreader's voice, serious and intense:

> 'Prague Radio announced early this morning that Soviet, Polish and East German troops crossed the border at 11.00 p.m. last night. The Czechoslovak government has denounced the invasion as illegal but has called upon the Czechoslovak people not to resist . . .'

My whole being was suddenly electrified, my mind awake, concentrated, listening to the words:

> '. . . Washington, President Johnson has held an emergency meeting . . . Prime Minister is returning to London from the Scilly Isles . . .'

The smell of burning toast. I jumped up and pulled it from under the grill, blowing at the flames. Bluey-grey smoke filled the kitchen.

> '. . . several people have been killed and injured . . . students have built barricades to stop the tanks. There are reports of firing around the Radio Station in Prague and tanks being set on fire . . .'

Opening the back door I threw the still smoking charcoal pieces out onto the brick path. Feelings of shock, anger and solidarity swept through me, a maelstrom of emotion. Also a feeling of being personally involved. After all my parents had only been back from Prague for a few days. Angry and indignant, it took only minutes for me to decide. I would catch the next train to London and protest outside the Russian embassy.

On the low brick wall near the closed and guarded entrance to Kensington Palace Gardens I sit and watch the large numbers of people who have now gathered — placard carrying demonstrators belonging to left wing groups, representatives of the main political parties. Czechoslovak nationals, trade unionists, office workers, students. The crowd is spilling out onto the road but motorists hoot in sympathy as they pass slowly, carefully by. A small group is allowed through the iron gates to deliver a protest message to the Russian embassy. Newspaper sellers, representing the larger Trotskyist and Maoist splinter groups, wander slowly through the crowd holding up their title pages with their banner headlines: RUSSIANS OUT! and SOLIDARITY WITH THE CZECH WORKING CLASS! The warm late afternoon sunshine, the diesel fumes of the passing buses and taxis, the noise of the crowd. I am thrilled, uplifted, expectant.

Then through the mass of demonstrators, in the mix of different clothes styles, hairstyles and political allegiances, I see a familiar face, an angular nose and chin, the high sloping forehead, the wavy hair greying at the

temples, the long curling lock that somehow would never keep in place falling towards the blue eyes. My father. 'Hello,' he says seeming unsurprised to see me. 'What are you doing here?' I reply fatuously, shocked at his sudden appearance. 'Oh, I thought I'd just come and see what's going on.' He answers nonchalantly, casually, looking around, a sceptical smile forming in the corners of his mouth, as if to distance himself from the protesters around him, as if not wanting to admit that he had come to protest himself. He knew he was in sympathy with the feeling behind the slogans on the placards, even if he disliked their means of expression and was opposed to the organisations they represented. An emotional anarchist, an individualist, not wanting to be part of a crowd.

I slip off the wall trying not to show too much of my joy at seeing him. This old game of suppressing our feelings. Did he know I would be here, I wonder but do not ask? Perhaps he had telephoned my mother from his office and she had told him where I had gone and he had wanted to join me. Or perhaps he had just come like me, spontaneously, not knowing I was here, a personal protest as a result of his shock and anger. Either way I looked at it, despite his attempt to disguise it, he was expressing solidarity.

I stand in front of him, my father in his early forties, the same age I am now. He looks hot in his white terylene shirt, tie and grey flannel trousers, his sports jacket slung over the bulging brown leather briefcase in one hand, *The Guardian* wrapped around one or two books in the other. He puts his briefcase down on the pavement between us. I show him a leaflet I have been reading and say: 'There's going to be a march to Earl's Court, to protest outside the Exhibition Centre. There's a Soviet Trade Exhibition on there.'

As I speak, we hear the sound of indistinguishable words through a megaphone and heads turn in the direction of the unseen speaker, everyone trying to look over the head of the person in front of them. Then there is movement in the crowd, barely perceptible at first, then a thinning of ranks in front of us. My father picks up his briefcase again and we start forward, across the pavement, off the kerb and into the road. Two police motorcyclists have stopped the traffic on our side of the road and the oncoming cars, buses and taxis are reduced to one lane. Placards are raised around us and in front of us I can see a red banner but also several blue, red and white Czechoslovak flags. The megaphone voice, much clearer now, bawls: 'Russians Out...! Out! Out! Out!'. As we move forward in the direction of Notting Hill Gate, the refrain is taken up by those around us, a powerful, dramatic chorus, angrily challenging the onlookers, the early evening commuters and shoppers. I feel they should be able to hear it in Prague and Moscow.

Later we stand in a crowd of several thousand outside the Exhibition Centre listening to Tariq Ali on a makeshift platform in front of the gates. Tariq Ali, already a media *bête noire*, with those recognisable dark eyes, thick drooping moustache and dark wavy hair in a side parting over his ears, his eloquent words and public school accent still distinguishable

through the megaphone.

We stand there, my father and I, surrounded by the chant of 'Dub-cek! Dub-cek!'; the clapping and cheering as a red flag bearing a hammer and sickle flutters in flames to fall in grey rags to the ground; then more chanting: 'Russians Out... ! Out! Out! Out!' We stood there, my father and I, in the crowd, dwarfed by historical forces we could not control, our presence a common silent protest, despite the revolutionary slogans and socialist ideals we could not share. My, our first demonstration.

It's summer, August 19th, 1991. I stand at the small luggage office window in the shabby main railway station of Hradec Kralove, two hours train journey east of Prague, and listen to the excited ticket clerk on the other side of the opening. Behind him I can hear Czech voices on a radio. 'Deutsch?' he asks me. 'Nein, Englisch', I reply wondering over his sudden interest in me. The Czechs I had met would often distance themselves from anyone appearing to be German. Then the shock: 'Gorbachev... !' The ticket clerk finishes his sentence by slowly drawing his arm across his chest. I feel the earthquake, the tremor under the 'European house', in my mind the memory of a President in a black limousine, falling forwards, the woman in dark glasses turning towards him. I hold my breath. 'Dead?' I ask in English, drawing my fingers across my throat. The man shakes his head. 'No.' He crosses his wrists. 'Morning... Radio.' He nods towards the radio and continues: 'Bad news.' 'Militär?' I ask in German. 'Sedm Konzervativnf', he answers in Czech, holding up seven fingers.

The next three days in Prague, the city of saints and their stone statues. They stand on pedestals, on parapets and on bridges, cling to façades, hang under eaves and dominate roofs. A tense three days, the world watching Moscow and CNN. On the third channel of Czechoslovak TV you can watch CNN several times a day, and on Channel One the BBC's 'Nine O'Clock News' is broadcast at midnight. Dramatic TV pictures of a courageous Russian and, so we are told, a Czech student jumping onto a moving tank in Moscow and gesticulating at the soldier in the turret as the tank moves forward to pierce the barricade of buses surrounding Yeltsin's 'White House', the Russian parliament.

On the afternoon of the third day of the Moscow coup, Wednesday, August 21st, I join the demonstration originally organised to remember the Soviet invasion exactly 23 years before. The 'soft' revolution has taken place in Czechoslovakia and now Czechs demonstrate in Prague in solidarity with Russians in Moscow, against the same tanks. I stand in Wenceslas Square in a crowd of ordinary Czechs, many middle-aged in dull ill-fitting clothes, the wasted generation, their grey lined faces marked by the years of nazism and communism. I strain to hear the speaker on the balcony of the 'Civic Forum' building at the lower end of the square. The voice is distorted by the poor quality loudspeakers. Feedback. Then silence, broken only by the flapping of pigeons rising towards a brilliant azure sky. It's cold in the square in the shadow of the solid impressive buildings with their stone statues and their windows,

crowded with faces, looking down on the crowd. What historical events these buildings, these open windows, the eyes of the statues have seen! This same square, dominated by the dark museum and the monument of Wenceslas at the upper end, is where on this day twenty-three years before, young Czechs armed with flowers had argued with young Russians in tanks, on an afternoon when I had marched with my father in far-off London along the Bayswater Road.

And where was he now? Strangely, coincidentally, he was not so far away. He and my mother were touring, again in Central Europe. They had been in Prague the previous week and for the first time since '68. Coincidence perhaps? And now my father had motored on alone to Budapest and, constrained by his lack of Hungarian and restless travelling, was oblivious this time of the historical events taking place. As I stood in Wenceslas Square I wished that he could have been there. It would have made things complete. Although I still had my dreams and ideals they had faded like old photographs. The years between — the loss of illusions, the abandonment of dogma. The years of rebellion were over. I was now an 'emotional anarchist', like my father.

This was the last demonstration here in Prague, in Moscow, in Paris, Rome, Berlin, London. It was the end of an epoch. Somehow *history*, that abstract personification, was trying to tell us something. It was wreaking its revenge for the years of misery and death carried out in its name. It was playing its own little joke, turning back on itself, attempting to complete the circle begun in 1917, but not quite, not yet. And somehow my and my father's lives were inexplicably moving with it, parallel but not quite parallel. He should have been there.

Silence as pigeons fly. Then urgent words over the loudspeakers. Czechs straining to hear what is being said. Clapping of the crowd, smiles. The sun moves slowly around the corner of the building lighting and warming our faces. A feeling of lightness and good humour spreads. Laughter. Soft singing in the crowd to the accompaniment of a guitar over the loudspeakers. It is 4.00 p.m. in Prague and 6.00 p.m. in Moscow. The crisis is over, the coup leaders have been arrested, Gorbachev is on his way back.

Half-an-hour later a small column of thirty or so pathetic and under-nourished creatures winds its way up Wenceslas Square to whistling and derision from the crowd. Mean, demented, pale faces, embarrassed by the jeers and unsure of themselves. They stop near the 'Muzeum' Metro entrance at the top of the square. Their leader, ill-shaven and gaunt, a skunk in a shiny dark suit and tie, looking every bit the cheap crook, tries to address his followers through a small megaphone. But his words are drowned out by the shouts of the crowd who have followed the column of fascists up the square in an attempt to stop them speaking. It was only a small group of thugs. A sign of the times? It was hard to believe such people would ever gain support. But it was a sign of times to come. History had not completed the circle after all. History had not ended. And this would not, after all, be the last demonstration.

KING HASSAN II — CREATOR OF MODERN MOROCCO

by Habeeb Salloum

'IT'S an archaic mediaeval system of government which must go.' This and similar statements are often spouted by Arab intellectuals when the subject of the Moroccan monarchy comes up. Yet, Hassan II, King and 'Prince of the Faithful', whose family has ruled Morocco for over three centuries, has transformed his country from an illiterate and backward land, at the time of independence in 1956, to a modern twentieth century nation — and this has been accomplished without destroying the people's pride in their past. His task was facilitated, to some extent, by the unbroken national sovereignty the country has enjoyed since the ninth century. This made the revolutionary fervour, which swept away a good number of Arab governments, unappealing to many of his subjects. For Moroccans, the King offers continuity, legitimacy and progress. A political genius, he has used these historic elements to his advantage, firmly controlling the government and striking with an iron hand the challenges of his internal enemies.

In foreign affairs, he has also been successful. During the Cold War era, he skilfully obtained aid from the West without alienating the East. Walking a tight rope for years, he rarely offended his western backers, France and the USA. When the French wanted their language to reign supreme in Morocco, he allowed his country to be Frenchified. Today, even though Arabic is the official language, to all ends and purposes, French is the working tongue of the land. When the Americans needed other countries to aid them in the Gulf War, he quickly despatched a number of brigades to Saudi Arabia and when they landed their army in Somalia, he sent his soldiers to help. In addition, American policies for peace in the Middle East have been supported wholeheartedly by the King who, according to some political analysts, was one of the unseen mediators in the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. It is appropriate that the Israeli Prime Minister stopped to see the King on his return journey to Israel after signing the historic peace agreement with the PLO in Washington. It is worth noting that the Prime Minister was publicly received by King Hassan.

Fiercely proud of his country's Arab-Islamic heritage and historical borders he has compromised on a good number of foreign issues, but not on the former Spanish Sahara over which Morocco has for years fought an intermittent war. Possessing a genuine mystical hold over his people which commands both respect and awe, he has, through the years, rallied the nation behind him. In spite of the fact that much of the country's wealth has been squandered in fighting the Polisario which is battling for an independent Saharan nation, the Moroccans overwhelmingly support their King. Memories of their country's imperial past, when,

Morocco controlled much of North and West Africa, of which the former Spanish Sahara was a part, arouses deep patriotic feelings. Only a minority, mostly intellectuals, disagreed, but they became voices crying in the wilderness. On the eve of the United Nation's referendum to allow the choice of independence or unity with Morocco, it is widely believed that the pro-Moroccan vote will sweep the polls. If this happens, it will be a major triumph, the epitome of achievement for King Hassan's foreign and internal policies.

During the last two decades, despite the war, great strides have been made in transforming the nation. Today's yearly GNP per capita of $1,100 is four times more than at the time of independence. All levels of schools have been constructed throughout the country. When Morocco regained its sovereignty near 90 per cent of the population were illiterate. Today, about 50 per cent of the people are literate — a significant improvement, but not overwhelming when compared to other Arab countries.

The attainment of near virtual equality for women is, perhaps, one of the greatest achievements of the King. The first time I travelled to Morocco in the early 1960s, a visitor could walk the streets of the country's major cities and if he saw an unveiled woman, she was likely to be a European. With the exception of labourers in factories, it was rare to see women in any of the work places. However, during my last trip, a few months ago, I noted that all of this has changed. Women dentists and doctors, professors and teachers, business and hotel managueresses, engineers, musicians, office workers, sales clerks and waitresses were everywhere. It seemed strange to see Moroccan women, dressed in the once all encompassing 'Jallaba' which has now been evolved into an appealing modern dress, riding motorcycles. It was as if I was visiting another world.

To a large extent, all this is due to the King's policies. Almost alone he has been responsible for giving the women of his country a chance to compete in the work-place, to reject the veil and to enter all institutions of learning — about 40 per cent of the students in the primary and secondary schools and 30 per cent of those in universities are women. Unlike many so-called revolutionaries in the Arab and Islamic world, he has gradually prepared the social life of Morocco to fit into the coming century. In spite of the fact that Islamic fundamentalism, with its message of putting women back in the home, is beating at Morocco's doorsteps, the King has refused to be cowed. He even allows his daughters to be seen in public and perform official functions — unusual for many Muslim rulers.

What has eased the evolvement of Moroccan women is the stature of the monarchy. Being both the descendant of Islam's Prophet, Muhammad, and a religious leader in Morocco, Hassan has had no problem in keeping those who would put women back behind the veil at bay. Inheriting a long Muslim history, his government offers the country Islamic legitimacy and this facilitates the task of instituting progress.

However, many women, especially feminists, do not give the King much

credit for the evolvement of Moroccan women. A very articulate career-woman told me that the King is not truly interested in giving females equality. She said that his daughters have only a high school education and the laws of the country with regard to women have not been appreciably changed. She pointed out that divorced women have no way in which to claim support and men can still marry up to four wives. Yet, despite her negative view of the King's policy, with the exception of Tunisia, Morocco has given its women more equality than most Muslim countries. A Moroccan university graduate who had studied in Canada told me that after returning home she had been invited to visit a revolutionary Arab country in the Middle East. After a few days, one of her hosts asked her to comment about the women of his country. She looked him in the eyes saying, 'What women? The only ones which I have seen are in your newspapers and magazines'.

To some extent, the Berber element — up to 50 per cent of the population — who, in the main, never put their womenfolk behind the veil, aided the King in his efforts to make women a working part of society. One of their divisions, the Touareq, who are found all across the Sahara from Morocco to Libya, give women a favoured status. Children take on their mother's name and females hold evenings of entertainment in which both men and women participate as poets, singers and musicians. Hence, there was little resistance when Muhammad V, the father of King Hassan, allowed his daughters to appear unveiled in public. They set the trend. Yet, pushing women back into the home has not been totally abandoned. Some Moroccans are aghast at the loose morals around the bars and nightclubs of the tourist areas. Others point out that the almost total Frenchification of the country has made women prey to the acceptance of European moral values. An eastern Arab who had lived for years in Morocco was upset when I told him that the freedom Moroccan women enjoyed made social life more pleasant than in eastern Arab lands. 'I guess you like the way the French have poisoned these women', he mocked.

Most of the younger generation equate the freedom of women to the French way of life. The Moroccan feminist leader, Fatima Mernissi, author of the book *Al-Hareem Al-Siyasee*, now banned in Morocco, responded when I suggested that her country would lose its language, traditional culture and history if the Frenchification policy continues: 'Do you want us to go back to Arabic so that our men could put us back behind the veil like they do in the Arab East?'

Educated Moroccan women now demand careers and a fulfilling life. They want small families and their husbands, in many cases, want them to work. Even the once conservative middle-class and poorer levels of society do not object to their womenfolk working outside the home. The high cost of living and education have torn down the conservatism of the past.

In other fields, political stability and economic liberalism have given life to industry and trade. In the last few years, the Moroccan economy has been rapidly freed from central control, state owned enterprises are

in the process of being privatised and banking reforms are being implemented. According to western business interests, the commercial climate in Morocco is second to none in the Arab world. However, there are dark clouds on the horizon. Sixty-five per cent of the country's exports go to western Europe, but Morocco has not been allowed, as yet, into the Common Market. The King is a keen advocate of improved co-operation with that part of the world. However, if the application to join is rejected, it could spell disaster for the country's export trade.

To improve food production, much effort has been put into the agricultural sector. Forty-seven major and hundreds of small dams have been built throughout the country and the irrigated land has been greatly expanded. I remember driving, in the early 1960s, through a mostly barren countryside from Casablanca to Beni Mellal, located in the foothills of the Atlas Mountains. Today, orchard after orchard of orange, lemon and other fruits crowd the same landscape. Other huge irrigation projects are scheduled to be completed by the year 2000, and this could, in the long run, halt the rush of peasants into the cities where they live in unbelievably poor slums while seeking work. Fifty per cent of the people now call the urban centres home — a dramatic change from a quarter of a century ago when 80 per cent of all Moroccans lived in rural areas.

Since independence, industry and mining have been greatly expanded. The mainstay of the Moroccan economy, phosphate — Morocco has 75 per cent of the world's known reserves — has become the country's major industry and it is gearing up for a major expansion. The Minister for Energy and Mines, Driss Alaoui m'Daghri, told a news conference earlier this year that in the next four years more than a thousand million dollars has been ear-marked for the expansion of phosphate production.

Tourist facilities, which were almost nil at the time of independence, are growing year after year — that is — with the exception of the Gulf War setback. Recently the momentum of increase has returned. Currently the Moroccan Tourist Board is launching a major campaign to promote cultural and 'up-market' tourism. Hotel expansion, especially in Agadir, where about 30 per cent of Morocco's 1,250,000 European and North American visitors head, is continuing. The 100,000 hotel beds in the country should rapidly multiply in the coming years. Bus and rail travel facilities have been gradually up-dated so that today they can match the best in other countries. The great majority of the people are very friendly and try to make the tourist welcome, usually in the visitor's own language — Moroccans are among the world's most accomplished linguists.

However, all is not clear sailing. A number of problems have to be faced and cleared up if tourism is to be put on a firm basis. Poverty is widespread and outside the main tourist areas litter-strewn streets and roadsides are common. All round historic sites, persistent beggars, tenacious street vendors, would-be guides and the odd drug dealer, annoy visitors to no end. Although much less than in the past, there are still a good number of tourist tormenters around. At times, nothing short of physical force can shake off these leech-like pesters.

In the political domain, King Hassan has transformed his country from a total theocracy into a multi-party democracy. But he continues effectively to control government. Most Moroccans have respect for the centuries-old monarchy. In much of the country the King's role as 'Prince of the Faithful' is accepted without question and prayers in the mosques are said to him and his family. This, and effective police control, have given him the leeway to evolve the country as he sees fit.

The fact that Morocco was never truly colonised, that Islam in the country is tempered by regional sensibilities, and that the King has the power to appoint religious officials, has kept Muslim fundamentalism, which is sweeping through many Islamic countries, at bay. Modern fundamentalism is considered political treason, a schism and a mar on the face of Islam by the Moroccan ruling class. Hence, all attempts to raise the flag of Islamic political parties have been ruthlessly crushed. Morocco has become a bulwark against the ever-increasing religious-political tide. But for how long?

The growth of hardline fundamentalism is very much related to the disrespect shown by a good number of tourists to the Islamic way of life, the Frenchification of Morocco, which is opposed by most of the inhabitants, the West's total support of Israel, the standing aside of the western powers while the Serbs massacre the Bosnian Muslims, and the ever-increasing demonisation of Islam in the western media. These are causing many Moroccans to seek an Islamic solution to the ills of their world. Underground work is going on by Islamists but, so far, their efforts have met with little success.

Nonetheless, the surge is thundering against the walls King Hassan has built. Will the ramparts hold the tide or will the Iranian revolution be re-enacted? Did not the Shah feel secure on his Peacock Throne?

The December number of the *Contemporary Review* includes a study of the factors which lead to *Homelessness Among the Young* by Desmond Stockley and letters by Kay Wagoner of her life as a *A Nurse in Romania.*

THE VILLAGE OF GHOSTS

by Raymond Tong

DURING the four years from 1949 that my wife and I spent in the ancient kingdom of Benin in Western Nigeria, we always tried our best to get to know the people among whom we lived. One of the ways in which we were able to do this was by rubbing shoulders with them in the Oba Market in Benin City, which we usually visited about twice a week. We never ceased to be fascinated by the colourful dresses of the women, the immense variety of goods and the endless, good-natured bargaining. We were, however, always particularly attracted by a stall where small crocodiles were for sale. They were considered a delicacy in many Bini households, providing a meat-dish which was, we were told, very sweet and savoury. They were brought into the city on the heads of women who had often carried them over twenty miles from the creeks in the remote south-west. On a number of occasions we had seen these women with their strange burdens toiling along the sandy, winding road which led to Gwato. The swamps around this little village were a favourite place for catching crocodiles, and one of the main sources of supply.

Gwato seemed to have been beckoning to us almost from the first day of our arrival. This had nothing to do with crocodiles, although we should naturally have liked to have seen one caught. It was largely caused by our interest in its history as the old port of Benin. This history began, as far as Europeans were concerned, in 1472 when Portuguese explorers, sailing along the Gulf of Guinea, discovered the coastline of what has since been named Nigeria. They called it 'the kingdom of Benin', and it was with the Oba (or king) of Benin that they first established a trade in ivory, palm kernels and red pepper. This trade continued to grow and so did the influence of Portuguese missionaries, who for well over a century exerted a strong Christian influence on the country. Besides building a number of churches, they even sometimes accompanied the Oba, perhaps with Portuguese soldiers, when he went to war against neighbouring tribes. However, since succeeding Obas tended to have a favourable attitude to trade, it was not long before other Europeans began to visit Benin. Most of them were surprised to find that the Oba's capital was an extensive walled city, with wide roads, three deep moats, and nine large gateways. A Dutch traveller, Dr. Olfert Dapper, became quite lyrical and wrote of how he was confronted by spires and 'eagle-topped turrets'.

All who visited the Oba's domains did so by way of the Benin River and the creek which led to Gwato. It is evident from seventeenth and eighteenth century maps of West Africa that Gwato, sometimes spelled Aggaton, was generally regarded as one of the most important ports on the Guinea Coast. Of course, we were well aware that up to the end of the nineteenth century most West African ports were scarcely more than a rickety wooden landing-stage above a muddy estuary. We were

still haunted by Conrad's Marlow and his nightmare voyage into that savage hinterland dominated by the tragic figure of Kurtz. We knew quite well that a Guinea Coast trading-station was usually only a single tin-roofed hut housing some forlorn, whisky-sodden outcast. We realized that Gwato itself, even at its most flourishing, was only a large mud village standing above malarial swamps. Nevertheless, this old Bini port continued to beckon us, and we were determined to pay it a visit.

But time passes quickly in Africa. My work as an education officer kept me very busy so that weeks and months went rapidly by. We had been in Benin quite a considerable time before we eventually found ourselves bumping along the Ekinwuan road en route to Gwato, accompanied by a Bini student who would act as our interpreter. It was still the dry season, and although the road was rough and dusty, it was reasonably good for most of the way. For the last two miles, however, there was nothing but a tortuous track, rather overgrown and snaking in and out around the massive trunks of giant trees. The path seemed to get narrower and narrower, and we were beginning to doubt whether we would be able to drive right up to the village, when suddenly we rounded a bend and found that we had arrived at our destination.

Gwato was even smaller and more desolate than we had expected. There was nothing at first sight to suggest the slightest link with its prominent past. There could not have been more than two dozen mud huts altogether. Moreover, the whole place seemed strangely derelict. There was nobody about but a naked child squatting before the embers of a fire. He did not seem to notice us, but went on staring straight in front of him, gazing at nothing with large inward eyes. When we shouted to him he jumped a little, as though awakened from a trance, then ran quickly behind a hut. He had obviously gone to call his sisters, for a few moments later five or six girls appeared. They seemed unusually timid. They stood staring at us vaguely. Then as I got out of the car to see if they would lead me to the headman of the village, they all took to their heels. This was completely unexpected. We had never experienced such behaviour in any other Bini village.

Eventually an old man appeared in the doorway of one of the huts. He looked at us fixedly for a few moments, then walked slowly towards us. He had white woolly hair and was so wrinkled that he looked rather like a wise old lizard. He did not seem unfriendly, and smiled as I shook his hand. The Bini student immediately explained that we had come to see Gwato, and that we were looking for the headman. The old man now beamed broadly. He was himself the headman, and would be pleased to show us round his village.

The people of Gwato now seemed to regain their courage. One by one they came out of their huts and drifted towards our car. Soon it seemed that we were surrounded by the whole village. They were clearly surprised at our presence. There was a good deal of gesticulating, and they appeared to be debating the reason for our visit. Even the headman did not appear to believe that we had come only to have a look at the village. He kept

asking me if I was the new district officer. I believe he thought that I had something to do with the introduction of a new tax. Even when I explained that I was only interested in the 'old stories' of Gwato, he did not seem completely at ease. Nevertheless, he maintained a cracked, saurian smile, and began to conduct us towards the bush at the other end of the village. As we walked along, from a rough count of the huts, I estimated that the population could not have been more than a hundred people. Yet even in 1778, when its importance as a port had already dwindled considerably, a certain Captain Landolphe was able to record a population of over three thousand. Clearly the village we saw was only a ghost of its former self.

We told the headman that we would like to see the creek as well, so he decided that he would show us this first. It was about three hundred yards beyond the village, down a steep slope. We found that the only indication that it had ever been a port was a peculiar mound by the water's edge and a clearing with a few fishermen's bamboo huts. The water was a dark muddy brown. The mangroves opposite seemed ideal for the lurking presence of crocodiles. As we gazed at the swampy, low-lying banks, we could well understand why the Portuguese traders had so quickly forsaken them and returned to their native land. We were thinking of the Portuguese when we asked the headman if he knew anything about the big ships which used to come there. He said he did, waving his arms in a mysterious, far-off manner. He then told us, obviously with some eloquence, that he himself had seen a ship bringing the white soldiers who had come to take over the country from Oba Ovonramwen. Although he had been scarcely more than a boy, he remembered it well. There had been much fighting. When it was over the white men had sent the Oba away from his country. It was all a long time ago and much had changed since then. Things had indeed changed, but as far as Gwato was concerned it hardly seemed for the better.

We were next taken to a narrow path through a steep defile leading up from the creek. The old man stopped and pointed to it very reverently. This, he announced, was 'The Pathway to Heaven'. Perhaps our faces did not register sufficient awe at this remarkable statement, for the Bini student turned round quickly and solemnly assured us that it really was the pathway to heaven. We were rather surprised at this, for he appeared to be quite serious. Yet he was well-educated and it seemed incredible that he should believe such a story. Seeing our surprised looks, he told us that many Benin people believed that this path was one down which all must pass on their way to the other world. He said that the people of Gwato often saw strange, silent figures passing through the village towards it. These apparitions never spoke to anybody, never looked to left or right, and were never seen again. Most people, he told us, thought that if a living person should walk down the path and happen to stumble, he would surely die within the year.

If a young man who was about to go to university could apparently believe such things, it was fairly obvious to what extent the actual

inhabitants must have been dominated by their macabre beliefs. We began to understand why the village looked so derelict. I felt that I would not have been very happy had I to spend the night in such a place. Luckily for the people of Gwato, like most Africans, they had no particular fear of the night. Indeed, it seemed that most of their ghosts preferred to walk by day.

Near the top of the path the headman showed us the spot where Esigie, an Oba who ruled Benin early in the sixteenth century, had placed a large brass bowl, which is now in a museum in Lagos. Esigie, it seems, was not only a wise and resolute ruler, but one who had sound economic instincts. Besides encouraging Portuguese priests to teach his people how to become Christians, he was even more accommodating to the Portuguese traders who accompanied them. However, although trade flourished for a time, Gwato was the only place where a factory was established. The traders had not the religious zeal of their priestly compatriots to sustain them. Little by little the unhealthy climate and its deadly fevers proved too much for them, until finally the enterprise ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The Oba was very sorry to see the Portuguese traders leave. It was at about this time that he had placed the large brass bowl at the top of the path up which all Europeans had to toil in order to enter the country. It was meant to be a sign that European traders were welcome in his domains.

Thinking about Esigie's brass bowl, it was evident that my initial suspicions had been correct. The passing of centuries had slowly changed the path used by European visitors into 'The Pathway to Heaven'. Heaven lay somewhere out there in the infinity beyond that dreary creek. The passage of white men had gradually darkened into the passage of ghosts. White men and ghosts had become mysteriously intermingled. This was a metamorphosis that would have greatly interested Sir Richard Burton, undoubtedly the most distinguished European ever to have trod that path. He had passed through Gwato on his way to the court of an Oba named Adolo in 1862. Burton was a most remarkable man. Not only was he one of the greatest nineteenth century explorers, but he was also the translator of the *Arabian Nights*. He was a brilliant linguist and had lived in many parts of the world, including India, Africa, the Middle East and North and South America. He was the author of upwards of fifty volumes of travel, novels, translations and poetry. At the time of his visit he had recently entered the British Foreign Service as consul on the island of Fernando Po. He had heard stories of how human sacrifice in the form of crucifixion was common in Benin and decided to see if the Oba could be persuaded to stop it. In retrospect it is quite obvious that Burton was bound to be unsuccessful. As the result of gradual decline after the last Portuguese priest left the country in 1688, Benin had come increasingly under the shadow of fetish-priests and of a much dreaded spirit who was none other than the Oba himself. It seems likely that Burton did not realise that the Oba maintained control over his people and the surrounding countryside by means of terror imposed by hideous

rites. Accompanied only by a missionary friend, and seemingly indifferent to possible hostility, he went striding boldly into the Oba's palace. Strangely enough, Adolo was very hospitable. Burton records how, on one occasion, they attempted to entertain the Oba with a song and a dance. The missionary solemnly played 'We shall meet to part no more' on an old harmonium, while Burton performed an Arab dance he had learned in his travels. Although the Oba was doubtless amused, when the party was over and Burton and his friend had left Benin, human sacrifice continued as before.

We had a further reminder of those far-off days as we walked slowly back towards the village. The headman suddenly decided that he would like to show us the village shrine where the gods and spirits were placated. He was its priest and seemed very proud of it. However, it turned out to be very small and of little interest. The only things which attracted our attention were the clay figures on the shrine. They were of crude workmanship, but where their genital organs should have been there were small cannons. Doubtless these figures had some meaning for the people of Gwato, but they were hardly appropriate decorations for a village which was once the port of an ancient kingdom. Moreover a kingdom largely remembered today for the artistic significance of its bronze-casting and ivory-carving.

After we had expressed our gratitude to the old headman, and were ready to take leave of Gwato, I suddenly remembered to ask about something which I had recently come across in the course of my reading. It concerned the grave of a white man who had died in the village over a century ago. Considerable discussion ensued from my inquiry, and a good deal of head-shaking. It was quite evident, however, that nobody had ever heard of such a grave. Yet a grave there had been, and the white man who was buried in it had once been famous. His name was Giovanni Battista Belzoni and he had been buried in Gwato in 1823. He was well known both as an archaeologist and an explorer, and must also have been a fine figure of a man. He was six feet seven inches tall, immensely strong and athletic. Before going to Egypt as an archaeologist, he had given strong-arm exhibitions in Astley's Circus in London. He had excavated the temples at Idfu and at Karnak, the pyramid of Khafre at Giza, and the tomb of Seti I at Luxor. Finally he had left Egypt in order to make a journey of exploration to Timbuktu. He had arrived in Gwato in December 1823, ready to start on the long inland trek. But the Bight of Benin did not have its evil reputation for nothing. Within a few days of his arrival he died of dysentery and was laid to rest somewhere above the creek.

An English traveller, Captain James Fawckner, who visited Benin in 1825, tells in his *Travels in West Africa*, how he went to Gwato and paid his last respects at Belzoni's grave. He describes how 'it is roofed over with a neat shed of bamboo, and a rude, but neat paling surrounds it, in order that no wild beasts may approach the sacred mound. A board is erected at the head, which has an inscription to this effect, that "All

travellers are reqested to keep up the grave of so great a man as Belzoni".' Obviously this request was not heeded for long: Africa tends to have scant respect for human achievement. The bush has all too often triumphed over even the noblest endeavours. It had triumphed over Belzoni's lonely grave. Today, as we had seen, not only is there no trace of this unusual man's last resting-place, but even the memory of it has disappeared entirely.

Fortunately not all have been so utterly forgotten as Belzoni. Some there are who have a memorial. On our way back from Gwato we visited what is probably the most interesting reminder of British endeavour in this part of Africa. It is a monument to seven British men who were ambushed and killed by Bini warriors on 4 January 1897. They were part of an expedition led by James Phillips, who had recently arrived in what was then called the Niger Coast Protectorate as acting consul-general. Like Sir Richard Burton, over thirty years before, he was appalled at what he had heard about human sacrifice in Benin and was determined to do his best to persuade the Oba to abolish it. Unfortunately the Oba at that time, Ovonramwen, was much less friendly to Europeans than his predecessor had been. In 1892 he forbade any further trade with Europeans and made it clear that white men who entered his country did so at their own risk. During the two years before Phillips appeared on the scene a number of attempts were made by officials to visit the Oba, but always they had been turned back by Bini warriors. It seems that this situation only made Phillips all the more determined to go to Benin. He hoped he could persuade Ovonramwen at least to allow Europeans into the country once more. Perhaps, through the constant visits of officials, human sacrifice might slowly disappear. He accordingly sent a message to the Oba indicating that he would be coming to Benin City at the very beginning of the New Year. He did not wait to hear Ovonramwen's reactions, but made preparations to begin his journey immediately.

The Oba's reply was not received by Phillips until he had reached the Gwato Creek. It was firm, but polite. Ovonramwen was at present celebrating a certain feast during which he was not permitted to be seen by strangers. He would, however, be pleased to see the acting consul-general in a few months' time, on condition that he brought no other white men with him. Clearly Phillips would have done well to have postponed his expedition for a month or so. Unfortunately he had firmly made up his mind to go on with his plans. He therefore despatched a messenger to the Oba announcing that he could not wait until the celebrations were over, but that he was coming at once, accompanied by eight other white men and the necessary African porters. At this point it seems likely that Ovonramwen very reluctantly agreed to receive the Phillips party. However, the group of chiefs who were sent to conduct them into Benin City had no intention of doing so. They were bitterly angry that these Europeans should come so arrogantly into their country in this way, and had decided to kill them. They prepared their ambush well. Rounding a bend in the forest-path from Gwato, Phillips

and his companions found themselves surrounded by a great many Bini warriors armed with guns and matchets. Only two of the white men were destined to escape. One of them, Captain Alan Boisragon, later published an account of what he called *The Benin Massacre.* The events described in the book caused considerable consternation and resulted in a military and naval force being sent to Benin. This, in turn, inevitably led to the British taking over the administration and banishing the Oba to Calabar.

As we stood near the Gwato road beneath tall forest trees, beside the simple cross upon a grey weathered stone recording the names of those who were killed and buried there, we were unusually silent. Perhaps it was a silence bordering on real respect. Although the Benin Massacre was only a brief incident in African history, the behaviour of the white men involved undoubtedly had a memorable magnificence. It is clear from Boisragon's book that at least some resistance should have been made. Phillips, however, regarded his mission as humanitarian and essentially peaceful, and although himself wounded, he would permit no retaliation. Boisragon records how at the outset of the ambush, on realising they were surrounded, Phillips turned sternly to his companions. One can almost hear the firm, cultured intonation of his words. 'No revolvers, gentlemen.' So 'no revolvers' it was. And although it was lunacy, it was lunacy of the highest order, requiring the rarest kind of courage.

[Raymond Tong worked for eleven years in African education and for over twenty years in the British Council. He has published a travel book and four collections of poems.]

EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

by Laurence Green

EDINBURGH in August is a city in festive mood where shoppers and tourists mingle with clowns, musicians and jugglers and where the sound of bagpipes rises over the daily hustle and bustle, for it is the month when the world's leading arts festival takes place.

The 1993 festival proved a resounding success although a fire which damaged the Playhouse Theatre just before the start put in jeopardy one of the highlights. Director Brian McMaster, now in his second term, quickly found an alternative venue — the Meadowbank Stadium — and the event went ahead playing to capacity audiences. Happily sponsorship was up this year at £805,000 and although no identifiable themes were apparent, the programme provided a rich and varied combination of music, dance, drama and photography, with events ranging from the recreation of a lost art form — Scottish Variety Theatre in its heyday — to a production by the Hebbel Theater Berlin of Gertrude Stein's 1938 re-telling of the Faust legend *Dr. Faustus Lights the Lights*, with the lightbulb the central metaphor for the human assumption of god-like powers.

The most eagerly awaited event was a rare production by Scottish Opera of *I Due Foscari* at the King's Theatre which opened the festival's Verdi season. This passionate early work based on Lord Byron's tragic poem, *The Two Foscari*, set in Venice, is a murderous tale of revenge and hatred, perpetuated through generations. The opera opens in the Doge's Palace, where the Council of Ten (Venice's ruling body) are meeting secretly in judgement on Jacopo Foscari, son of the Doge. Having been exiled after a false accusation of murder, Jacopo has returned illegally to see his family and native city. Now he has been arrested, but is determined to prove his innocence. He is brought from prison and taken to the Council for trial. Jacopo's wife, Lucrezia, tries in vain to seek an audience with the Doge and plead for mercy. Her distress is acute, and when her friend, Pisana, reveals the Council's decision that Jacopo has been condemned to exile once more, her distress turns to fury.

The Doge has set aside his love for his son and acted, not as a father, but as a judge. The Council, confirming the correctness of judgement, leave the Doge alone and despairing. Lucrezia finds him and pleads Jacopo's case once more: the Doge is convinced but, powerless to act, breaks down. In prison Jacopo is growing gradually more delirious: first he thinks he sees the ghost of another of the Council's victims, then fails to recognise his wife when she enters. His delirium turns to anger and a furious condemnation of those who are tearing him from his family. He and Lucrezia find comfort only in their love for one another. The Doge enters; his own death is near and he wants to say farewell to his son. Lucrezia echoes Jacopo's call for vengeance. Loredano, a member of the Council of Ten who has sworn to revenge himself on the Foscari family,

then breaks into the prison and drags Jacopo away to face the Council's judgement.

A harrowing exposure of injustice, envy and loss, the story which deals with the theme of public duty and private grief, is well brought out under Howard Davies's confident direction and a sterling performance by Bolshoi soprano Katerina Kudriavchenko as Lucrezia. On the evening I attended, Frederick Burchinal was suffering from a throat infection and mimed the role of Francesco Foscari, the octogenarian Doge, but the role was sung magnificently from the wings by Phillip Joll. The role of Jacopo was sung by the Chinese tenor, Deng. The production, strikingly framed in Ashley Martin-Davis's Venetian piazza set, had some unusual touches — chairs rising for no discernible reason out of trap doors, and coat-hangers floating upwards. However the biggest triumph must go to Richard Armstrong, making his first appearance as musical director of the company. His conducting gave eloquent expression to Verdi's enrapturing score.

By contrast *the Orquestra de Cambra Teatre Lliure* at the Usher Hall was a disappointment. This notable orchestra from Spain performed three popular works by Falla including *El corregidor y la molinera*, the original form of one of the most famous of 20th century ballets, *The Three Cornered Hat*, and *El Amor Brujo* which, with its famous ritual fire dance, is rooted in the deepest Gypsy-Arab tradition. But I found that the orchestra, under Josep Pons, failed to breathe life and vitality into this work.

The most provocative event was undoubtedly Peter Sellars's stark production of Aeschylus's classic drama, *The Persians*, at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, here updated as a Gulf War parable. The simple plot concerns the defeat of the Persian fleet by the Greeks at Salamis. Aeschylus depicts it drastically and unsparingly from the point of view of the defeated, or those destroyed by war. Equally the play is a piece of contemporary reportage. The ethical aspect concerns the responsibility of the next generation, which always has to accept the inheritance of its fathers, whether in angry alienation or in a faithful fulfilment of its duty. By drawing parallels between Aeschylus's text and the experience of the Gulf War, which shimmered across the world's TV screens as sanitised video games, the adaptor, Robert Auletta, endeavours to sharpen the relationship to present day wars and underlines the fatal connections of violence in the microstructure of the family and the macrostructure of the state. But by relating the story specifically to the Iraqi conflict, Auletta takes a gamble which does not pay off, for Saddam Hussein is a vilified figure, receiving little sympathy from any quarter, while the Americans are, for the most part, shown as the aggressor, with Xerxes (Saddam) clearly identifying 'the most arrogant nation in the world' as the US. The fearsome detail in which American firepower is described amidst the horrendous carnage — sirens wailing, cluster bombs exploding and women and children dying — only serves to ram home the political message and blast the audience into submission. Performed by only six actors,

utilising masks and microphones, on an entirely blank stage, the production has a haunting musical score by Hamza El Din and evokes strong images of the brutality of war. Nevertheless this seemed to me a misguided venture.

The official festival production was *A Scots Quair*, a theatrical triology based on Lewis Grassic Gibbon's saga of the life of Chris Guthrie, one of the great heroines of Scottish literature, performed by the TAG Theatre Company from Glasgow at the Assembly Hall. The three plays follow Chris's experience from adolescence to womanhood, from country to town to city, from the early years of the century, before the outbreak of the First World War to the Depression. The first, *Sunset Song*, set against the landscape of the Mearns in north-east Scotland, pits her love of the land against her desire to escape the narrow horizons of a farming community. It is an evocative portrayal of the passing of a way of life as a remote rural community is shattered by the external forces of progress and the Great War, which is made even more bitter for our heroine when she learns her husband died not as a hero but as a deserter. The second part, *Cloud Howe*, portrays life in a small town during the economic hardships of the post-war years and describes the social divisions imposed by the factory system. Here the tempestuous Chris struggles to maintain her own identity and values. Her marriage to the Rev. Robert Colquohoun is threatened by the torment of spiritual crises as he tries to reconcile his ideals with the harsh realities of life and the workers' lot. In the final part, *Grey Granite*, Chris and her son, Ewan, move from town to city in the Depression years of the 30s. Working in the steel foundry, Ewan's socialist idealism, confronted by police brutality and state violence, develops into communist activism, leaving him ready to risk all for the cause. Ultimately, the separate destinies of Chris Guthrie and Ewan offer fresh insights into the destiny of a nation and its people. Despite a certain folksiness and at times impenetrable Scots accents, this was a moving experience with a fine central performance from Pauline Knowles as Chris Guthrie.

The fringe continues to flourish. Now in its forty-seventh year it hosted a record 1,235 productions with an estimated total of over 12,000 performances at 165 different venues, compared to only 472 shows in the late 70s. The hottest ticket in town and to my mind the best drama at the festival was the first stage adaption of Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* by Red Shift at the Assembly Rooms. The year is 1912 and Gustave Aschenbach, a lonely, ageing man of letters, is drawn by an irresistible and inexplicable force to holiday in Venice. Aschenbach's European soul crumbles when he becomes infatuated with a beautiful boy. Mann charts the painful and poignant passage of his love with exquisite precision. Not even the whispered threats of a deadly epidemic can drive him away. Bound to the glory of the city and all that it symbolises his entire being is focussed on one need — to be close to the boy. The adaptor and director, Jonathan Holloway, distills the essence of Mann's timeless story of love and regret set amidst the decaying splendour of Venice, aided by

realistic performances from Michael Sheldon as Aschenbach, Richard Clare as Tadzio, the object of his fascination, and Jo Girdlestone as Aschenbach's wife and Tadzio's mother. The trio enact a multitude of roles, play instruments and manipulate the scenery around Aschenbach so as to smooth his poetic journey to oblivion. Here is a production in which the spectator really gets inside the protagonist's fragmented thoughts and half-perceptions. A truly memorable piece of theatre.

Out of one theatre and into another — in the same Assembly Rooms. This time it is John Godber's *April in Paris*, an appropriate comedy for the year of the Single Market. A discontented couple from Hull, married for thirteen years, win a holiday to Paris. Their first trip abroad, they bring all the worst excesses and preconceptions of the British such as built-in prejudices about foreigners. But soon, after sampling the delights of French culture and cuisine, they get bitten by the foreign bug and on their return to Britain enter another competition, this time to win a trip to Mexico. Enjoyable, if rather cliched, the play is enlivened by some good jokes, great French songs by Piaf among others, and two hardworking performances by Mark Addy and Amanda Orton as the couple in question, who manage to lift their characters from being mere stereotypes into real flesh and blood people.

A delightful fusion of music, comedy, ice dance and acrobatic skill was provided by *The Great Russian Circus on Ice* at the Assembly in the Meadows. This unique and highly entertaining show featured a monocyclist juggling with four bunches of flowers in mid air, a lady dressed in white who, while skating gracefully over the ice, released three doves into the audience, only to find the birds flying straight back to her, and three girls dressed in cerise-coloured costumes who skated in perfect unison to Strauss's *Blue Danube*. A real treat. The most impressive event in the Official Festival was the *Mark Morris Dance Group*, returning for the second year in a row, but, as mentioned earlier, they had to be transferred to the Meadowbank Stadium due to fire. The company performed two ravishing dance works to Brahms's song cycles, *Neue Liebeslieder Walzer* and *Liebeslieder Walzer*, creating a deeply affecting homage to loving relationships of every kind and size — straight/gay, black/white. *New Love Song Waltzes*, which has become something of a signature piece of the group, gives expression to an all-embracing amorous gusto. *Love Song Waltzes* is, in comparison, a more thoughtful, more restrained view of passion. In these works Morris paints a revealing picture of love in our time, a time clouded by AIDS. There are fleeting portraits of despair, comfort, ardour and loneliness amid a group. The programme also featured the world premiere of *A Spell*, set to four Shakespeare sonnets by the Jacobean composer, John Wilson, with the lovers' story moving through comic mime to become serious and poignant.

Completing a divine evening was *Mosaic and United*, with the dancers forming patterns and images that intensify the passionate tone of Henry Cowell's little known *String Quartets Nos 3 and 4*. The dancers tremble, thrust their flattened palms in the air as if warding off the malign

intentions of fate, and swing their arms in huge circles or grip their hands behind their necks. Often they fall to the floor, consumed with emotion. In the end they are absorbed into and given emotional sustenance by the whole group. The free flowing, elestic and fast movements of the dancers in these works again and again pinpoint Morris's endlessly inventive choreography, while the sublime voices of a cast of singers comprising the soprano, Amanda Roocroft, the mezzo-soprano, Felicity Palmer, the tenor, John Mark Ainsley and the baritone, Thomas Allen help the main section, the Brahms song cycles, achieve just the right dulcet, eloquent tone.

A major exhibition of the finest private collection of photography in the world was presented at the Edinburgh International Festival direct from The Metropolitan Museum in New York. *The Waking Dream: Photography's First Century* at the City Arts Centre explores the inspirational sources and signal achievements of photographers whose works span the medium's first century from 1839 to 1939. The 253 works in the exhibition, many rare or unique, and all of exceptional print quality, are drawn from a collection of over 5,000 images assembled during the past 18 years by Howard Gilman, chairman of the Gilman Paper Company. In the first section, the birth of photography is traced in a suite of seminal images by the inventor William Henry Fox Talbot, and includes one of the earliest (camera-less) photograms of 1835. Indeed one of the most memorable images in the show is Talbot's *The Open Door*, 1844, a salted paper print from a paper negative showing a broom leaning against an open door and a superb early example of the perfect interplay of light and darkness. An illuminating portrait of Victorian Britain emerges through a wide sweep of images, among them the photographs of Lewis Carroll (of, among others, Alice Liddell, on whom the character *Alice in Wonderland* is based), and Robert Howlett's documentation of the construction of the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship built during the 19th century. I was particularly impressed with the photograph of Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the personification of the Industrial Revolution, cigar in his mouth, standing in front of the launching chains of the great vessel.

Of the remaining five sections which include France, tours of the Mediterranean and Asia, the turn of the century, and the early modern period, the most interesting is America. This section is rich in luminous daguerrotypes and powerful historical records of the Civil War, abolition, the events following the assassination of President Lincoln, portraits of native Americans and the majestic landscapes of the American West. Two photographs, in particular, stand out — Chris Milton Bell's dignified picture of *Red Cloud*, the principal chief of the Oglala tribe in Dakota, and Andrew Joseph Russell's *Slave Pen, Alexandria, Virginia*, a disturbing work of a slave dealer's office in a quiet rural street, showing how injustice has become a way of life. The photographs in this exhibition provide not only a fascinating history of the medium but also a valuable record of the history of the West in the 19th century.

Another exhibition of great distinction was *Holbein and the Court of*

Henry VIII at the National Gallery of Scotland. The exhibition, which marks the 450th anniversary of the death of Hans Holbein, comprises twenty-eight masterly portrait drawings and five miniatures from the Queen's collection at Windsor. The drawings give a vivid impression of the members of the Court of Henry VIII — soldiers, politicians, family and friends. Powerful and complex characters are portrayed, often with eyes and facial expressions which give clues to the characters: Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Fisher, the treacherous Richard Southwell and the poet, Henry Howard, whom he betrayed. They are among Holbein's finest works and display his deft drawing style and incisive grasp of physiognomy. The miniatures, created as portable mementos, reveal different aspects of the artist's ability: his striking use of colour and exquisite handling of paint are evident, even on a minute scale. The exhibition can be seen at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge from October 2-January 9, 1994 and at the National Portrait Gallery, London from January 21-April 17, 1994 and should not be missed. Truly a festival of many delights.

The Directors, Editor and Staff of the *Contemporary Review* regret to announce the death of our long-time Finance Director, Mr. Leonard Skipp. We together with our printers Mandeville Press, extend our sympathy to his wife and family.

Literary Supplement

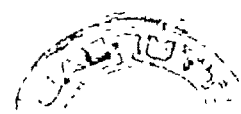
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLICANS

Evangelicals and Politics in Antebellum America. Richard J. Carwardine. Yale University Press. xx + 487. £35.00. 0 300 05413 0.

As someone brought up in the American South, with ancestors who fought and died for the Confederacy, I admit that I have always found it difficult to understand why in 1861 northern Americans gave up their lives to force unwilling states to stay in a discredited union. On the other hand, I have never had difficulty understanding why Southerners flocked to the colours — to defend their homes, their states and their way of life from those who refused to let them 'depart in peace'. This invaluable book explains the why behind the North's position in 1861. It explains the relationship of America's dominant religious tradition — Evangelical Christianity — and its role in bringing on the War Between the States.

English readers are aware of the role contemporary religion plays in American politics and life: they well remember the influence of Evangelical preachers in the 1980s. Dr. Carwardine, an historian of American history who teaches in the University of Sheffield, sets out to explain the role of Evangelical religion in the 1840s and 1850s. While discussing the make-up of the leading Protestant denominations he concentrates on the presidential elections between 1840 and 1848, on the introduction of the slavery question into national politics and on the collapse of existing political parties in the 1850s. American political history has been one of evolution: a certain arrangement of political parties and issues dominate for an era and then give way to a new arrangement. Politics were more fluid and innovative than in England. If this tradition has died out it is probably due to cost. The exception, like Mr. Ross Perot, may have shot himself in the foot last year but it was a millionaire's foot. Even with his millions he could not create a new party. Realigning existing parties to stand for things which ten years earlier they eschewed is the easier, and cheaper, option both here and in America.

In the 1850s America saw a major rearrangement: the creation of a purely and openly sectional party — the Republicans in the Northwest — and with the break-up of the Democratic party in 1860, the loss of a truly national (or perhaps, better, nation-wide) party. The author has spent years in research among all the vast mountains of religious archive. What Dr. Carwardine does with great verve is to show how this new Republican party was created. In some ways it was not so much a party as a movement and the resemblance to twentieth-century fascists is interesting: there was the same emphasis on public demonstrations, torch-lit marches, distinctive dress, an appeal to young men, a high moral tone which claimed exclusive morality for its supporters and a doctrine of racial purity: the new territories to the west must be kept free of slavery, by which was often meant free of blacks. There was also the perennial American desire to kick out the corrupt establishment in Washington and replace it with a pure new man: in this case it was Lincoln, now it is Clinton. Dr. Carwardine is too kind to Abraham Lincoln: one can easily argue that he was just another time-serving, and hypocritical politician with a gift for words. His record in creating the nearest thing the United States have ever known to a military dictatorship tells us something not just of the problems he faced as President but of his own character.



The real importance of the book, however, lies in explaining what the appeal of the Republican movement was to those young men who would troop off to war. It played on their religious faith, their patriotism, their naivety and their ignorance of and fear of the South. The South was, after all expanding territorily in the 1840s and 1850s as witness the annexation of Texas and with suitable propaganda could be, and was, seen as a dangerous foe. As Dr. Carwardine writes, 'The Republican party may not have been in any simple sense "the Christian party in politics". But for northern anti-slavery evangelicals it deserved that mantle far more than any other party in the republic's history'. It was these same young antislavery evangelicals who, reared on antislavery novels and politicised religion, marched off to war in 1861. This deeply researched and well written book will undoubtedly become required reading for all who wish to understand what happened in 1861 and why.

JAMES MUNSON

EUROPE AS IT WAS

The Making of Europe, Conquest, Colonization and Cultural Change 950-1350. Robert Bartlett. Allen Lane, Penguin Press. 432pp. £22.50. 0 713 89014 0.

This is the story — over 400 years — of the original Europe and its expansion. It is also a searching analysis based on extremely thorough research, listed in over one hundred pages. What strikes one almost at once is that this Europe resembles in its territories the original Common Market countries. The forces, political, religious, economic, that started the 'European' expansion were those that formed the core of the empire of Charlemagne, Northern Italy, Flanders, the Rhine Valley, Northern France. And the original leaders of the Common Market — Adenauer of West Germany, Schumann of France, de Gasperi of Italy — came from these regions. It is also intriguing that the expansion story the author tells has as its core the colonization of the lands east of the Elbe, exactly the regions that belonged to the Soviet bloc when the Common Market was founded with its capital, Brussels, in the Carolingian heartlands and its Charlemagne Prize for political achievements.

This book is rather essential for an assessment of the strive for European Union. It is also remarkable that England and Castile were just attached to that movement of the 'Carolingian Continent'. The author stresses at the end that the colonizing society created in these 400 years, by 'conquest, colonization, Christianization, the techniques of settling in a new land, the ability to maintain cultural identity' made the European Christians fit to explore and expand into the Americas, Asia and Africa. The author dwells on the essentials of post Carolingian expansion, knights who built castles in conquered lands, the Latin Christendom that produced the Orders that were also organizers of business-like arts and crafts, the burgesses of the new chartered towns who paid the new tithes and tolls, the local lords who issued the charters and minted coins in lands that had never known them. In Prussia the Teutonic Knights founded 100 towns and 1,100 villages, in Silesia the Saxon warlords did better, 120 towns, 1,200 villages. The native Prussians were Pagan Balts and the Silesians were Slavs, Wends and Sorbs.

The author reports in arresting detail the conflict, in social terms, between the conquering Franks, Germans, English and Castiles and the natives. The Germans had an easier task for the lands beyond the Elbe had mostly a thin rural population, pagan, and underdeveloped in today's terms, whereas the

English were challenging a developed Celtic Christianity, later absorbed, while the Castiles faced a developed, and in Middle Age terms, advanced and literate Moslem society. The Crusades are also dealt with as the conflict in which the 'Europeans' lost out. Yet, later, the Europeans made full use of the instrument of expansion that the Moslem states and the Constantinople Empire never really mastered — the sailing ships. In 1368, 700 vessels used Lubeck.

The role of the Catholic church is also illuminated. The Bishoprics and dioceses created, often at the request of the military leaders, were also at the start centres of tool making, arts and crafts and some literacy. In the year 1200 there were 800 Bishoprics. A vivid account is given of the key role the aristocracy played in the control of the conquered lands, the influence foreign wives exerted, the assimilation of the natives that resulted. Race relations are discussed in sometimes arresting detail. One belonged to a race because of one's language. Edward III decreed that no one of English descent should speak Irish to other Englishmen. The long-haired 'Irish hairstyle' was banned. In Germany some craftsmen guilds only allowed members and apprentices who could prove their German origin. In frontier regions different laws applied to different ethnic groups. But in 1284, Edward I introduced the right of women to inherit in Wales, though contrary to Welsh customs.

The author deals with names and saints in an interesting manner, showing how the vanquished Anglo-Saxons gradually took to Norman names like Robert and the Normans accepted Edward. There was, of course, also fierce fighting between the groups, the newcomers who came to East Germany in their thousands, invited by the lords and given land, and the natives. A Czech leader, for instance, promised a silver Mark for every nose taken from a German. Castles were built to get immigrants to settle around them in a rather empty East Germany. It was not so easy in well-structured Moslem Sicily for the Normans and for the Castiles in Moslem Andalusia.

The author only mentions by the way two arresting subjects, slavery and the position of women. He just reports that in 1100 the Mecklenburg slave market had 700 Danes for sale. In Mecklenburg its Slav Prince became Christian and his family retained the dukedom until 1918. Only attractive foreign queens like Konstania of Bohemia are mentioned and the abolition of the law that banned women from inheriting, also in East Germany. It would be useful to learn how the position of women was affected by the expansion into the lands beyond the old borders of England, Castile and the Carolingian Empire. But it is a book all Euro-sceptics and Europhiliacs should read.

LEO MURAY

BACH'S KEYBOARD WORKS

The Keyboard Music of J. S. Bach. David Schulenberg. Victor Gollancz. 496pp. £30.00. 0 575 05518 9.

Bach's organ music was mainly intended for his offical duties and for virtuoso performances, but throughout his career he also wrote a great deal of music for keyboard without pedals for domestic use and teaching purposes. It was usually played on the harpsichord and is now an important part of the piano repertoire. It is thoroughly explored by Professor Schulenberg, deploying a great mass of recent research and adding valuable insights of his own.

In the general survey of the first three chapters he begins with a full description of the sources of the accepted texts. This is well justified, even though his main purpose is a critical assessment of the works, for establishing Bach's intentions is not at all easy. Very few of the 200 or so pieces with

which the author is concerned were published during the composer's lifetime. Most of them, even those that were printed, circulated in manuscripts, the majority of them copied by students, though a few autographs have survived. By comparing different versions of a score Professor Schulenberg is often able to trace Bach's revisions and how his intentions were understood by those in direct contact with him and by other contemporaries.

Bach wrote for any of the keyboard instruments available in his time, but they all had some of the characteristics of the harpsichord and it remains, in Professor Schulenberg's opinion, the most suitable instrument for the works. But he accepts the inevitability of transfer of them to the piano. He points out that 'in principle the piano can do almost everything the harpsichord (and clavichord) can do'. (p.12). To realise the essential character of the compositions, however, pianists must restrain their use of the sustaining pedal and dynamic accents and be careful in interpreting the ornaments which were substitutes for accentuation on instruments incapable of it. The sections on temperament and on ornaments and embellishment greatly assist comprehension of the principles of interpretation.

A survey of the works as a whole shows how Bach drew on all the European traditions, even though much of his career was spent in rather isolated provincial conditions. But he transformed what he learned into a highly personal style which developed with experience.

After these three enlightening chapters Professor Schulenberg embarks on a detailed chronological examination of all the works. From this point the book becomes difficult for continuous reading simply because of its thoroughness. It has to be read with the scores and some knowledge of the language of musical analysis. But it would be a pity if amateur music lovers were put off by Professor Schulenberg's erudition and attention to detail, for there is much of great interest to the ordinary listener as well as those who turn again and again to the suites and the 48. There is, for example, good advice on performance. And Professor Schulenberg does not stop at technical analysis: he realises that what matters is not so much how a piece is constructed as what it sounds like, and he critically considers the effectiveness of a piece as a whole. This is a book for the general reader with an interest in music, but it should be read piecemeal, looking up a piece when ever one has a score of it or is about to listen to it. Its very reasonable price makes it a good investment as a reference book to stay on its shelf a long time and be frequently consulted.

BRUCE PATTISON

THE EXPULSION OF 1492

Spain and the Jews: The Sephardi Experience 1492 and After. Edited by Elie Kedourie. Thames & Hudson. 1992. £24.00. 0 500 27113 4.

In Spanish history 1492 is distinguished by three events: the first voyage of Columbus to the New World, the conquest of Moorish Granada, and the expulsion of the Sephardim, the Spanish Jews who had lived there almost as long as their fellow-religions had lived in what is now called Iraq. Long before and long after 1492, Spain had — in John Lynch's words — 'specialised in expulsions'. In 1492 the Jews were given a choice: be baptized or leave the country; and they had three months in which to act. The converts who stayed behind faced bitter prejudice and even more savage probing of the 'new Christians' by the Inquisition. The rulers sought to convert, not to expel. Those who fled had to struggle to re-establish their careers and their com-

munities elsewhere in Europe, notably in London and Amsterdam, or in the Ottoman Empire, notably in Istanbul and Salonika, or in Morocco.

Sadly, this was Elie Kedourie's last piece of work: he assembled a distinguished team of nine internationally-recruited experts to tell the story of conditions in Spain before and after the expulsion, of the experiences of the Sephardim in exile, and of their contributions to their new countries. Professor Kedourie's introduction is like all his writing, stimulating, topical — and disturbing. For one who was born in Baghdad and became Britain's leading Middle East expert, his contribution to scholarship was as unique as the man. And, in his teaching, his conversation and his writing, his range and his insights were daunting. This beautifully illustrated volume is a splendid tribute to a distinguished scholar.

ESMOND WRIGHT

CONSCIENCE AND GUILT

Salem is My Dwelling Place; a life of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edwin Havilland Miller. Duckworth. 1991. £25.00.

The Queen has been asked to declare the witches of Salem innocent. Exactly 300 years ago, 20 people in the Massachusetts town were accused of sorcery, nineteen were hanged and one was crushed to death. The request from the Salem Tercentenary Committee was passed on by the Palace to No. 10 Downing Street, which is presumably still considering the matter for inclusion in the royal address to Parliament in October. Since Salem unveiled a memorial statue in July it seems unlikely that Parliament will pronounce a belated verdict on the most infamous witch-hunt in American history: but you never know. After all Britain was also slow to act in 1776 and the fleet too slow to rescue Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.

The Emeritus Professor at New York University has been more skilful in his timing. His biography goes far to explain how the inward-looking and sensitive Hawthorne born into an old Puritan family and brought up in seclusion became pre-occupied by the events of 1692: a great-great grandfather was a presiding judge in the witch trials and the accursed founder of *The House of the Seven Gables.* Conscience and guilt are the characteristics too of Hawthorne's finest novel, *The Scarlet Letter,* and of many of his short stories. His friend and admirer, Herman Melville, spoke of the 'great power of blackness in him'.

Indeed, his own intellectual and emotional make-up was as complex as that of any of his 'fictional' characters, so that this portrait of him could fittingly go alongside his own creations, as anguished guilt-burdened Calvinist and Yankee — probably one of the first North American writers to be free from English influences, and to be haunted by American themes.

Professor Miller makes clear the gap between Hawthorne and his contemporaries. Though he bought a share in Brook Farm, he was rapidly disillusioned, and was sceptical even savage about their notions of utopias, and about the reality of communal life and the nature of leadership — witness his *The Blithedale Romance.* Despite his happy marriage and his removal to the Old Manse in Concord, where Emerson had written *Nature,* he did not share the optimism or the reforming faith of the Transcendentalists. Despite his years as US consul in Liverpool — an appointment he owed to his college friend, Franklin Pierce, on the latter's election to the Presidency — he had written a campaign biography for him — despite his years in Europe, he was never quite a citizen of the world. He was fully aware of the realities of the world of

politics around him, but much more so was he the prisoner of his family Puritanism, and of the idea of original sin. If, today, America's sense of guilt focusses on the Black and the Indian, in Hawthorne's world it chose Quakers and witches. Perhaps some little progress has been made?

ESMOND WRIGHT

JOHN CLARE, COUNTRY POET

The Shepherd's Calendar. John Clare. A New Edition edited by Eric Robinson, Geoffrey Summerfield and David Powell. OUP. 146pp. £6.99. 0 19 283154 2.

Cottage Tales. John Clare. Edited by Eric Robinson, David Powell and P. M. S. Dawson. Carcanet Press. 158pp. £9.95. 1 85754 032 8.

This year is the bicentenary of John Clare's birth. He lived from 1793 to 1864.

For over six years Clare had to wrangle with the publishers about the content of these two books which finally appeared in 1827, as he wished, in a single volume, *The Shepherd's Calendar with Village Stories and other Poems.* As if to perpetuate the memory of Clare's unease, in 1964 to commemorate the century of his death, a new edition was published which excluded the *Village Stories (Cottage Tales).* So I feel that the least this appreciation can do to honour the bicentenary is to bring them both together again here.

One aspect of Clare's great importance as a poet of rural record is that he grew up to witness the Enclosure Acts, and their effects on country life in the Helpstone area of Northamptonshire, with the ending of village industries and the seeding of early banking. He was made thoroughly aware by his own direct experience during the most intense period of its implementation. It was at the time when perpetrators of offences, so called, against the newly enclosed common land which became property, were given either the death penalty or transportation. The Acts were rushed through in such a way as to establish a precedent, which was followed by many Acts over the past nearly decade and a half. Clare describes vividly day to day occurrences. For example, when recalling a fruitful hazel tree, he writes, 'I once got a half peck of nuts off its branches when a boy — the Inclosure has left it desolate its companions of oak and ash being gone'.

Clare's symbiosis with Nature took a savage beating in those early years of the earth being turned into a mercantile commodity. Edmund Blunden writing of Clare has suggested that only Blake approaches Clare's power to evoke people's emotions. And, like Blake, he felt himself powerless to stop the gathering momentum of the flow or forced change which he was witnessing, and which altered mankind's ecological relationship with the earth. (The advent of Deep Ecology with its philosophy and praxis heralds some hope for a reversion of loyalty.) To read *The Shepherd's Calendar* is to be literally transported by what is being described, month by month. It may give a clue to why Clare later become relatively unknown, if not purposefully ignored. (Carcanet are to be praised for their list of works by and about John Clare; among them being *John Clare. The Journals, Essays, and the Journey from Essex,* introduced and edited so wonderfully by Anne Tibble, to which I am indebted.)

The poetic fashion of his time made it difficult for Clare to persist in following his own idiosyncratic and ecological path. Thus, why he became mad becomes immediately more understandable, as long as we include his

real love for Mary Joyce. They were separated when young by her father. In 1841, Clare escaped from what he called 'prison' in Essex, and walked the ninety-odd miles back to his home. His description of the journey is heart-rending. In his letter to her he said, '... I got here to Northborough last Friday night but not being able to see you and hear where you was I soon began to feel homeless at home...'. He signed his letter, 'Your affectionate Husband, John Clare'. But Mary Joyce had died alone unhappily three years before.

Clare's poetry (and prose) is immensely valuable for its purity of detailed country observation. We are enabled to share his intimate relationship with nature and her ways, and with the ways of people whom he brings alive in each of these books.

The Cottage Tales reminds us that Clare also saw the end of the great tradition of oral poetry by the travelling poets who had held villages in thrall. Clare may be counted among the last writers who drew much of his inspiration from material that the oral poets had used in their form of communication between districts. To read aloud, or listen to Clare's poetry is surely to understand the meaning of poetry as a shared experience.

The combination of both books takes a substantial step toward the hope that Clare's what he called 'natural' poetry will enable him at last to become rightfully placed among our great poets.

RODNEY AITCHTEY

SEAMUS HEANEY, MAN AND POET

Seamus Heaney: the Making of the Poet. Michael Parker. Macmillan Press, 1993. £25. 0 333 47181 4.

If poetry rather than history is said to be the more adequate symbol to express the quintessence of the human spirit then Michael Parker's study of Heaney's volumes provides some justification for the pre-eminence of the poetic muses. This book is neither a simple biography nor an extended essay in literary criticism; while both skills are self-evidently here, it goes deep into the forces, influences and relationships, past and present, on the making of the poet. At each stage of Heaney's development Parker relates the life and work to the concurrent socio-political and religious upheavals.

To enjoy this book the reader needs some familiarity with Heaney's poetry, the rock whence he was hewn, his particular 'cud of memory' and possibly some empathy with the life experiences that lie at the roots of so many of his poems. Heaney's ideal in Parker's words was 'to endeavour to create an art which is both particular and universal, immediate and oblique'. At the same time the author sees the poet aiming at a series of reconciliations and explations of public and private concerns and of seeking a poetic resolution of inner tensions met with in familial, local and national histories. Indeed, Heaney often describes poetry in terms which could equally apply to the Mass. How well he has succeeded still concerns some critics.

However, to others Heaney has an uncanny capacity to transform basic intuitions into universal insights. Parker is particularly good at delving into those universal themes informing the poetry. At times he too easily claims that all of this stems from Heaney's classical education as much as from his poetic intuitive genius. Too much can be made of his classicism which in any case was Latin-based whereas among the roots of the Gaelic revival, which certainly influenced Heaney, it is Greek that bears the closer relationship to the language and culture of the Celt. Nonetheless, like all great poetry there

are as many levels of meaning as floors of turf in the beloved peat banks of his and my own part of Ulster.

The author's evocation of that part of Ireland in which we both grew up is authentic as he draws out the images, sounds and smells so powerfully present in the poetry — the retting flax dam, the scalding of the milk churn, the aroma of the open peat fire, the mossy hillocks of the soft bog, the spluttering carbide in the bicycle lamp, the haunting murmurs of corncrake, snipe and geese at nightfall, the jars of frog spawn on window sill, the fowl on the half-doors, and in the window bays the rosaries on a nail, the faded snapshots and the Maynooth catechism. And, in the snatches of neighbourly converse, the Hiberno-English and residual Gaelic speech patterns, the ancient Gaelic in townland names and topography are all mixed with the rich biblical phraseology of the God-fearing Protestant neighbours.

Like William Wordsworth and other nature poets, Heaney's later poems outgrow the simple sensual delight in Nature until it becomes for him, 'the nurse, the guide, the guardian... of heart and soul'. 'Water' is associated with the feminine, the Gaelic, the Catholic — in a word one of his creative elements. In *Personal Hellcon*, and the *Diviner*, the powerfully ambiguous symbol of the well, at once pagan and christian, past and present are reconciled. No Irish poet can avoid the spring well — in any case there are over three thousand of them associated with Irish saints alone! It is in his *Station Island* and elsewhere, that Heaney engages with the power of the Church in its pitched battle against 'the older, recalcitrant Celtic temperament', yet another constantly recurring tension for Irish poets. 'The poet like the priest', Chesterton once wrote, 'should bear the ancient title of the builder of the bridge'. Heaney's reconciliations and resolving of tensions between extremes, political, social and religious, Parker interprets the poems as attempting to bring together the divided communities of the North. This is done as the author charts the poet's progress from Mossbawn, Derry, Belfast, Glanmore, the United States, back to Ireland and so to Oxford, and these physical journeys are put within the context of the poet's own spiritual Aeneid which is of course the deepest well of Heaney's poetic inspiration.

The writer sees the period 1961-68 as the seven years of plenty in his subject's personal and literary life and from 1968 to 1975 as the seven years of pain in the 'larger drama of the politics of polarization'. *Wintering Out* is a celebration of the identity, history, territory and tongue of his people, the Northern Irish Catholic. Parker sees the period 1975-1984, the time of his fifth collection, *Field Work*, as one of homely lyricism associated with the poet's cottage at Glanmore. But the guilt of the 'inner emigre' and of the survivor from the North still pursues the poet in his idyllic phase. For his final chapter, 'Space, 1984-1991' (so-called because in three major collections: *The Haw Lantern* (1987), *New Selected Poems* (1990) and *Seeing Things* (1991) Heaney struggled to fill the space left by the death of his parents). Parker not only analyses the poetry itself, but interprets this period as one of freedom from parental constraints, of more overt observations of Catholicism and of the Nationalist tradition. Heaney's attitudes towards his strict catholic childhood and inheritance are not seen as uncritical and narrowing as Edna Longley, one of Heaney's major critics would have us believe. This last chapter maintains a fine balance of literary criticism with general argument, invaluable to students of poetry. The analysis of *Seeing Things* brings the reader round to the poet's efforts to keep faith with his origins and yet his readiness to strike beyond them 'like light from a god's shield'. No doubt there will be

other interpreters of the poetry of Seamus Heaney, already hailed as some of the finest being written today, but they will all be in debt to this painstaking and pioneering study from the adroit pen of Michael Parker.

JOHN MCGURK

A NEARLY GREAT MAN

Rider Haggard and the Lost Empire: A Biography. Tom Pocock. Weidenfeld and Nicholson. 1993. £20.00. 0 297 81308 0.

King Solomon's Mines, Kim, Treasure Island — three beloved classics at the heart of English literature. Yet each of their authors would have preferred to be remembered for more adult pre-occupations; especially Rider Haggard. His valued and solid expertise on English Agriculture, seen in *Rural England 1902*, stood no chance against the fascination of *Umslopagaas* and *She*. Haggard spent only six years in South Africa but it dominated his whole life and imagination. He was fortunate as a minor colonial servant to see the last of old Africa in the 1870s. He saw the great Zulu nation, for which he had considerable admiration, still unconquered, decimate the British at Isandhlwana, yet terrorised by an ancient witch doctor. At the end of his life (he died in 1925), he saw Egypt and the Tutankhamon discoveries. Indeed, one of his most original stories, 'Moon of Israel', re-writes 'Exodus' from the Egyptian point of view.

Rider Haggard never regarded his writing as more than an amusing and lucrative pastime; he saw himself as farmer and statesman. Like his friend Kipling, he was a passionate imperialist and saw the future in terms of a global British Empire, peopled by emigrating Anglo-Saxons: a dream too late for the thousands lost in the mud of the Somme. But in 1912, newly knighted and appointed to a Royal Commission to visit and study the Dominions as suggested by the 1911 Imperial Conference, his was not yet a lost dream. Even in the early twenties, it was reasonable to see the future in terms of the self-governing Dominions, as the sonorous Statute of Westminster put it. He might even have envisaged some kind of British dominated Commonwealth, but to the mewling birth of the League of Nations, Haggard paid no attention at all.

Tom Pocock, an experienced biographer and journalist, has written a sympathetic study based on largely unexplored papers. Years of self-denigration have made it hard for current writers to appreciate the British Empire. Tom Pocock avoids many psychological pitfalls. Rider Haggard's stories are shot through with sadness for his lost love Lily. A word from his second best, and seemingly long suffering wife, might have rounded off a new picture of a nearly great man.

MOLLY MORTIMER

SHORTER REVIEWS

American Salons. (Oxford University Press. £35. 0 19 5 06569 7.) The attitude to life known as modernism in the US — otherwise described as empiricism, irrationalism or relativism — was born in the years leading up to the First World War. It is the subject of Robert Crunden's book: he treats his study of leading artists and intellectuals by describing them in their *salons* in Europe and New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Baltimore — and other cities. It is surprising how many of them lived

abroad — James Whistler, Henry James, Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein, to cite only the more conspicuous. This is a rich assemblage of creative personalities, vividly drawn, product of exhaustive archival research.

A Bundle from Britain (Macmillan. £17.99. 0 333 58 322 1). In a moving early self-portrait that is also a remarkably vivid view of life, Alistair Horne describes his time as a teenage evacuee to America during the Second World War. He gives it an apt title. In these evocative recollections fifty years on, Alistair Horne tells the story of that evacuation, and the circumstances in which he found himself on his arrival in the United States, and on his later return to Britain in the RAF. This is more than a story of war; it is a portrait of life in England before the war, of his remarkable mother and her tragic death, of his growing relationship with his father, of his sometimes horrifying education, of life in America, and the start of a very 'special relationship' with that country. It is moving, witty and wise, a superb piece of writing.

Tell Them I'm On My Way. (Chapman. £20. 1 85592 636 9.) 'It is almost impossible to forge any sort of career associated with public life or public men where you do not yourself become the object of hostility in some quarters'. But that it is possible is demonstrated by Lord Goodman in his engaging, frank and gossipy autobiography. As he also says, no career gives 'a more rounded view of human nature' than that of solicitor. Especially if, as in his case, that career led him to become advisor to Harold Wilson and a whole generation of Labour politicians, to act as an emissary in negotiation with Ian Smith in Rhodesia, and to negotiate between press barons, the Labour government and the trades unions. This is a delightful account of Lord Goodman's friendships with politicians, actors, artists and musicians, and a revelation of his remarkable range of interests. It is possible to be active in public life and remain uncriticised — if you are as lucky — and as shrewd, constructive and benevolent — as he is.

John Smith: Playing the Long Game (Verso. £17.95. 0 86091 475 5.) Unless he wins the next General Election, it is likely that little more will be heard of John Smith. In which case, Andy McSmith's book will become the standard biography. As a product of Glasgow University Debating Society (as was his contemporary and rival Donald Dewar) John Smith became, as he still is, a shrewd and rather dull Scottish advocate who has made few mistakes. Although, after all, he did not get a First — as the book omits to mention. Perhaps it is not seen as important. This is, however, a detailed and interesting portrait of one who has stayed loyal to the dour Christian Socialism in which he was raised among the fisherfolk of the coast of Argyll. Only the future will bring the big challenges. So far, he has been ultra-competent.

In **Victorian Painting** (Thames & Hudson paperback, £6.95, 0 500 20263 X) Mr. Julian Treuherz, himself responsible for the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool and for the Lady Lever Art Gallery in Port Sunlight, has given us a guide to the period between 1837 and 1901 when British painting flourished. Seldom has art been better appreciated and enjoyed by more people, from the Royal Family down to those only able to buy lithographs. This volume in Thames & Hudson's splendid World of Art series is well written and lavishly illustrated.

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From "Music of Tears"
The words of Septimus Warren Smith came to her, " 'Now we will kill ourselves.' ... But Septimus let himself think horrible things." She rose and went over to Frederick and looking into his face let free her great melancholy.
p.103

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YOUR PRAYERS WILL MAKE A DIFFERENCE
Part One

by Kay Wagoner

ON 10 July 1992 Mrs. Kay Wagoner, an American registered nurse arrived in Romania to use her skills to help Romanian nurses and hospitals overcome the legacy of communism. She works with World Care International. Upon her arrival in Romania she began writing regular letters to her sponsors and family in America and England. What follows is a selection from her letters.

10 July, 1992. We had a lot of yelling and arm gesturing at the Romanian border and then passed right through — thank you Lord! We spent the night — three hours — with Tibi and Adelia Pope and then on to Cluj. The trip to Cluj is over the mountains and very beautiful. The home we will occupy in Cluj starting in October is high on the mountains and overlooks the city.

Cooking is very basic. Milk comes in containers that are purchased in Austria and stored on shelves until open. Eggs are rare but more plentiful than last year. You can get them in the Piazza in any number you wish. Now I know why plastic bags are needed. You take your own bags with you. No one provides a bag for anything — cheese, meat, eggs, onions — no bags or containers. Nothing is wrapped. Bread is by the loaf and is common in the special bakery with little or no lines. Gas [petrol] is another story. You wait four to five hours in line — but this is supposed to be situational and should get better 'sometime'.

Then there is the water story. We were here one day and lost the water to the city. Well, just our half. Since we live on the mountain the water pressure went first in the mountain homes. The next day, almost all of the city went. The recent rains in high mountain ranges flooded the city water system with muddy water and 'broke the filter'. It took until Sunday a.m. to get water. I learned the fine art of bathing and shampooing in one cup of water. I am now in with my 'inculturation' family and having a good time. They have three little children, Mihaeta, age six, Ligia age nine and one more that is away for the weekend. The family speaks no English except for Ligia and she has a great book from school. We are looking up every other word in the text and I'm starting to really learn something. Cultural school starts on Monday, 6 July and there are fifteen Americans registered. The university is huge but I'm sure we will

learn our way around. Pray for tolerance of our families to the American intruder, and ease with learning the language and culture.

26 September, 1992. We are nearing the end of our stay with 'our families'. We will be sad to leave the safety and love we see in the homes. Yet, we will be glad to 'strike out on our own'. I am cooking meals at the home I am staying in. I have learned how to 'cook Romanian'. The family eats my cooking and say it's good, but then, they are very polite people. We don't measure too much, we just go by, 'add a lot of salt', or 'add a little salt', or add 'maybe not so much salt'. I really do enjoy it, and for the children who are probably laughing, no, I have not burned anything yet, well not a lot.

The mom in my family has gone back to work at the State candy factory and that leaves the three children home with me! They are Mihaeta — age six, Mihaela — age eight, and Ligia — age nine. It is their awesome task to keep me fed and content. After two months they are becoming normal children — they are fussing with each other and yelling in the house and the sort of things children do that mortify parents, but really are normal. Each morning now we go through a routine — the six year old comes in and asks me if I'm hungry, I say yes and he runs to let his two older sisters know that 'the visitor' is hungry. They bustle about in the kitchen, boiling water to make tea, cutting the hard bread, and, if necessary running two blocks to purchase the bread, tomatoes, cheese, and salami. They cut up all of that and arrange it on the plate in a decorative manner. All of this is done with a team effort, much whispering and effort. *It has been made known* that I am not really welcome in the kitchen at that time. They all come and invite me to the table. Lucia checks when she comes home from work to make *sure* that the food is gone and that I have eaten. I am amazed this part of the routine has not changed at all. I am still the visitor and their whole effort is to serve me and put me in a place of honour. I look back to the servanthood studies that we did just before I left, in the 'Faith in Action' class. This family, like so many Romanian families, knows how to be a servant. They never tire, they do it totally and with delight. They serve their church and their brothers and sisters in Christ with energy and love. They have so little materially, and yet they offer so much. They give of themselves, their time and energy, how can I keep up with that? I wonder that they didn't take a class or join a study group. They have handed down from generation to generation how to serve each other and in so doing they serve the Lord. It is awesome. I am humbled each day as the children *teach me* how to serve.

9 August, 1992. My Romanian family is so supportive and takes me everywhere. Last weekend we went to a small village about two hours away. Lucia's sister and brother-in-law, with six children live on a farm. They have well-water *and* inside water, with inside plumbing! Yea for that! They cook and heat water with a wood burning stove and hot water

heater.

I have never seen women work so hard in my whole life! On Saturday I went back to the fields and cut wheat for the sons to stack and store for their three cows for the winter. They may also grind some wheat, I'm not sure. About dusk (8.00 p.m.) the mom came in and started dinner. The daughter, age sixteen, who usually helps, is recovering from an appendectomy two weeks ago and mostly lies around. The mom cooks and prepares a Sunday meal until about 11.00 p.m. and then I went to bed. The husband took the bus sometime earlier. He works night shift — as a guard somewhere. When you ask where a person is — 'They are at service'. Everyone does 'service'. Sunday church included a wedding and that was a treat. Being a Pentecostal church includes about one hour on our knees. As an American guest I got to sit in the front row, so kneeling was a special treat without a bench. There were no backs on the benches either. I was touched by the devotion and trust the people had. Even though I could not understand much of the language you can see in the faces of the people their love for Jesus and simple trust in Him for everything. The people look so old and are so young. Well, younger than they look. The mother and grandmother of the groom looked so old. They had round red-cheeked faces with scarves. They cried through much of the actual ceremony.

My language class is over and I really enjoyed it. Now we will start with our private tutor, and get down to some grammar. The grammar is so difficult, the word 'good' — 'buna' has about eight different endings. You must decide whether the noun with 'good' is singular or plural, or masculine or feminine, etc. Adjectives and adverbs are all different. Some words are feminine in the singular and masculine in the plural. There is no pattern, just memorization. I have been assured that mastery of the language can take place.

So many things have not been cleaned in years, or seen new paint, or repaired. But repairs, additions, and new homes are going up in many places. The restrictions for building are now gone and people can get permits to build, if they can get the money. Last year one brick was 5 *lei* and this year 15 *lei*. Inflation is eating up most of the profit from everything. The price for food is almost doubled from last year and the families are really feeling it. For us, the prices are $1.60 for a kilo of cheese, 10 cents for a fresh loaf of bread, 50 cents for a Pepsi, 26 cents for the opera, and one dollar to ride the bus all month. Food is much higher than entertainment. The state artificially keeps the theatre, arts, and public transportation low so people can obtain culture and can go to work. Right now Romania is importing sugar, flour, and oil — they are out of those products.

We all have been in meetings with Romanian men and women for three days. The opportunities are tremendous and the men are very excited about the whole trip. We have met with several men with tremendous organizations in place or at least started. There seems to be a huge need for basic business training and especially, training in business

ethics, from a Christian standpoint. We discussed the fact that many businesses are being funded by Muslims and the number of Muslims in Romania is growing.

October, 1992. It is good to sit down and write another letter to you all. So many things have happened these last six weeks. First of all we have a phone and hot water and all of the electricity is on. Boy am I a happy camper. Sometimes that is a good term for housing in Romania. Camping. Really though, our house is snug and warm and we have food and friends and are safe. God has certainly blessed us. The house next door to us has a young family living in the lower level with no indoor water and a very young baby. The young mother washes her clothes and dishes outside under a water pipe. It is now in the 30s and 40s at night. The days are 40 degrees to 60 degrees and usually nearer to 60 degrees. We will have rain off and on. When the sun is out I find it very pleasant. To think of washing diapers [nappies] in the rain and the cold and draping them all over the house to dry, takes me back a few years! As a young mom I had enough money to wash the diapers, but not enough to dry them at the laundromat. I would run them home and hang them on the line and go out to find them frozen into huge white squares. That was fun, trying to defrost and warm them before I could diaper my daughter. I only had that experience for a couple of months. North Texas does not have a long winter with snow and ice. I'm sure this young mother will have many months this winter and many more in the future, or there will be more children and not enough money for food, or birth control pills if they were offered, and absolutely not enough money for diapers, if they were readily available. The infants are wrapped in a number of clothes and blankets and when they get wet enough, they are changed. The diaper rashes can be tremendous. I have heard that infants frequently come in for skin infections.

Thank you for all of the *great nursing books*. We have sorted them out and found that we have enough for the school and the clinic in Oredea. The school has been in session for one week. The first class has thirty Christian students and ten on the waiting list. Dr. Dan, the director, is trying to get the government to make an exception and admit the ten girls who did pass the test, but are over the limit of thirty. It also looks as if the Baptist Union and perhaps the Pentecostal Churches may pick up the cost of the school. The students are from all over Romania, and are staying where they can. Many are under hardship to pay the rent and are not getting enough money to eat the lunch meal. The students try to work and go to school as few parents can afford to help their daughters pay for food and rent. These students will be tough if nothing else. We looked at the first two hours anatomy lecture and they cover the cell structure, genetics, deoxy ribonucleic acid (DNA), mitosis and a few other things. That would be enough to drive me away. We have been invited to lead a Chapel for an hour some Monday, so I may get more of an opportunity to speak to the students about Compassion in Nursing, or

what it means to look past the disease and see the person.

We are in our 'own' home now, as of the first week of October. We moved our things in this house about 21 September. Vasile Suciu took all of us to the mountains near Cluj and we had a glorious picnic on top of a beautiful mountain. We were able to visit a farm in the mountains relatively untouched by the Ceausescu regime. They had started a business of hauling the lumber to the mill. Their son had purchased a large truck and was now able to haul more lumber. The land has supplied much of their needs for the winter and the whole area looks like a picture of Austria or Switzerland, not Romania. There is much beauty left in Romania, but it is not where Ceausescu had much influence. Where he had influence there is only darkness and decay. I can see why Christ called us to be salt and light, for light illuminates the darkness and salt prevents further decay. Where Christ was not allowed to be taught and religion was relegated to the priest who could pass the Communist criteria, there is no hope, no need to help your neighbour, or the widows, or orphans. No help came from the great majority of the priests because they were Communist puppets. The confessions were monitored. The priests were certainly not seeking after God, and in many instances the priests charged money to pray for the people. The peasants in the south were taught that only the priest could pray and they must be paid or they would not pray. That is *still in practice*. These are the same people who just voted Ileaascu back into power. They were told to do this, and they would always have a job and an income and not have to work too hard. The peasants in the south and to the west have not been allowed to think for themselves for so long that it is difficult for them. They feel they need the security of Communism.

Several days after we returned to Cluj we visited two Deaf Schools. It was a tremendous experience to see all that is being done for the kids with the little they have. I asked what was the significance of a huge picture of a tombstone on the office wall at the Hungarian school. The answer was that the three foot by five foot frame had held the mandatory picture of Ceausescu. Now that he was gone, the director had the picture blown up and put in a frame. On the tombstone was a picture of Christ carrying the Cross to Golgatha. The inscription was to the effect that Christ was here to help us with our burdens if we would just ask for the help. We didn't need to carry anything alone. The ladies were so nice and they fed us lunch, very simple, but very good. The cook has worked at the school for forty years or thereabouts.

November, 1992. The weather is starting to become cooler, but it has been gradual and we are getting used to 30s and 40s. One night for some reason we lost almost all of our gas pressure from 5.00 p.m. until 10.00 p.m. I think this was dinner time and people turned on the gas for heat. From what I hear it will soon be like that for the winter. We apparently lose much of the gas pressure from 6.30 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. We have purchased some electric heaters and a hot plate. I think we may live in

one room most of the day.

We went to Austria in late October to have the car checked and found that it had several things going bad, so we spent two arms and a leg on repairs. We are unable to get VW car parts in Romania, without a long wait and then to find a skilled mechanic to do the work is another challenge. Any mechanics out there who are looking for an exciting job with little pay and lots of challenge, do I have a spot for you! We came back through Budapest and did some grocery shopping there. Budapest is lovely! We visited Castle Hill overlooking the Danube and the city. I am still in awe of the buildings. They date from the 1300s, and then there are buildings from the 1800s. The trip home was uneventful except the passenger, me, got a ticket. We were pulled over in a small Hungarian town and the officer explained that the passenger was not wearing a seat belt. I had undone it to get something from the floor of the car and had not replaced it. Jackie really laughed for she has gotten the last three. She said that it was good for someone else to get a ticket for a change. When the police see the Austrian plates, they frequently pull the car over to see if we are in compliance with everything. In the beginning we were not, because we did not know the laws. Fast easy money for the police department in Romania! We got a ticket for turning right on a red light that was not working. There was no light. We tried to explain that and got the ticket reduced. The trip was good. We purchased the necessary supplies for winter, and on a high note, when we arrived home our landlord Stephen, had come by and turned on the heat. Hot water and a warm house, we are home.

My language is starting to take shape so to speak, for I can carry on a conversation and I can actually be understood. It really is exciting. I have started walking to town and just talking to people in the shops. This week I was on the way to town when a little lady approached me. She spoke to me for a while and I gradually understood that she had some type of neurosurgery, and wanted to go to the clinic for follow up care and didn't have the bus fare, not to mention food and something about children. She had a Hungarian accent and I have a harder time understanding the Hungarian-Romanians. To make a long story short I gave her some money and was trying to tell her that I would also pray for her. She thought I wanted her to pray and she started to pray in the middle of our little street. The more into the prayer she got, the more she started to cry. Well she was crying, and I was crying and all I could do was to hold her, and cry together. And, I'm not sure what we were crying about. We must have been a strange sight. I think I will practise the words for prayer and the ending for 'I will pray' and 'you pray'.

We have had many American visitors in the first three weeks, and they were exciting, but we also had some little tiny visitors in our pantry. We named them Mickey and Minnie and then there was the late Uncle Mortimer. We have found something the Romanians do very well. They make a great mouse trap. So far we have three to our record. Of course the mouse population has a whole sack full of food to their credit. They

found the boxed juices and punctured two boxes. We started noticing that things were getting sticky and wet. The juice ran on several open bags of pasta and oatmeal and those type of things. Sometimes I think the Lord reminds us of His sovereignty. We had bought extra Romanian food, so we wouldn't run out. Some is certainly necessary, but we did have too much. I am reminded of the Israelites in the desert, and God gave them manna. They were to collect enough for one day except on Saturday. We are to collect enough food for the winter and not to hoard. Their extra manna became rotten.

Last Sunday the President of the Christian Nurses' Fellowship from England was here, and she is trying to encourage the nurses to meet and share together. She had some good ideas for me, and after having lunch with her I sat down and outlined some goals for Christian nurses here in Romania. I was able to speak with the Christian Nurses for a short time today and have two more times scheduled with them. What a special group of young women! They are so excited about being good nurses. The students here need examples of what caring really means and how important it is for them to be 'role models' for their community as well as the hospital and their patients. They really have some tough questions that show thought and awareness of God's word and knowledge of the individual emotional needs of their patients. Some of the older nurses see no need to change and appear frightened when we discuss new concepts. People are the same everywhere, in that respect. So far we are meeting with the nursing students and a group of Christian nurses. I hope to be able to visit the Cluj Nursing School and see what they are being taught.

28 noiembrie, 1992. Just to let you know that I am learning something, I wrote the date in romanian (they do not capitalize country names either). Thanksgiving dinner, what a treat. It started several weeks ago when we asked our neighbour to find us a 'curca', a turkey. We would get daily updates on the availability of 'curca' in the market. The tension was mounting. We didn't know whether we would get a 'curca' or not! Two days before Thanksgiving we were invited to Jogi Bachi's Chicken House where we met Hillaria Clintonescu and Jenniferei Flowerescu. We got two small ones; they came to ten pounds. At 8.00 a.m. on the morning of 26 November those two fine ladies met Jogi Bachi's hatchet. By 1.00 p.m. they were in the large roaster and well on their way to being Thanksgiving dinner. We had ten people in for dinner and really enjoyed an American tradition. The Romanians have somewhat of a difficult time with buffet, but we learned to put an American in front of each Romanian and it worked out fairly well. Jackie mastered the Jello [jelly] challenge and made two fruit filled Jello salads as well as the dressing, cake, and turkey. One of our American guests tackled the potato mashing, and I made a walnut pie, green beans, and gravy. A guest brought muffins and dinner rolls and we really had a great meal, so no one is to worry.

I can look out of our back windows and see the 600-year-old church steeple above the city against the snow-white mountain tops and it is

beautiful. Some of the churches here are older than our country. It's no wonder that the people here speak of their culture and prize it so highly. The Romanians and people of other countries in Europe are steeped in history and tradition. We in America are such a great 'melting pot' that it is hard for us to understand the pride they have in their heritage, but not necessarily their country. Most Romanians feel some shame at what has transpired in their country, and in many cases some guilt. Communism, like many abusive people or systems, makes the people who suffer feel as if they deserve it, and are unworthy of little else. I think that the strong Christian who knows that His true worth comes from God, and not man, can rise above the feelings of shame and guilt, and look for change and enact it. What a challenge!

14 December, 1992. They really make a ceremony out of killing the Christmas pig. The neighbours killed theirs last weekend and ugh, it was noisy and messy. As a nurse, I can handle blood, but I'm somewhat saddened by the plight of the poor pig.

2 januarie, 1993. Well it's the New Year, and I do hope that everyone had a safe and enjoyable Holiday Season. Thanks to all of you and a loving God, we had a wonderful Christmas and New Year. On Christmas Eve we went to church, (this time two hours), visit with friends and then came home, opened gifts, and went out for our second supper. About midnight we finished our second meal and we hurried home to hear carollers at the house. We had about twenty-five young people from our landlord's church singing to us. It was great! We had cookies and juice left over from our open house, so we invited them in and we all had cookies and 'SUC'. These kids had walked about five kilometers to reach our house. It was ten degrees Fahrenheit and there was some snow on the ground. I was impressed!

Carolling, under Communism, was an offence punishable by a stiff fine. After the revolution the Romanians have really enjoyed this new freedom and many go carolling all night long! Several of the Americans who went out carolling did not return till 6.00 a.m. To be able to put up a tree and to go carolling are all new for the Romanians. We visited Monica Acim and they had a tree that touched the ceiling of their ten or eleven foot room. Monica recalled that Christmas 1990 was the first year that she was able to purchase a phonograph record of Christmas Carols. She remembers that first year decorating the tree, listening to Christmas carols, and crying for the sheer joy of it all. Our neighbour just sat and watched the TV during dinner, because the TV was playing carols, 'Colinda'. Vasile kept saying, 'this so new, we've not this before 1990'. He was excited! The radio has been filled with carols from all over the world, including Elvis Presley and Bing Crosby!!! It has been fun watching the Romanians with one of their new freedoms.

Christmas Day we visited the Handicapped Orphanage and talked and played with the forty to fifty young boys that did not go home for

Christmas. I really enjoyed the time with the young children, I miss having my grandchildren around. Most of the boys have physical handicaps, but some have emotional problems. The rooms are clean and the boys are well cared for, as there is good interaction between the boys and the women who care for them. The buildings were cold and Graham, the English assistant, said that before they built a covered walk-way between the cafeteria and the dorm, the boys sometimes needed surgery for frost-bite caused by propelling themselves through the snow to get back and forth to meals. Some of the boys have no legs or non-functioning legs.

Now the old year is gone and we have a brand new year to think about and to make plans and commitments for. One thing that most of the English-speaking women want is a Christian-based support team. We plan to start meeting next week and just meet each other. All have different needs and concerns, and yet we are all trying to adjust to a new language, life style, and distance from our families. We have invited two young women from Holland that work through the Reformed Orthodox Church, two Catholic sisters from America and two German ladies that are working in a business here in Cluj. We have a variety of faiths, occupations, and needs, but we are all here because we want to help the Romanian people. Please keep us in your prayers. I know that Satan would love to keep us from uniting and becoming a support team.

Right before Christmas the cold weather started. We have temperatures of 3 degrees and 4 degrees. I thought those numbers on the thermometer were just to balance out the top. Ah well, life is just full of surprises, isn't it? And we haven't seen the 20 degrees below yet! As the temperature drops, so does our gas pressure and the inside temperature. We have electric heaters in our room and we are able to heat the rooms that way. We won't freeze, so don't worry. I'm sort of excited because I will really look slim next spring when I go from four layers to one layer of clothes. Food is still plentiful if you have the *lei* to buy it and we have. My language is starting to make sense and I am understanding more.

The second part of this article will appear in the January 1994 issue.

WHITHER LONDON'S HEALTH CARE?

by David Gladstone

Those who are interested in the hospitals of London and their future cannot ignore their past.[1]

THE future pattern of London's health services has received considerable and continuing publicity since the publication of the Tomlinson Report in autumn 1992.[2] Not surprisingly, much of that publicity has centred on the issue of hospital closures and amalgamations. But the issues involved go much further. What is the future role for hospital care? Is primary care set on an inevitable upward curve? Can the improvements and expansion of primary care be adequately funded simply by diverting resources from the hospital sector? Is London inevitably a special case in matters relating to health care?

These are major issues relating not only to London, but to the future of health care in the United Kingdom towards 2000 and beyond. The dangers of moving both too slowly and too quickly are also obvious. On the one hand there is a risk of lowering staff morale and creating blight if change proceeds too slowly. But if the pace is too fast there may be insufficient time to consult as widely as necessary and to consider the options for the future sufficiently thoroughly. In his recent speech to the British Association, Sir Bernard Tomlinson himself argued that there was a case for special government funding to be made available over a limited time period in order to prevent piecemeal disintegration and to create the conditions for a planned rationalisation of the hospital service.[3] But, as his Report made clear:

> The development of primary and community health services ... must go hand in hand with the rationalisation and reduction of capacity in the hospital sector.[4]

Much less public attention seems to have focussed on that recommendation. And how far does the Department of Health see the changing relationship between the sectors as a complementary objective of its policy for London's health care future?

The publicity that has surrounded at least some of the Tomlinson recommendations may give the impression that the special situation of health care in the capital is something new. That is not the case. *The Lancet* pointed out as long ago as 1920:

> The embarrassing position of London in matters of health administration has always been recognised by those who study local organisation, and the problem of developing, and where necessary remodelling, that administration when the health of so vast and heterogeneous a population is concerned, is admittedly one of continuing difficulty.[5]

That this has continued to be so is seen in the number of attempts over the past twenty years to create change in the system of London's health care. That change has been of two kinds. The first has concerned the delivery of health care to patients. The second and, in some sense, related change has been about the pattern of medical education and has

involved a succession of activity by the University of London. Adaptation, co-ordination and rationalisation have been recurrent themes in both sectors. Tomlinson is much in keeping with that tradition; but, uniquely, his Report addressed both the issues of future patient services and the structural arrangements for medical education and training. Both these aspects were contained in the remit he was given which was, *inter alia;* to advise the Secretaries of State for Health and Education ... on the provision of health care for inner London ... taking account of ... the need to maintain high quality patient care and, as a foundation for this, high standards of medical teaching research and development'.[6]

Earlier attempts at change

Prior to the Tomlinson proposals, potentially one of the most significant changes to the delivery of patient care in London was the recommendations of the Resource Allocation Working Party (RAWP). This Working Party was set up within the Department of Health and Social Security 'to ensure, through resource allocation, that there would eventually be equal opportunity of access to health care for people at equal risk'.[7] Its concern was with how, in a situation of tighter control on public spending such as characterised the mid-1970s, some progress could none the less be made in the direction of a more equitable distribution of health care resources. The answer lay in re-defining the historic formula on which resource allocation decisions had been taken. Rather than being based on the costs of services currently provided or the formula that had determined the allocation of resources since the creation of the National Health Service, the RAWP Report recommended that each Regional Health Authority should receive funding based upon the size of its population weighted by standardised mortality ratios and a set of other factors. Such a method of attempting to overcome the inequities of Julian Tudor Hart's much publicised Inverse Care Law — where health needs were greatest, fewest resources were available — posed a considerable threat to the hospital service in London.

On the basis of the new RAWP formula, each of the four Thames health regions was considerably over target and, in consequence, their financial growth rate was to be set below the national average. This at once raised the issue of the concentration of specialist hospitals in London and the services which they delivered not only to residents of the capital but to patients from throughout the United Kingdom and, indeed, from other countries as well. A reduced level of funding also threatened to reduce the position of London's teaching hospitals as centres both of high technology medicine and of excellence in medical research. If it had done nothing else RAWP had brought to the fore the distinctiveness of London's specialist hospital service and sharpened the debate about its future.

It also brought into the arena the University of London in relation to the future organisation of medical training and education. The Todd Report on Medical Education, published in 1968, was the first of recent attempts to recommend mergers between existing semi-independent medi-

cal schools in London. The detail of the proposals need not concern us. But for Todd they represented a 'logical and piecemeal reorganisation' which, according to the historian of the University, 'would produce a more integrated pattern of medical education in place of the structure which had grown up because of a variety of past circumstances' and which was 'educationally indefensible as well as uneconomic'.[8] In common with much subsequent discussion of matters of academic planning, Todd was sceptical of the continuing role for small semi-independent institutions in face of the growing complexity of the medical sciences and emphasized the need for medical education to be closely integrated with multi-faculty colleges with their strong departments of basic science. Tomlinson echoes that conclusion.

The University authorities, however, were sceptical of Todd's proposals. 'Given the long history of many of the schools', one informed assessment pointed out, 'it is not surprising that these radical proposals were not welcomed with open arms and in fact they led to little in the way of concrete change'.[9] They did, however, lead to an internal University Working Party under the chairmanship of Lord Flowers established in 1979 as external economic factors 'sharpened the need for the University to concentrate its resources'.[10] Within the University, spending on medical education had increased from 30 per cent to 35 per cent between 1969-70 and 1978-9.[11] Yet when it was published, 'the Flowers Report produced an even greater storm of criticism than the Todd Report had caused'.[12] In spite of that, but not necessarily in line with its proposals, some mergers of medical schools did occur during the 1980s. The result, Le Quesne argues, has been a variety of 'powerful schools with the potential to exploit and lead the exciting advances in medical science'.[13] Expressing that opinion in one of the lectures celebrating the University's sesquicentennial in 1986, Le Quesne was circumspect enough to subject his assessment to two caveats. The maintenance of such a strategic position in educating one-third of the medical and dental students in the United Kingdom, he argued, depended both on sufficient University finance and 'powerful University hospitals with adequate resources both financial and clinical'.

It is not enough, therefore, to see the Tomlinson proposals, and the reaction they have evoked, in isolation. They represent the latest in a dynamic of change and of opposition and resistance to the specifics of change that has developed in London over the past quarter of a century. Yet there are also new factors that need to be considered.

The 'new' discourse

Of these, one of the most important is the changes introduced by the National Health Service and Community Care Act of 1990. The introduction of budget-holding general practitioners, the opportunities for hospitals to opt for 'trust' status and the separation of the purchaser/provider functions of District Health Authorities has created a 'quasi-market' system in health care. Though far from a 'pure' market, in the first two years since its introduction in April 1991 . . .

> at all levels of the service — new freedoms appeared and new possibilities were created for those who wished to break the mould of inherited structures and practices.[14]

The fact that by April 1994, 95 per cent of NHS hospitals will have trust status is an indication of the organisational changes that have occurred.

But the issue is also about the principles which should determine health service planning. On the one hand, by means of the Patients' Charter certain consumer or patient rights — such as waiting times for surgery — have been established to which the management of the NHS is required to pay increased attention. On the other, market principles have also come to occupy a much more strategic position within the operation of health care's internal market.

It was 'within the framework of the reformed NHS' that Tomlinson was asked to address the present and the future of London's health care. His Report acknowledged that the separation of the purchaser and provider roles together with the introduction of capitation funding, which means that inner London districts will have the same purchasing power per resident as elsewhere, had served to highlight 'the vulnerability of London's major hospitals'.

> Already it is clear that a number of teaching hospitals will not be viable in their present form when purchasers plan services on the basis of their assessment of the needs of their resident populations.[15]

The Tomlinson recommendations for change, therefore, are not only about the impact of changing medical technology with the potential for more day surgery, nor about the changing population profile of an area that may alter demand for hospital services, they are also about the impact that the new purchaser/provider mechanisms will have on the volume and distribution of (especially) hospital resources in the capital. Because of that it has been possible for those who are critical of the Government's health service changes to achieve common cause with those whose primary concern is to maintain their existing institution against the threat of closure or amalgamation.

Analysis and proposals in the Tomlinson Report

Central to Tomlinson's analysis is the fact that hospital care in inner London is high cost (mainly because of teaching hospitals and the concentration of specialist services) while waiting times for elective surgery are on average longer than elsewhere. Both of these inevitably impact upon the decisions which health care purchasers are likely to make on behalf of their patients, except in the case of the most highly specialised services. That, and the development that has taken place in hospital services outside London, may well alter the flow of patients into London hospitals in the future. Tomlinson's examination of the contracting intentions of non-inner London purchasers 'shows clearly that they will increasingly choose not to use the inner London hospitals, especially for routine elective surgery'.[16]

Hitherto, the Special Health Authorities, usually single specialty hospitals, have been centrally funded by the Department of Health. Tomlinson recommends that, with safeguards for their teaching and

research, these hospitals should also become part of the internal market system for patient services. Even with the proposed safeguards, the BMA is sceptical whether 'the important services they provide would survive if they were governed purely by purchaser demand'.[17] Discussions on this question in a sense merely continue the scenario opened up by RAWP with its threat to clinical and medical excellence. In the changing and increasingly fragmented NHS of the 1990s there may yet be a case to be made for more detailed exploration of what are seen as national resources for patient care as well as research; and to devise funding strategies for them accordingly.

Against that background, it is now appropriate to examine the proposals made by Tomlinson which fall into three categories.

The first, which has received the most publicity, contained its proposals for the future of specific hospitals. The merger of the Middlesex and University College Hospital and of St. Bartholemew's and the Royal London each on to one site has been widely reported. South of the River Thames, the Report recommended the development of a single management for Guy's and St. Thomas's and, again, a move on to one site.

However important the recommendations for particular hospitals contained in the Report, there was also concern about 'the unwarranted duplication of specialist services... handfuls of beds in a single specialty, scattered between units less than a mile or two apart'.[18] The Report saw this partly as the consequence of a 'general lack of consistent pan-London planning' but also because of the 'close identity between each medical school and "its" hospital which leads to pressure to have all specialties in every hospital'.[19]

In line with this concern, the Report recommended as part of the implementation process, that Working Parties in each specialty should 'make recommendations for the capacity required to serve the demand likely to arise and for the disposition of this capacity within the London hospitals in an efficient, effective and economical manner'.[20] The review teams reported in June 1993. Common to each of their reports were proposals for the concentration of specialist health services on fewer sites. Thus cancer treatment would be concentrated at eight centres instead of the present fifteen, while cardiac care would be reduced from fourteen centres to nine.[21] But the review teams indicated that, in the time available, they had to reach decisions with imperfect data on matters including the condition of buildings, contract prices, outcomes and work volumes.[22] And, while the specialist teams reinforced the recommendation that Barts should close, Charing Cross Hospital, which Tomlinson had also recommended for closure, was defined as a centre of excellence.

With regard to undergraduate medical education and training, the Report takes further the developments referred to earlier and proposes (with the exception of St. Georges') the merger of the undergraduate medical schools into four faculties of medicine within the multi-faculty colleges of the University which teach medicine. Thus the merged University College and Middlesex together with the Royal Free would become

part of University College, while Queen Mary and Wesfield College would be responsible for medical training at the merged Royal London and St. Bartholemew's. The Report also proposed the development over time of greater integration of the postgraduate medical schools into the University's collegiate structure.

Implications and assessment

The implications of these proposals are of considerable magnitude. They range from the disposal and sale of buildings, and redeployment of staff to the costs that may be incurred in building up primary and community services.

It is in relation to primary care that the Report has received much less publicity. Yet fundamental to its analysis of the need for a reduction in hospital in-patient beds is an awareness that 'the long-term trend is an increase in ambulatory and community based care'.[23] In London it considers such services to be 'under developed relative to corresponding services in the rest of the country'[24] and part of the Tomlinson strategy is an attempt to redress this inequity. In effect it aims to do this by a transfer of resources from the hospital sector to primary care services; just as in the RAWP proposals a transfer was to be achieved between London and less well financially provided regions of the country. This diversion of resources is one of the issues on which the BMA has been critical of Tomlinson. Arguing that 'there is no evidence that improvements in primary care will lead to a decrease in hospital admission'[25] the BMA suggested, by contrast to Tomlinson, that 'the resources needed to fund improvements in primary care cannot be those which are "saved" through the proposed rationalisation of the hospital sector but should be new money which supplements existing funding for primary care'.[26]

The issue of adequate funding for alternatives to hospital-based care is obviously crucial; but so too are the mechanisms designed to increase the availability and accessibility of primary care. The Tomlinson Report proposed three strategies: improving and extending GP services by, for example, designating parts of London as primary care development zones and creating financial and other assistance to improve practice premises; including GPs and practice nurses into accident and emergency staff 'so that patients get the service which is appropriate to their requirements'[27] and developing what are termed alternative models of primary care such as the creation of extended primary care centres at strategic locations in inner city areas.[28]

This in a sense begs the question of what range of services such centres would provide. One alternative model would shift diagnostic, investigative and treatment facilities from the hospital into the community. Specialists, presently almost exclusively hospital based, would increasingly visit such community units while further investigation and treatment that could not be undertaken in the community would be organised within hospitals. As the King's Fund Report suggested, in conditions where 'the rapid development of minimally invasive methods of diagnosis and treatment, less toxic anasthesia [and] developments in pharmaceuticals' have all

made possible a shift from surgery into primary care and enhanced the possibilities for short stay, day-case treatment 'in-patient hospital stays will be progressively reduced for many categories of patients'. One consequence of this change will be to leave 'longer stays in acute hospital beds increasingly the sphere of cases presenting with complex multiple pathologies'.[29] If nothing else, the changing community and hospital scenario contains significant implications for medical education and training at both the initial and post-qualifying level.

Tomlinson also refers very little to the public health aspect of medical care, and then only in the context of communicable diseases. Whereas much of nineteenth century health policy was pre-eminently environmental, establishing an important public health tradition not least in London; by contrast, for much of the present century the emphasis has been on matters of individual, personal health. This change is epitomised in the declining fortunes of Medical Officers of Health, a position finally abolished in the early 1970s. Yet the growing research evidence concerning socio-economic factors in the predisposition to ill health, as well as the renewed emphasis on health education and information as part of the strategy contained in *The Health of the Nation* suggest a new and important place for public health medicine. That may function both in relation to individuals and to districts. Insofar as individuals are concerned it could constructively become a more formalised part of the extended role which Tomlinson envisages for primary care.

Tomlinson's remit was specifically focussed upon the NHS. But if present trends are developed, it is likely that the future demarcation between the public and private sectors will become increasingly blurred. That inevitably raises issues relating to quality assurance as well as the type of contracts available to medical specialists. But it also needs to be recognised that, though the direct supply of hospital beds by the independent sector is small in relation to the total in the NHS, there are significant special resources within the independent sector. These include acute psychiatric and substance abuse hospitals, rehabilitation units and long stay nursing homes. Their existence, too, may alter the pattern of demand for the hospital care that Tomlinson examined: and they may need to be incorporated into future planning decisions relating both to individual financial and care support and health care supply.

Much of the public reaction to the Tomlinson proposals has centred on its specific recommendations about particular hospitals. Given the long history of some of them — such as Barts — with their earlier tradition as monastic foundations and royal hospitals, that is hardly surprising. Long tradition combined with well known buildings and local identity together create powerful symbols. So it is important to remember that many of the specialty hospitals in London have altogether different origins. They were in many cases, as recent research has shown, the creation of nineteenth century medical entrepreneurs who, with the apparently limitless financial support of wealthy patrons, used them for their personal prestige and career advancement. Such special hospitals provided the

means for the nineteenth century upwardly mobile doctor to step to 'fame and fortune by means of bricks and mortar'.[30] It is paradoxical that some at least of their descendents face a much less certain, and possibly less prestigious, future in which economic considerations, political decisions and technological change conspire to create a new world for health care.

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29. *London Health Care 2010: Changing the Future of Services in the Capital.* King's Fund, 1992, p.72.
30. Lindsay Granshaw: 'Fame and fortune by means of bricks and mortar': the medical profession and specialist hospitals in Britain 1800-1948. In Lindsay Granshaw and Roy Porter (eds.) *The Hospital in History.* Routledge, 1989, pp.199-220.

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HOMELESSNESS AMONG THE YOUNG

by Desmond Stockley

HOMELESS young people are often seen as victims of political or economic systems or as incapable, inadequate or blameworthy. In a recent study carried out by the Psychology Department of the University of Surrey, it was argued that such models are at best inadequate and at worst extremely misleading. Close study shows that factors which lead to homelessness amongst young people vary and are intertwined with each other and that various coping strategies are used by them to control their situation. It is better seen as a period of transition from childhood, through adolescence to adulthood with most, after varying periods of homelessness, escaping their situation. But, for a few, crisis deteriorates into an even more critical situation from which escape becomes progressively more difficult. What follows are five case studies followed by a more general discussion.

David (aged 18). David is the only son of a close knit working-class family living on a council estate in the Midlands. His highly skilled father was made redundant when the factory where he worked closed in 1981. A great deal of status was attached to skilled work in that area, reflected in David's own view of his future: his ambition was to follow his father in the same trade. At first the father took the redundancy in his stride and made great efforts to find another job but with unemployment at about twenty per cent there was little opportunity. He now found his skills acted against him, potential employers believing he would be unable to change his ways or carry out lower skilled work.

After two and a half years the father began to suffer periods of depression. Despite taking part in a government scheme — which he found humiliating — he was still unable to find work. He lost interest in his surroundings and activities, including working at his allotment, and finally life itself. Two statements show how David saw his father. 'I watched him become a bloody vegie (vegetable).' 'He was just like a zombie.'

David did well at school but did not want to go into the sixth form, the general culture of the area not expecting it. His ambition of an apprenticeship was completely unobtainable, all that was available was a Youth Opportunity Programme of fairly low grade retail work which was of little interest. He completed the scheme but found no work at the end. Unable to stand the strain of seeing his father's deterioration, now requiring psychiatric treatment, he found difficulty in maintaining any semblance of relationship with him. Since there was no work in his home town he moved to London hoping that there might be more opportunity there. He took advantage of any opportunities of available casual work and at other times begged sufficient to supplement his income support. He disliked hostels seeing them as too prying and restricting. Squatting was an option which he used quite successfully. He still maintained contact with his family and visits were enjoyable but prolonged stays led to more stress.

A moderate drinker he uses no other drugs of any kind. He managed to find work in a garage which he kept at for nine months while living in a squat but after being evicted from the squat he moved away and has not been heard of since.

Susan (aged 20). At age two her parents were divorced and she went to live with her mother in the north of England. Contact with the father was maintained and he regularly paid maintenance. After she completed her GCSE it was decided that her education would be better served if she moved to the south of England and her father and step-mother — a magistrate — agreed that she could live with them. This carried on for a year. She had good relations with all of the family except the step-mother. During the summer holidays the step-mother announced that she could no longer stay there. Despite this set-back she was determined to complete her studies and returned to the south-east and found lodgings on her own. Her mother pays Susan her child allowance but she has little or nothing to live on. The local Housing Benefit office took a very sympathetic view of her case and paid her although strictly speaking she did not fulfil the criteria. The father also objected to continuing to pay maintenance because of the demands of his new family. Susan applied for a place in a hostel but there were no vacancies. Because a resident was away for two weeks she was allowed to stay in the empty room. It was a small mixed hostel and Susan enjoyed the two-week stay. After moving around from friend to friend for two months she found a bed-sit through a local voluntary organisation. She is doing well at her studies and is hoping to go to university.

Neil (aged 16). In November 1990, Neil from a London inner-city borough, was living in a squat in London with three other squatters all older than him. The others tended to be very maternal and paternal towards him. A rather shy boy he looks younger than his age but is sharp and quick thinking. He was put in care when three years old and since then had never seen his parents. He was very reticent about the reasons for being placed in care but the impression was gained that the reasons were serious enough for the social services to prevent any contact between Neil and his parents. He had no wish to find his parents and indeed said that he was glad that he had been placed in care. Foster homes had not appealed to Neil but, until he was ten, social workers thought fostering was the best option. Although admitting that he was partly to blame none of the placements worked out. Asked how many places he had been in during that period he replied: 'Too many to remember'. Later he worked it out at between twenty and thirty. When ten years old the social services decided that fostering was not appropriate. 'Took them a bloody long time, I could have told them that years before. I always said I didn't want to be fostered.'

He settled down in the home, becoming close to one of the male workers who encouraged him so that he did very well at school, managing to scrape sufficient GCSEs to get a place in the sixth form. But social services decided that this would not be 'in his interests', so after he

finished school they placed him in lodgings. They gave him a large sum of money (he was vague as to the exact amount) which he had no idea of how to handle and older boys whom he had known in care (including two who shared the same lodgings) ensured that it was quickly spent. Although saying that it was his own fault, from other conversations there was little doubt that there had been threats and pressure put upon him. He signed on for Youth Training, social services ensured that the rent was paid regularly and he received a small amount of income support. A Youth Training place did not materialise. Lodgings did not work out because his friends caused a nuisance and also he was happy to leave since the two other boys in the house were 'on the game'. He went to the home to find the worker with whom he had got on well, but he had left and no one would tell him where he had gone. He went to social services who tried to persuade him to go back to the lodgings, but he refused and so they suggested that he tried a direct access hostel with men up to the age seventy. Neil refused and they said they could not help him. He moved in with the squatters but after seven months they were evicted and went their separate ways. He is now a male prostitute living in a bed-sit which he keeps spotlessly clean and tidy.

Andrew (aged 19). He was put in care at the age of ten because of the death of his father and his mother's mental breakdown. His experience of care was 'not too bad and not too good, mostly uneventful'. Although not academically inclinded he did reasonably well at school. When he was sixteen he left the children's home and was placed in an independence unit close by where he stayed for six months. After this he was found lodgings for a few months and then got a place in a very good hostel — described as more like a hotel — where there was good support and a very good training scheme but he left after two months and went to live with his girlfriend. When the relationship broke up he asked to return to the hostel and the staff were willing for that to happen. But it was summer and instead of returning he went down to the West Country for the summer where he lived rough for a while. Later he found a job and the recent news is that he has married, still has a job and somewhere permanent to live.

Claire (aged 17). After continual physical and sexual abuse from her natural family she decided, just after her sixteenth birthday, one month before Christmas and before she took her GCSEs, that 'enough was enough' and left home. A very self-reliant girl, although somewhat sensitive about her physical appearance, she had plenty of friends and spent sometime moving about and staying with them before applying for a place in a hostel which housed only girls aged sixteen to twenty-five. Hostel life did not suit her and after a month she decided to move out because of the atmosphere and the fights and arguments taking place. She also said that staff was pressurising her to go on what she considered an unsuitable training course in a large department store. She teamed up with a male friend, who also had left home, and had a van, and they spent the summer months moving about from festival to festival or to the

seaside. They lived in the back of the van and were able to exist through taking temporary jobs in the informal economy since neither were eligible for income support. More often than not they lived with groups of travellers. When October came and the weather changed both decided to find settled accommodation. Through a local voluntary organisation they found bed-sits in the same large house. She has been given a place at the local tech where she hopes to make up for her break in education. At the time of writing she is still with her friend, the relationship being stable but 'not romantic'. She still resolutely refuses to see or contact her parents and maintains that as far as she is concerned they are dead, although she would like to see her younger brother with whom she sometimes speaks on the telephone. Her parents say that she is able to return home and will not sign a letter of estrangement so that she can receive income support but that decision was successfully challenged with the help of social services and a voluntary organisation.

In all of the cases there are a number of dominant factors, all of which are common to those in the study. Firstly, all of the young people experienced stress at home. Such stress could range from the most extreme, physical and/or sexual abuse to psychological stress brought about by circumstances outside their control. The stress might appear to be that which many adolescents go through such as arguments with parents, but when associated with poor economic conditions, (e.g. David) the severity was increased to such an extent that the young person felt that the only alternative was to leave home. Tension was not always associated with the family home; it could be associated with living in a hostel or the place where agencies had placed them (e.g. Andrew). This was reflected in the study. They were asked to tick various boxes as the reason(s) for leaving their childhood home and forty-five per cent ticked arguments and over a quarter, twenty-six per cent, ticked violence. Eight per cent stated, unprompted, sexual abuse. In all only just over one in ten ticked or wrote in positive reasons such as 'looking for work' or to be with friends. They were also asked to complete the sentence: 'I left my childhood home because .....' which gave the young people an opportunity to expand their reasons in their own words. The stress factor was emphasised in these sentence completions. Again, violence and arguments figured prominently. Over half, fifty-three per cent, who completed the sentence, mentioned arguments and half wrote sexual or physical abuse.

Escaping one stressful situation could lead them into another which brought about anxiety, fear or tension. If they escaped from a violent home and were put in a children's home, that could be — but not in every case — almost a repeat of the situation they had escaped. Violence from other children, and in one or two cases staff, was not unknown and some mentioned having undergone sexual abuse in a home. However, for many; being in a children's home or foster home, whilst not perfect, was at least better than the 'home' they had left. Another sentence that they were asked to complete was 'I would return home if .....'. The

answers to this ranged from the mundane to the extraordinary, the sad to the angry and tragic. Examples were: 'If my mum and dad were dead', 'In a coffin', 'If I could', 'If my social worker let me', 'If a certain person was not there'. This substantiated the severe alienation from their immediate family.

The next common factor is that all had taken deliberate and calculated decisions. In some cases it was leaving home or a hostel (e.g. Andrew, Claire); in others, it was in reacting to circumstances after leaving home such as to find accommodation. In some cases the decision made might have appeared unwise at the time (e.g. Neil, Andrew) but may, possibly against the odds, have turned out to be the best move. While this question was not overtly asked, interviews showed the rationality of the young people in making the move away from home. There was no sense of drift and only in a minority of cases were they thrown out of the house. Leaving home, where there were constant arguments, physical or sexual abuse, was a positive step where they saw the opportunity to take charge of their own life. In some instances they had of their own volition asked to be placed in care. This has to be stressed because of the portrayal of such young people as passive and helpless in the face of over-riding political and economic forces. Emphasis is placed upon the more structural aspects rather than on the experience of the young people and the manner in which they react to their situation. Instead of seeing these forces as directly acting upon them they should rather be seen as setting the boundaries of their choices but within those boundaries choices are made where outcomes can be either favourable or unfavourable.

Thirdly, all five relied on friends in order to cope with their situation. Such dependence did not always appear to be in the best interests of the young person (e.g. Neil's reliance upon squatters) yet even if that was the case, the potential results appeared less negative than the alternatives. The accommodation where Neil was placed by the social services brought him into contact with male prostitution, so reliance upon official agencies does not necessarily result in more positive or favourable outcome than dependence upon informal help and support. Reliance upon friends and informal support may be seen as a natural and positive process since it implies that the young person has a degree of social and personal capital which will help him or her to escape the more negative aspects of the situation. Being able to turn to someone for help, support or advice is perhaps the most important coping skill in any crisis. They can also be seen as acting in a similar way to most people; whether settled or not, it is to their friends that they first turn when problems arise. Turning to formal helping agencies is probably the next step when help from friends and peers is either unavailable or ineffective. All knew that formal agencies were available and how to contact them. Not to contact them could be a deliberate decision influenced either by past failure to be assisted or because they were seen in some way as negative. Some agencies put this down as 'misplaced independence' based upon an assumption that they were needed by the young people but if a young person can work out

his or her own solution this should not be derided.

In the research we asked young people to whom they would turn to for advice about something that really mattered and all but ten per cent said there was someone to whom they could turn as well as 'sorting it out themselves'. Understandably friends or other informal support was the most commonly cited source of help with two-thirds indicating that they could turn to this source of help and advice. This was closely followed by formal agencies (sixty-two per cent) and understandably less than half (forty-two per cent) said that they could turn to a family member. Only three out of ten said they would turn to a parent. Only one in ten said they would 'sort it out themselves' and mentioned no-one else to whom they could go to for help or advice. This group was distinctive in many ways from the remainder. All but two were males; they had tended to leave home later rather than earlier; there was a higher level of psychiatric illness and a significantly lower level of self-esteem. They had undergone a more disrupted or unhappy childhood and related far less well with other people in the place where they lived.

It is possible that the majority of those who, in later life, ended up living rough on the street come from this group. They are unable to relate well to others and possibly have never learnt to receive help. Perhaps, because of past experience, they decide that they are only going to rely on themselves. They then turn their backs on what help is on offer, whether it is from family, friends or formal agencies. It was unfortunate that no one in this group was willing to be followed up, therefore nothing can be discovered about their progress except for one who was admitted to a psychiatric hospital.

The fourth common factor is the ordinariness of the young people in the study. They are not mad, bad or sad but could be any young person at any time. Even Neil, who turned to male prostitution — a high risk activity, would not be given a second glance in the street. Homelessness can happen to any young person: even university students have had, at some time, to sleep on friends' floors. Possibly the main factors, apart from their family situation, which distinguished the young people in the research from the remainder of the population were their lack of educational achievement and of work opportunities. Yet the great majority were articulate and able to express their own situation. Males appeared more adversely affected by the loss of work opportunities than females. Moving from school to work can be seen as a traditional rite of passage for working class males, and when this necessary stage is taken from them the transition into adulthood is damaged. This affects other areas of their life, particularly the attachment to society's values. Some will take refuge in the informal economy, earning money whilst still drawing their benefit and there is little doubt that for some this is a way out of the situation. Lack of work opportunities in turn may affect their opportunity of obtaining stable accommodation when it is needed. Marginal accommodation, such as bed-sitters or shared houses, have always been a major source of young people's housing; in many ways they are the most suitable

for young people who move after a short period. Yet, over the years, this has dried up and many homeless organisations see the shortfall being met by an increase in hostel space.

Yet the evidence from the study, and from others, is that hostel accommodation is unpopular with young people for a variety of reasons. Firstly most young people need to feel that they are progressing to independence and they do not see hostels as meeting that need. They see the hostels as restrictive and themselves being tied by rules and regulations. This is not to say that they reject necessary rules and good order; indeed, the overwhelming impression was that they disliked disorder and badly organised places. But they do not have any part in making the rules and the rules remind them too much of their previous status as children. Secondly, they have no choice with whom they live. Hostels cannot, except in certain cases, allow residents to decide whom to admit and whom not. In the follow-up group they were asked to complete the sentences, 'I like this place because .....' and 'I dislike this place because .....'. In both cases the biggest response related to other people in the place in which they were living. Those in hostels often failed to complete the first sentence but for the second wrote in '..... of the other people here'. What was also apparent from interviews and the questionnaire was that many, as well as being alienated from their immediate family, had been alienated from the educational system and other institutions vital to their development.

Of those who were followed up most moved into better accommodation but few found jobs. It is the latter who are the major problem, the almost permanent exclusion of a group of young people, mostly males, not only from the world of work but from any other means of achieving full adult status. If they are excluded from this world then almost inevitably they will be pushed beyond the margins of society and become part of that under-class which has no stake in internalising the values of society or conforming to its norms. Their only means of achievement may well be found in the world of crime and that has major implications for society's political leaders.

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LONDON 1940

by Collin West

A tremendous heavy dull thud. Seconds later the ground shook. The seven story student's hostel bulging with permanent and visiting residents, shuddered, followed for just a few seconds with a piercing silence. I looked up, up the curve of the wide staircase to the dome in the ceiling. Horrified I watched as the massive chandelier swung violently in all directions — or so it seemed. Would that several tons of metal and glass come crashing down? Slowly, so very slowly the swinging eased, and finally stopped. And the light was still on — what a relief!

As I ran up the stairs one of the medical students called, 'We must have ambulances, one side of the building is devastated with quite a number of casualties. All the 'phones are dead, but we must get these fellows to hospital'. Not thinking too clearly, I went back down the stairs and out into the night. Fires everywhere; the red glow looking like a perfect sunset. A 'phone — but where? The somewhat sleazy night club was wide open. I ran down the stairs calling 'can I use your 'phone?'. All out of order, 'Try the university'. Arriving at the entrance, a voice came out of the dark, 'Halt, stop and be recognized or I shoot', I almost laughed: imagine I thought, if in the middle of one of London's worst raids I should be shot by one of our own soldiers! I explained and was told to advance. He was indeed most helpful. I found the 'phone and contacted the Air Raid Precautions Services (ARP). I explained our urgent and most pressing need. All they would say was that it had been noted, and that under the difficult circumstances they would do what they could.

Back at the hostel, I was immediately wanted to help people from an adjoining shelter into our building. One or two ladies of more ample figures demurred at the very small drop on our side of the building, but the hated drone of an engine plus a couple of flares was a much better persuader than our efforts. On the way to the gym, and what we hoped would be safety, we passed through an area which had been three offices. The wood and glass partitions had all gone, replaced by one large room with pieces of wood sticking up here and there, and a thick layer of glass which crunched underfoot. 'Just like my hallway when all my windows were blown out', commented one of the elderly ladies.

What a relief when the ARP men arrived. I felt a certain responsibility for two of the injured. Earlier, a friend and I had carried Jake down on a door from the fourth floor. He was still in bed: the blast had blown the window and door out, and the bed dipped at an angle. He had picked several pieces of glass from his body, but felt a larger piece cutting him every time he moved. He had therefore decided to stay put. Sudden shock plays strange tricks: he tried hard to hide his real feelings with an air of studied cheerfulness. Then there was Phillip. As one of the ARP men passed I offered to help. 'It's no use mate, he's gone.' 'You're wrong', I said, 'I saw an arm twitch'. He took another look. 'There may be a

chance. OK, give me a hand'.

Some six months later Phillip called in. They had taken a large piece of glass from his guts — as he picturesquely put it — the operation had been quite successful, and apart from bits of glass still working through from almost every part of his body, he was fine. He had been completely oblivious on that night. And what a night! Nerves at breaking point; bombs still screeching down, ending in that fearsome thud. If we did get another hit, would that crowded gym collapse with many more casualties? Would it never end? But at last, the all-clear. What a relief. No-one spoke, the strain had drained everyone — each one wrapped in their own thoughts.

One of my most distressing duties was to interview one or two relations of the injured and dead. There was an explosives expert whose job was to supervise the blowing up of dangerous buildings — if necessary during a raid. Dangerous? 'Bloody dangerous', he had said, 'so many unexpected things could happen'. The strain on his wife, only showing in deep sunken eyes, said 'Incredible that after so many times he had risked his life he should die in bed'. One other I remember vividly, the parents of a nineteen year old boy who had been killed in the blast. I handed his letters to his mother: she opened one, and with a deep sob in her throat said, 'This was his acceptance to start his medical studies. We all wanted it so much, all our hopes in ruins'. The tragedy and sadness remained with us, but it was mitigated by the tremendous task of getting the building back into use.

The January number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Now What? The Brand New Palestine that Never Was* by Charles Foster and *The Great Plains of America: 'The Therapy of Distance'* by Anthony Harrigan.

LADY THATCHER'S MEMOIRS

by Richard Mullen

HENRY Goulborn. Earl Granville. Sir Stafford Northcote. Even professional historians must pause for a moment to recall what these names mean. In the event, all three were either Chancellor of the Exchequer or Foreign Secretary in the governments of Peel, Gladstone, and Disraeli. The harsh fact is that reputations of even important Cabinet Ministers rarely out-last their own century. Rightly or wrongly we remember few politicians except Prime Ministers. The rest, no matter how grandly they once strutted upon the stage of politics, are doomed to join the historical chorus. This fact explains much of the hostility, and even hatred, shown towards Margaret Thatcher by so many prominent politicians of her time. Her long dominance ruined their chance to enter 10 Downing Street thereby assuring their immortality. Denis Healey, Roy Jenkins, James Prior, Michael Heseltine and Geoffrey Howe will all eventually join the Goulborns and the Granvilles in historical obscurity. One name will certainly long be known and celebrated: Margaret Thatcher. For centuries to come, historians will seek to explain this extraordinary woman. Never one to hesitate, she has provided her own assessment of the eleven years (1979-1990) in which she dominated British politics as no other figure had done since the days of Winston Churchill.

The Downing Street Years has been greeted with tremendous fanfare in the press. For once a publisher's blurb is absolutely accurate: 'The appearance of Margaret Thatcher's memoirs has been one of the most eagerly awaited publishing events in many years'. The *Sunday Times* had paid a large sum to publish extracts for two weeks before the official publication date of 18 October. Extraordinary security surrounded the book but apparently one copy was acquired by the *Daily Mirror* whose inaccurate leaks of purported comments about John Major dominated the first days of the Tory Conference. This episode did show one essential fact about Lady Thatcher's memoirs. They are not, like ordinary memoirs, the final spluttering of an exhausted volcano. Hers are like her whole political life, part of a battle to support unflinchable beliefs. Nor did the publication of the book stop the wave of publicity. BBC Television began a four week series about her — a series which has already been sold to many other countries — and, in addition, there was a week of shorter programmes about the 'Thatcher Years' where former ministers, media pundits, and even that most curious of modern commentators, 'the rock critic', had their say.

Some people have protested about all this 'media hype' and have also criticised the idea of a former Prime Minister's writing memoirs, or, at least, writing them so close to the actual events. Prime Ministerial memoirs, like so many other things, can be blamed on the First World War. Victorian Prime Ministers, even those who wrote on other topics, did not produce full scale memoirs. Peel left behind him a pile of documents for

some of his followers to edit, and Gladstone gathered volumes of his formidable articles. Disraeli completed one novel after he left Downing Street and received for it the highest sum paid for any Victorian work of fiction. It required the searing experiences of the Great War to make Prime Ministers anxious to publish justifications of their conduct. Since Asquith and Lloyd George, most Prime Ministers have brought out accounts, usually in several volumes, about their years in power. Winston Churchill's have become classics, both of history and of literature. Eden, Macmillan, and Wilson have all had their say. Edward Heath has yet to produce his memoirs although he agreed to do so years ago. If they ever do appear his short and disastrous time in Downing Street will no longer command much interest.

The first thing to be said about Margaret Thatcher's book is that it is characteristically well organised, with chapters divided into helpful shorter sections. It is also useful to have a chronology and four pages of the abbreviations that infest modern life. It is easy, and delightful, to forget the meaning of ECOFIN, NEDC, and NACODS. The index is very well done and provides great help to fading memories by listing the dates during which each person held office. The contemporary reader approaches the memoirs with a different perspective than those who will read the book in decades to come. In time, Lady Thatcher will bring out a volume which will describe her life from childhood in her father's grocery shop in Grantham until she entered Downing Street. One suspects, and hopes, that there will be yet another volume recording her work, travels, and reflections since leaving office. This volume is a well written account of eleven turbulent years and not surprisingly, some of the best writing centres on verbs, those 'action words'. Michael Heseltine's behaviour is perfectly summed up when we are told he 'flounced out' of the Cabinet.

This book begins with Margaret Thatcher's drive to the Palace on 4 May, 1979 to receive the Queen's commission to form a government and the book ends as her car drove through the security gates of Downing Street on 28 November, 1990 as she was on her way to the Palace to resign. There is one constant on both these journeys and indeed throughout the almost nine hundred pages that separate them. As she says of that first happy journey 'As we drove out through the Palace gates, Denis noticed that this time the Guards saluted me'. Of that second and sad drive she says 'I waved and got into the car with Denis beside me, as he always has been'. Throughout her book she is always anxious to pay tribute to the work of her husband. His knowledge of business, particularly the oil business, provided her with much practical information — information that was so frequently wanting in her immediate predecessors and other politicians.

Before everything else, Margaret Thatcher is a politician of conviction. She rejects the very notion of 'consensus'. She quotes one passage from a 1981 speech: 'To me consensus seems to be the process of abandoning all beliefs, principles, values and policies in search of something which no one believes, but to which no one objects'. Consensus meant that

post-war Tory governments only 'loosened the corset of socialism [but] never removed it'. She has no time for any sentimental humbug about socialism. To her it is and always has been wrong. She saw that her mission was to destroy 'the poisonous legacy of socialism — nationalization, trade union power, a deeply rooted anti-enterprise culture'.

Naturally there has been much interest about Lady Thatcher's description of her colleagues and other politicians. She writes kindly of two of the three Labour leaders. Her immediate predecessor, James Callaghan, is 'a patriot with the interests of Britain at heart, whose worst tribulations had been inflicted by his own party'. His successor, the hapless Michael Foot, is 'a highly principled and cultivated man, invariably courteous in our dealings. If I did not think it would offend him, I would say he was a gentleman'. For the third Labour leader she defeated, she has nothing but contempt. Neil Kinnock's 'Commons performances were marred by verbosity, a failure to master facts and technical arguments and, above all, a lack of intellectual clarity'. She dismisses the glossy television commercials of the 1987 election which portrayed the two Kinnocks 'bathed in a warm glow of summer sunlight'. For this tripe she has a deliciously naughty phrase: 'looking rather like an advertisement for early retirement'. And so it was.

Nor has she much time for her Liberal and SDP opponents. She believes it would have been better for British politics if the SDP leaders had remained in the Labour Party and moderated its policies. 'For all its posturing, the SDP were retread socialists who had gone along with nationalization and increased trade union power when in office, and had only developed second thoughts about socialism when their ministerial salaries stopped in 1979'. The Alliance failed to attract the support of the millions of working class voters who were tired of Labour and were won over by Mrs. Thatcher's personality and policies, particularly the right to buy their council houses. The Alliance appeal was 'to the middle-class Left, especially those who worked in the public sector, probably, I suspect, because Roy Jenkins and Shirley Williams instinctively sought out their own kind and allowed that instinct to overcome their judgement'. One can sense her satisfaction in getting back at those who treated her with such lofty disdain.

Yet the Prime Minister's 'worst tribulations', as she said of Lord Callaghan, came from her own party. In the first years of her administration she was beset by a group of left-wing Tories, survivors of the years of consensus politics. These became known as the 'wets'. They were genuinely opposed to her economic policies, particularly the tight budgets and new laws to control the power of trade unions. Some of them also resented the idea that they were in a Cabinet led by a 'woman' and, even worse, 'that woman' whose father had been a small shop-keeper. The sneers that the 'leaks' that caused so many problems of the first Thatcher administration had their origin in snobbery. Sir Ian Gilmour, who has recently opined on television that Mrs. Thatcher never said anything intelligent, was the most conspicuous 'wet'. His behaviour when she told

him that he was being dismissed from the government was 'huffy' but he managed to give waiting reporters 'a flawless imitation of a man who has resigned on principle'.

Scathing though she can be to her foes, and to some former friends, Lady Thatcher writes with generosity about her supporters. Her particular favourites are Norman Tebbit, Cecil Parkinson and, in the upcoming generation, Michael Portillo. Her warmest tribute goes to the man who first enunciated the basic tenets of 'Thatcherism': 'Keith [Joseph] was — and remains — my closest political friend'. Yet she is also warm in praise for the man she had defeated for the leadership of the Conservative Party in 1975, 'Willie' Whitelaw's natural affinities were with the 'wets' yet 'he supported me steadfastly when I was right and, more important, when I wasn't'. It will surprise some to see her admit that she wasn't always right. Her book does contain criticisms of some policies and some actions. Most notable among these is her belief that she was too accommodating towards the Irish government in efforts to find a solution for Northern Ireland's problems. She also claims that Nigel Lawson was able to carry on his own economic policy of shadowing the German Mark without her knowledge. This claim has been rejected by Lord Lawson.

Many people will turn first to the end of this book, to that final chapter which deals with one of the greatest dramas of British politics: the tragic fall of this most powerful Prime Minister while in office. Even now, some three years later, the events of those November days in 1990 haunt the Tory Party. She blames it squarely on a failure of nerve by many in her Cabinet and by the Tory whips. She accepts that she could be acerbic towards Sir Geoffrey Howe in Cabinet and that their friendship had deteriorated from the early 1980s when he was 'a tower of strength' in her early battles. She admits that she was 'foolish' to be 'hurt and shocked' by his resignation speech with its 'long suppressed rancour'. Yet she knew — as she says in a telling phrase that has infuriated Howe and his admirers — even while listening to his speech that 'Geoffrey Howe from this point on would be remembered not for his staunchness as Chancellor, not for his skilful diplomacy as Foreign Secretary, but for this final act of bile and treachery'. History supports her prophecy. After all we only remember one thing about Brutus.

What did Margaret Thatcher accomplish in these eleven hectic years? She found Britain a dispirited nation 'the sick man of Europe' in 1979. Many people were convinced the country could only be governed with the permission of a few trade union 'barons'. By defeating these men, restructuring the tax system, privatising inefficient nationalised industries and inspiring a new 'enterprise culture', she gave Britain an economic future. Of course, she did not achieve perfection and of course the recent recession (much of which she blames on Nigel Lawson) has cast a cloud over some of these achievements, but she proved that British history did not have to be a steady decline from 1945.

She played a major role in defeating communism. She was determined not to listen to the strident cries of CND and other ill-informed fanatics

who believed that Cruise missiles would mean the end of negotiations by the Soviet Union. Instead it meant the end of the Soviet Union. Yet her hostility to communism did not keep her from being the first of the Western leaders to spot that Mr. Gorbachev was someone she could 'do business with'.

Foreign affairs occupies an enormous part of these memoirs. In many ways the high point of the book is the account of the Falklands War in 1982. Margaret Thatcher did not keep a diary, but she did write a long account of this war within a few weeks of victory. The account in her book is based on that record which cannot be published for many years. She writes frankly of her fears and her worries. She is not afraid of emotive words like 'our boys'. There is a Churchillian ring to her comment that no 'common or garden dictator should rule over the Queen's subjects and prevail by fraud and violence? Not while I was Prime Minister'. She reveals she almost resigned when the new and 'wet' Foreign Secretary, Francis Pym, tried to accept an absurd deal worked out by General Haig, the American Secretary of State. She writes frankly about the support she received, in the end, from President Reagan and, even more decisively, from Casper Weinberger, the US Defence Secretary: 'America never had a wiser patriot, nor Britain a truer friend'.

She devotes considerable attention to her relations with American politicians. She has kind words for the first President she dealt with, the inept 'Jimmy' Carter. She admired his Christian faith and 'obvious sincerity' and the fact that, like her, he had had a scientific training. Yet he was too influenced by bad advisers on foreign policy. (Some of these are the same ones who are creating the current shambles that pass for American policy.) Her friendship with 'Ron' Reagan quickly became a legend. She correctly says that 'it was easy for lesser men to under-rate Ronald Reagan'. Although his methods of work were 'very different from my own' they shared deeply held convictions and their partnership destroyed communism as the earlier one between Churchill and Roosevelt destroyed nazism. She pays warm tribute to George Bush although she admits that he was 'sometimes exasperated by my habit of talking non-stop about issues which fascinated me'. One suspects that she can take one comfort in her fall from power: it has spared her the need to have any dealings with Mr. Bush's successor, a man whose slimy style and general incompetence would not appeal to her. For Margaret Thatcher, rigorous thought has always been more important than jogging in front of cameras.

Margaret Thatcher reveals an important aspect of herself in her comment that she preferred the surroundings of the G-7 summit in Williamsburg, Virginia to that held amid the grandeur of Versailles. She was always happier in dealing with Americans than with Europeans. She preferred American politicians who shared her basic right-wing convictions. With Europeans, she was not attracted by a common political identity. She preferred the socialists, President Mitterrand and Chancellor Schmidt, to their conservative rivals, Giscard d'Estaing and Helmut Kohl. Her refusal to see 'Europe' as a religion led the high priests of the cult like Messrs.

Heath and Jenkins to hurl thunderbolts at her heretical head. It never seemed to ruffle her for she knew that as on so many other topics she expressed the basic instincts of the British people. Her accounts of the numerous European summits she attended are of historical interest, but they reveal just how tedious and essentially dishonest so much of 'Europe's' activities are. Her comments in this book about her opposition to German re-unification have caused a storm of protest in the German media, one only increased by her recent interview in *Der Spiegel*.

Already ten ministers of the Thatcher Years have written memoirs and more will certainly be added. Yet this book will always be the one to start with and to return to. Memoirs are not history, but history is based upon them. One puts down these memoirs with increased admiration for this towering figure of our times. Beneath all her achievements lay three great virtues: her Christian faith, her courage (best seen in matter-of-fact account of the Brighton bombing) and her energy. This energy amazed and at times irritated her friends and astounded her enemies. She recalls Harold Macmillan telling her and other new MPs that a Prime Minister should have plenty of time for reading. 'He recommended Disraeli and Trollope. I have sometimes wondered if he was joking.' It is a pity that unlike her successor, John Major, she did not read Trollope. For she was bemused in her first days in office to be confronted by episcopal appointments, 'In view of my later relations with the hierarchy' she wished there had been 'decent training schemes for bishops'. If she had read Trollope's *Eustace Diamonds* she would have learned 'when one reflects what a deal of harm a bishop may do, one wishes that there was some surer way of getting bishops'. Some bishops in the 1980s seemed to think that their main duty was to appear on the BBC to denounce her and every action of her government. She paid little attention to their wafflings at the time and even less to them in this book.

Fashionable bishops, intellectuals, media folk, and philosophical novelists who made a comfortable income by sneering at Margaret Thatcher always referred to her simplistic beliefs and 'suburban' opinions. Her beliefs are simple and because of them she helped transform her own country and destroy communism in Europe. From her father she had learned:

> It's easy to be a starter, but are you a sticker too?
> It's easy enough to begin a job, it's harder to see it through.

She saw her job through for eleven memorable years until she was betrayed by lesser figures who could pull her down but could not silence her. This book is a powerful weapon in her crusade to preserve her achievements. She ends her well-deserved tribute to Sir Denis Thatcher: 'What a man. What a husband. What a friend'. One closes this book with the thought 'What a woman. What a leader. What a Prime Minister'.

The Downing Street Years by Margaret Thatcher is published by Harper Collins, £25.

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRIA

by James Munson

AN Austrian Christmas conjures up a world filled with Drosselmeyer, Clara and her nutcracker prince, with fir-trees and new fallen snow, with *Vanillekipferln* and Santa Kloses. In truth, Christmas in this gentlest of German-speaking nations is a month's celebration rich in ancient peasant customs, a country holiday, a *heilige Weihnacht*.

Traditionally the season begins on December 6, St. Nikolaus' day when many villages and cities have public processions in honour of the patron saint of children. In Innsbruck St. Nikolaus' procession winds its way past candle-lit windows, giving sweets and fruit to children along the way and ends in the square before the city's famous Golden Roof from beneath whose balcony the 'bishop saint' addresses the crowd below. Just as English children traditionally hung up stockings, young Austrians put their shoes in the window, hoping for presents. It is surprising that in such a small country the saint has so many names: he is normally Nikolaus but in the eastern part of Austria he is Nikolo, Niglo or even Miglo while in the Tirol and the Vorarlberg he answers to Santaklos or even Klos, to those who know him well. Normally, as befits this most Catholic country, St. Nikolaus is a celibate but in the provinces of Lower Austria and Styria he is married. Unfortunately for him, his wife, Nikolofrau, is known as something of a termigant — at least to some.

Even worse than Nikolofrau is the malignant Krampus, a masked and rather nasty piece of work who accompanies St. Nikolaus to pick up naughty children whom he places in his rucksack or *Buckelkraxn* in transit for a place far hotter than Austria in December. At least that is the theory: in practice St. Nikolaus protects Austrian children, as is his duty, from the devilish fate prepared for them. In the village of Rauris, some thirty miles south of Salzburg, St. Nikolaus' day is ushered in the night before by a group of young men known as *Schiachperchten* who parade round the village. They are dressed in ragged clothes and straw shoes, wear two-foot high ugly peaked masks (the *Schiachperchten*) and caps like the Spanish penitents during Lent and carry brooms, scissors and a large basket. Their object seems to be two-fold, to frighten winter away and, like Krampus with his sack, to collect bad children.

For some, Christmas begins two days earlier on the 4th, St. Barbara's day, when a 'Barbara twig' is cut from a cherry tree and placed in a vase of water. If it blooms before Christmas Eve the family will see a marriage in the year to come.

As everywhere else, Christmas revolves round children. On Advent Sunday the Advent Calendar is brought out. Indeed, it is claimed as an Austrian creation. If legend is to be believed, an Austrian mother attached twenty-four pieces of cake to cardboard, one piece to be eaten each day. (The legend says nothing about the quality of the twenty-fourth piece.) The little boy grew up, established a printing house and, in 1903,

began issuing 'Advent Calendars' with pictures replacing his mother's cake. Children wishing to write to Father Christmas are given an address by the Austrian Post Office and all letters, with an s.a.e., received between 28 November and 6 January will receive a reply from the post office in the village of Christkindl (the Christ-child), near Steyr, Upper Austria.

The decoration of Christmas trees is taken extremely seriously by Austrians: not for them the artificial tree and plastic baubles that have come in here. Ironically, the Christmas tree is no more native to Austria than to England. Just as it was introduced here from Protestant Germany by George III's consort, Queen Charlotte and popularised by Prince Albert, in Austria it was introduced by the wife of Archduke Karl, famous throughout Europe as the first general to defeat Napoleon. The Archduchess Henriette von Nassau-Weilburg's influence was such that in the years following her marriage in 1815 her 'Christmas-tree' became fashionable.

In the early nineteenth century Austrians decorated their trees with paper roses, fruit, cakes and nuts. Later, glass ornaments were added but in recent years people seem to be returning to earlier customs. Although electric lights have made some in-roads, all my Austrian friends assured me that *they* still used small candles — *kleine Kerzen*. Many places have special Christmas markets — in Salzburg it is the Christkindlmarkt which opens in front of the Cathedral on 25 November with fanfares and a carol service. In Innsbruck there is the Tiroler Heimatwerk on the Meranerstrasse where you can buy, at a price, the world famous hand-carved wooden decorations for which the Tyrol is famous. In Vienna there is a good market near the Maria Hilfer Strasse, Vienna's Oxford Street. It is actually in the Spittelberg where, it is said, Mozart used to play skittles. The main market is in front of the *Rathaus* or Town Hall on the Ringstrasse and it is here you will find Vienna's Christmas Tree, given by the eight provincial states or *Länder* to the capital.

In addition to any tree there is always a Christmas Creche or *Krippe* — crib — and the Tirol is again famous for these. Inside are wax, not plastic, figures and place of honour is given, naturally, to the Christchild. Now this particular wax figure has a special meaning for Austrians because of a seventeenth century miracle. In 1695 Ferdinand Sertl, an organist, was given one by some nuns who admired the way in which he coped with his epilepsy. Sertl put the wax figure into the hollow of a tree and prayed for a cure which was granted. The story of the miracle spread and thirteen years later the foundation stone for a chapel on the site of the tree was laid and the high altar was built round the tree. In 1985, Sertl's wax figure was discovered in the church loft and now rests in a niche above the door to the vestry.

The time before Christmas is also a period for some extraordinary customs that have survived. In Oberndorf, the village where 'Silent Night' was composed in 1818, boatmen unable to work on the frozen Salzach River, used to go round asking for supplies to survive the winter. In 1924 the custom which had disappeared, was revived and men now walk round

with their lanterns, bells and crib atop a six foot pole collecting money for charity. There are public carol concerts throughout Austria: one of the most famous takes place in the *Grosses Festspielhaus* in Salzburg. In the beautiful village of Igls, just outside Innsbruck and long a favourite of British visitors, a beautiful torch-lit procession symbolising the arrival of Christ takes place on 23 December. The children of the area, some 250 to 300, process in their nativity costumes through the village to the outdoor stage in its centre. Here they enact a living manger which lasts about half an hour. Many of the spectators have come up the mountain from Innsbruck, some on the tram that runs through the forest.

The principal day of Christmas is not, as with the English and Americans, the twenty-fifth but Christmas Eve — the German for Christmas is, after all, 'consecrated night'. It is a public holiday along with Christmas Day, New Year's Eve and New Year's Day and is essentially a family occasion. In the morning there is time for last-minute shopping: in Salzburg the Chriskindlmarkt is closed at noon when cannons boom forth from the great castle of Hohensalzburg and the Kapuzinerberg on both sides of the Salzach River. Immediately the bells of Salzburg begin to peal forth. Many people will devote the afternoon to visiting the graves of deceased family and friends. People gather round the grave, decorate it with flowers and candles and sing hymns.

Once back home celebrations start. The Christmas tree candles are lit, presents are exchanged and the eating begins in earnest. Austria, unlike the English-speaking world, has not given her heart totally to the turkey or to any particular meat-dish and the food eaten varies according to the region. In Vienna and eastern Austria the favourite is fish, especially carp although it is not to everyone's taste: one friend, who has hated fish throughout her life, recalled that on Christmas Eve her great treat was *not* to eat fish! For those not eating carp there is goose which is stuffed with chestnuts, fried onions, chopped bacon, giblets and milk. Like carp, however, goose is expensive and is giving way to turkey, duck, pork or beef; Sekt wine is often drunk with the meal.

Many families who are not dieting, and few Austrians seem to do this, have roll-mops which are cut into pieces and then mixed with diced green apples, gherkins, capers, soured cream, mayonnaise, ground black pepper and cocktail onions. There is beef soup, veal sausages, glazed apples and spiced red cabbage which is seasoned with wine, vinegar, sugar and spices. Sweet-breads include *Christstollen*, a delicious yeast bread filled with candied fruits and raisins and *Fruechtebrot* similar to our fruit-cake. Each family has its own favourite cake or *Torte*, whether it is a Sachertorte or Linzertorte or a home-made chocolate cake. In addition there is a range of tray-bakes or *Weihnachtskeks*. These include Vanillekipferl, Cocosbusserl, Husarenkrapferl, Hausfreunde and Lebkuchen. They are cut into various Christmas shapes and sprinkled with ground nuts or sugar. To drink there is, especially in Vienna, Sekt wine and throughout Austria *Glühwein*, a hot punch made of wine, more often red, fruit, sugar, spices, and for some, a little rum.

At night the cold, still air in Austria's cities, towns and villages is rent by church bells. Outside Salzburg, in the small town of Oberndorf, thousands gather outside the simple memorial chapel built on the spot where 'Silent Night' was first sung in 1818. (Many will have crossed the river from Oberndorf's sister town, Laufen, in Germany, having waved at the sole border guard and exchanged the familiar, 'Grüss Gott' greeting. The Christmas story is read both in German and English. There is a brief sermon, hymns and then the lights are switched off. In the dark two men sing the first two verses of the famous hymn accompanied only by a guitar as was the case in 1818. Then the crowd joins in for the remaining verses.

The main religious service throughout Austria is the Midnight Mass or *Weihnachtsmette*. Although on a normal Sunday only about twenty in every one hundred Austrians go to Mass, on Christmas Eve the number soars to about eighty. Many women in the thriving villages and smaller towns wear their regional costumes which, in the Lands of Upper Austria and Salzburg, are beautiful silk dresses which reach to the ground while others wear the more familiar *Dirndl* with white blouse, embroidered bodice and full skirt. On their heads women wear the fantastic *Goldenhauben* or gold caps made up of thousands of small gold sequins. These can take up to one hundred hours to make and are worth thousands: not surprisingly they are handed down from mother to daughter. Austria's cathedrals and abbeys, with their wonderfully rich musical tradition, will have elaborate sung masses by Haydn or Mozart both of whom were, of course, Austrian.

Christmas Day is reserved for the visits of close friends and, in the afternoon, a message from the *Bundes Präsident*. To cope with visitors most housewives set up buffets including the white sausages or Mettwurst although in the Tyrol, there is a hash made of smoked tongue, peas and mashed potatoes. Celebrations, however, have not stopped. In Bergheim, near Salzburg, December 28th sees groups of boys and young men wandering through the village streets. They carry chains, whips and rattles and take up collections, not so much for charity as for lager and schnapps in the village inn — a sort of transposed Guy Fawke's Day.

On New Year's Eve, Austria's major cities and towns host a Silvester Ball, named in honour of St. Silvester whose day it is. These can be grand affairs and are not occasions for rock 'n' roll but for music in the land where the waltz is still king. For those who need to brush up on the intricate steps of the Viennese waltz there are numerous schools, the most famous of which is Willy Elmayer's *Tanz Schule* on the Brännerstrasse in Vienna's old city where lessons cost about £10. Before one sets out for the ball they will need to fortify the inner man and here, the pig reigns. There is roasted pork for luck — *Schweinebraten für Glück* and afterwards little cakes shaped like pigs. For villages too small to host a ball there are Glühwein parties and, as the new year dawns, fireworks to welcome in the *Neue Jahr*.

The arrival of the new year brings with it its own customs. In the Tirol, men dressed like bears dance in the streets. If they pick a man out of the

crowd to strike him on the shoulder little notice is taken but if they touch a woman alarm can spread: the tradition is that she will become pregnant within the year. There is another custom that extends throughout all Austria and lasts throughout the year: when travelling round, visitors will see mysterious letters written on door lintels:

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They reminded me of the chalked recording of successful 'bumps' on the walls of Oxford Colleges after Torpids or Eights, the two rowing competitions on the Isis or Thames, or the markings made by priests on the Paschal Candle. They are in fact the recording of a visit made by royalty, by the three kings, *die Drei Könige*. Between 1 and 6 January houses which wish it are visited by a group whose origins lie hidden in central European history. The 'Kings' are men from the local area who arrive dressed in white smocks with tall black hats, in the centre of which a space has been cut for a candle. The lights are turned out and the Three Kings, carrying a Christmas Crib, are let in. They are accompanied by a servant boy and proceed through all the rooms with a thurible or censer to bless the house. Afterwards there is a collection for charity and schnapps is handed round. On leaving, Kaspar, Melchior and Balthasar leave a token of their visit with a piece of chalk.

With the departure of the Three Wise Men, Christmas celebrations come to an end in Austria. Of all the varied customs and celebrations that survive in this heartland of Europe the one that remains with me most is not the glorious sung masses in Salzburg or Vienna or the excitement of the Chriskindlmarkt but the simple doorway to the little chapel in Oberndorf round which are carved the immortal words, *Friede den Menschen auf Erden die Eines Guten Willens sind*, Peace on earth, good will to men.

The writer wishes to thank the Austrian State Tourist Office, 30 St. George Street, London, W1R 0AL (071-629 0461), for their help in preparing this article.

POEMS

by Pam Gidney

WILDERNESS

'As long as there is wilderness there is hope'
— Paul Theroux

— For in the wild places of the world
There is that primitive silence
That yet contains birdsong and the cries of animals,
Where the wind rattles the tambourines of the trees
And water makes music over the frets of the rocks.
At night one could imagine that the stars might sing
The forgotten music of the spheres.

Here might be found true peace.
In the immensity of nature the mind's preoccupations
Are reduced in size to manageable proportions,
Against the backdrop of mortality and eternity.
The mantra of the cicada repeats itself
Over and over, and the great Om of earth and air
Sounds across the wasteland,
Reaches out to the Absolute.

And so there is hope for the world
As long as there is wilderness
Where man might wander
And lose himself,
And find himself.

And there find God.

THE ON-STAGE CHRIST

We walk the stage of life
And sometimes think we see
There, standing in the wings,
A shadowy figure:
A scene-shifter perhaps,
Who with strong arms
Moves the essential furniture upon the stage,
Changes the backdrop, lowers down the flats.

Our play progresses: we have learnt our lines,
We know the part that we must play,
The masks
That we must don to cover up our shame.
Another glimpse, this time stage left,

Reminds us of that figure we once saw:
Perhaps a prompter, quick to find
The words that lesser actors have forgotten.
But we take centre-stage
In all our arrogant self-assurance,
Knowing the play revolves around our part.
Star quality is ours: the world adores.

But coming back across the empty stage
When all the lights are down, the audience gone,
And shadows clothe the bones of our pretence —
Who stands before the footlights in his own
Intrinsic light? No stage-hand this,
No follower of words in well-thumbed book:
Not even strutting star acclaimed by all.

This is the one, unseen, but always there,
Glimpsed tantalisingly from time to time
And then dismissed, as one of no account.
And yet he is the player and the play,
He is the Prologue and the Epilogue,
He the five acts, and every scene is his.
He is the silent watcher of each play,
The ever-present, always on-stage Christ.

BEYOND REALITY

Reality
Is where people go
Who have no imagination.
It's harsh out there, they tell me,
And things are
Only the way they seem.
There's no getting away from them.
Facts and reality go hand-in-hand.

I give reality a passing nod from time to time,
But I'm far out from there.
Where I am
Anything can happen.
Improbabilities abound.
The boundaries are flexible,
The barriers are down,
And in this unpredictable state
Creativity can flourish,
Love is born,
And there is room to contemplate our God.

DOROTHY PARKER: AN AMERICAN CENTENARY

by Mervyn Horder

TRANSATLANTIC centenaries are not much observed, or even noticed on this side, and it comes as something of a jolt to find that two American entertainers whose products have earned an honoured place in the consciousness of most British intellectuals have already reached this venerable condition — Cole Porter last year, and Dorothy Parker this one. Dorothy Parker, Dotty to her friends and the journalists, died in 1967 but is still popularly referred to as 'the immortal D.P.'. She had a lamentably disordered life — three times married (twice to the same man), abortion, attempted suicide, and progressive reliance on the Scotch bottle, which, as we all know, is apt to take away quite quickly whatever pleasures it gives. Her health can hardly have been improved by having to drink bootleg through the whole period of Prohibition in America, 1920-33, the years of her peak creativity.

Since her death there have been at least four full-length biographies chronicling her unhappy career in the pejorative manner now fashionable; so that now is the time to recall Ernest Hemingway's remark (in *Death in the Afternoon*) that 'a major art cannot ever be judged until the unimportant physical rotten-ness of whoever made it is well buried', and turn to her work instead. This is conveniently available as *The Collected Dorothy Parker* in the Penguin Modern Classics Series.

None of her prose stories exceeds ten thousand words (the length of the average Sherlock Holmes stort story), none of her poems forty lines (and some of the best are less than ten); but somehow her forlorn, querulous little voice is still to be heard when those of her robuster more chest-thumping contemporaries are silent for ever. She was a kind of female Housman, her speciality unrequited or misdirected love, her tone generally despondent, her vehicle verse of unfailing neatness, crying out to be read aloud and making an instant effect in that form. In addition to her original work, which is even more exiguous in extent than it sounds, a full third of her Penguin collection being taken up with her ephemeral book and theatre reviews, a hard core of her spoken remarks has been handed down in biographies and elsewhere, and in these the black diamonds of her wit coruscate as intensely as ever. Such collections of these sayings as have appeared here so far have not always been wisely edited; so that it is possible to offer below, in no particular order, some supplementary, less familiar, gleanings of merit from the harvest:

"Scratch an actor and find an actress."

"I like to think of my shining tombstone. It gives me, as you might say, something to live for."

To a New York cabby who said he was engaged: "Then be happy!"

"As far as I am concerned, the most beautiful word in the English language is 'cellar-door'."

To a woman in the theatre who asked her: 'Are you Dorothy

Parker?': "Yes, do you mind?"

Taken to task by Harold Ross, her *New Yorker* editor, for not coming to the office to write her usual piece: "Someone else was using the pencil".

In Monte Carlo, in 1926, the Casino refused her admittance because she didn't wear stockings. "So I went and found my stockings and then came back and lost my shirt".

Asked what she did for fun: "Everything that isn't writing is fun".

Returning in 1938 from ten days in Spain: "The crossing was so rough that the only thing I could keep on my stomach was the First Mate".

"Life is terrible!"

'Don't you enjoy anything?'

"Certainly. Flowers, French fries and a good cry."

In Hollywood Sam Goldwyn asked her: 'Do you really say all those things the papers report that you say?' "Do you?"

Working in Hollywood. "Unless someone comes near my office, I'm going to write 'MEN' on the door."

'How do you do it?' women often asked her. "See your analyst; he might have a word with your ovaries."

"Oh I said it alright. You know how it is. A joke. When people expect you to say things, you say things. Isn't that the way it is?"

"Did I enjoy the party? One more drink and I'd have been under the host."

Asked if she knew Hemingway's age: "All writers are either 29 or Thomas Hardy."

She spent some time in the company of a handsome sun-burnt young film star in Hollywood: "Ah yes, his is the hue of availability."

Under interrogation by the FBI in 1952: "Listen, I can't even get my dog to stay down. Do I look like someone who could overthrow the government?"

"Wit has truth in it. Wise-cracking is simple calisthenics with words."

"As I was saying to the landlord only this morning: 'You can't have everything'."

We might take our leave of her with the remark she made to Lillian Hellman, her executor, a few days before she died: "Lilly, promise me that my gravestone will carry only these words: 'If you can read this, you're too close'."

[Lord Horder, in his publishing days with Gerald Duckworth & Co. Ltd., was responsible, in 1970, for the first issue of Dorothy Parker's *Collected Works* in Britain. He has also set six Dorothy Parker poems to music for soprano and piano, published by Bardic/Novello under the title *Black Diamonds*.]

THE EVOLUTIONARY CURVE — AMERICAN ART IN THE 20th CENTURY

by Muriel Julius

AMERICA is the latest subject in the Royal Academy's ambitious series of exhibitions in which modern art is being surveyed country by country. Germany, Britain and Italy have already been treated in this magazine by this writer.

Two hundred and fifty works by sixty artists have been chosen by the Academy's dominant exhibitions organizer, Norman Rosenthal, in conjunction with Christos Joachimides of the Zeitgeist-Gesellschaft, Berlin, where they have already been shown.

This is one of those blockbuster exhibitions that I deplore, which result in mental fatigue and sore feet. This time there is also a post-1970s selection some three miles distant at the Saatchi Gallery in St. John's Wood. However, big displays attract sponsors: this time Merrill Lynch, American Airlines and *The Daily Telegraph*. Even in times of recession corporations crave the kudos of cultural connections.

The exhibition advertises itself as 'a monumental survey'. It is no such thing. It is the highly subjective, opinionated choice primarily, one suspects, of Mr. Rosenthal: a selection one critic has described as 'a calculated act of presumption'. It must have been extremely difficult to decide which artists to put in and which to leave out from the teeming variety available. It is the omissions that have caused hostility.

Anyone lucky enough to have visited the many art museums that exist all over America cannot fail to be impressed not only by the quantity but the quality of the works displayed. Well before the turn of the century Americans were quick to accept avant-garde art and purchased it with an enthusiasm and courage sadly lacking among the British. And generous US tax deductions notwithstanding, American collectors must surely be the most handsome benefactors anywhere.

The first Impressionist painting bought in England, I believe, was a Renoir purchased by Mrs. Samuel Courtauld in 1922. By the 1890s Mrs. Potter Palmer already owned so many paintings by Monet she made a frieze of them round the ballroom of her huge Chicago mansion.

Gertrude Stein and her brothers Leo and Michael went to live in Paris in 1905 and began buying art. They bought from Picasso when he was only twenty-four and eventually owned over one hundred of his works, not to mention some seventy by Matisse among other artists.

In New York Alfred Stieglitz, a famous photographer, opened his art gallery, the 291 on Fifth Avenue. He introduced into America the works of Matisse, Rodin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Brancusi, Severini. In 1911 he gave Picasso his first ever one-man show. But the catalyst we are most concerned with here is Peggy Guggenheim. Almost alone she was largely responsible for transferring the most exciting art arena in the Western world from Paris to New York.

She was the feisty, impetuous, generous daughter of one of the seven immensely rich Guggenheim brothers. In pre-1939 days she cut a swathe across Europe, collecting husbands and lovers and running her gallery in London on the way. She flew into New York in July, 1941 and the following year opened 'Art of this Century', her gallery on Madison Avenue. With her extraordinary flair for recognizing talent she launched the careers of Mark Rothko, Robert Motherwell, Ad Reinhardt, Adolph Gottlieb, Clifford Still and determinedly set about establishing Jackson Pollock as the greatest American painter. Many believe that he is that still.

Although all evidence of the influence of such giants as Picasso and Matisse has been expurgated from the Academy exhibition, no country has benefited more from the infusion of Europeans than America. No figurative painter has been included; no member of The Eight or the historically important Ashcan Group except Edward Hopper — whose paintings of the 1920s and 1930s reveal the actuality around them. There is not a murmur of the pace and stress of American city life; of urban violence or racial tensions. So nothing of George Bellows, William Glackens, John Sloan, Robert Henri, nor yet Maurice Prendergast, Sargent, or the witty, sophisticated Elie Nadelman. They only painted real people for goodness sake.

Instead American consumer culture, commercial mass-produced objects are projected as icons of beauty. A large space is devoted to 1960s Pop art.

But the first room of this exhibition is dominated by the Dada objects of Marcel Duchamp, a Frenchman. On entering one sees his 'Fountain' — a white ceramic urinal which he signed R. Mutt. The year is 1913 and Duchamp submitted this to the committee of the vast, oracular Armory Show. This was an exhibition of one thousand three hundred paintings and sculptures, which introduced a vast new public to both American and European art. The rejection of Duchamp's urinal caused two members of the committee to resign for Duchamp affirmed that a urinal, a shovel, a pair of glass doors, even the unlovely haircomb, all seen here, if selected by an artist and publicly displayed, should be designated a work of art. Duchamp did more than any other man to change the concept of art in the twentieth century.

Except that he painted very ordinary objects, fountain pens, safety razors, or watches in confirmation of this concept, one wonders why precious space was found for some works by Gerald Murphy. He was a rich New York playboy who went to live in Paris and only painted between 1924 and 1929. He studied with the Russian Constructivist, Nina Goncharova. He was immortalized by his friend, F. Scott Fitzgerald in his novel *Tender Is the Night*.

Gratefully one passes to Room II and the beautifully chosen lyrical works of Arshile Gorky, the Turkish Armenian who fled to America in 1920 aged sixteen. His exotic colours and loose linear effects, reminiscent of Kandinsky, were precursors of the abstract expressionism that would

dominate American art for two decades. Above these paintings float the ever-enchanting mobiles of Alexander Calder.

The people in works by Edward Hopper are essentially realist, essentially American. Even together as in 'Room in New York', 1932, they evoke a bleak world of unfulfilled longing and alienation. 'Automat' shows a young woman sitting all alone at night in the harshly lit café, emphasising her lonely dreams and fears.

Georgia O'Keefe is still the *doyenne* of American women artists. Two years after her death it took mega guile to get into her crowded retrospective at New York's Metropolitan Museum in 1988. She was a pioneer of modernism in America, and her early abstract watercolours were unexpectedly lovely. It is for her enlargements of flower and plant forms, whose sensuous curves are often sexually suggestive that she is most famous today. She was discovered and promoted by Alfred Stieglitz who she married in 1924. They lived at the Shelton Hotel and she painted from their 23rd floor rooms. Two of her large cityscapes here capture the canyon-like quality of New York city streets.

More powerful and authoritative are Joseph Stella's brooding evocations of the great city by night. They contrast with Charles Sheeler's Precisionist 1929 paintings of a starkly empty, sunlit power station, and his immaculate white 'Upper Deck'. His work possibly spurred some 1960 Minimalists to use machine-tooled forms and the spray-painted finish.

With the 1940s and 1950s modern American art explodes into unchartered territories. In the large central gallery are huge canvases that stun the senses. Here are the giants of Abstract Expressionism, de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, Sam Francis, Clifford Still, Franz Kline. Each deserves a gallery to himself — they need space. Good though the Pollock showing is, especially the giant 'Mural' from the University of Iowa — incidentally a gift from Peggy Guggenheim — who can forget the Pollocks at the Pompidou in Paris, with one vast room entirely devoted to 'Les Drippings'? Or the impressive, monumental paintings by Clifford Still, again at the Metropolitan. By opening the picture down the middle and introducing large, uninterrupted areas of uniform colour into subtle yet spectacular opposition he brought genuine originality into the art scene.

The Dutchman, Willem de Kooning's works are marvellously exuberant, like Soutine without the frenzy. The sheer vitality of his brushstrokes compel attention. His series of 'Women' that dismayed the public with their grotesque size and expressions (thin was always beautiful in New York) have strong cubist elements owing much to Picasso and Rubens. His women create an exciting equivalent for life.

For a long time Sam Francis was my favourite. I admire his oriental simplicity and limpid colours. But after seeing the Morris Louis exhibition at the Hayward Gallery he was superceded. The transluscent overlapping colours achieved by an original colour-stain technique, especially in Louis' series called 'Veils' achieve a marvellous sensual beauty. It is a quality ignored in this exhibition. Too European, perhaps?

But if no Morris Louis why is there no Helen Frankenthaler? Many

others are missing: Larry Rivers, Olitski, Hans Hoffman, Robert Motherwell, Mark Tobey, Kenneth Noland.

Colour Field was an innovation created by Mark Rothko and Barnet Newman. So special are Rothko's paintings that a small enclave has been devised in which to show them. They feature one or sometimes two large rectangular horizontal bands painted in one or more thinly applied washes with soft uneven edges. They appear to pulsate against their background as if floating, and produce a marvellous effect of calm and contemplation. The late Peter Fuller found them extremely spiritual. Their effect at the Academy is minimized by having the works of Barnet Newman hung much too close.

Barnet Newman, the son of Russian immigrants, was a powerful writer, a life-long anarchist and stood for Mayor of New York in 1933. His paintings consist of large areas of stark colour punctuated by one or more narrow bands of complementary or contrasting colour. These works do not offer images, like the Rothkos they create environments, which is why they were painted on a scale that requires them to be viewed from a distance. Donald Judd considers them complex works. He wrote 'it's not so rash to say that Newman is the best painter in this country'.

Outside the main gallery one encounters the works of Robert Rauschenberg. One may like or dislike them — but they are very hard to ignore. Innovative and overpowering are the words that spring to mind. His rumbustuous 'combines' (his word) mix drawing, painting, collage, printed matter and objects both onto or appended from the canvas. Gratefully one turns away to the quiet of Ad Reinhardt's black nothings.

It is strange to know that Rauschenberg was once closely associated with Jasper Johns the masterly painter of subtle nothings. By choosing banal, familiar subjects — a target, numbers, the American flag, he allows one to concentrate on his remarkable painterly techniques.

I am mystified by the works of Cy Twombly — graffiti scribblings and doodles on canvas; even more to know that they are inspired by classical mythology and antique sources. Since 1957 Twombly has lived in Rome.

One sees too little of another innovator, Elsworth Kelly. I love his Hard Edge colour paintings. Kelly is so assured, his colours so sharp and spot-on, so elegant, so New York. They are real neat.

They are in sharp contrast to the Pop Art confections of the 1960s nearby. These non-essential works reflect their period — the affluent Kennedy Camelot years. Claes Oldenberg's soft sculptures of an ice-cream cone, lunch-box sandwiches and many varieties of butcher's meat are but part of his story. Mr. Oldenberg it seems is a confirmed Anglophile. This September he installed his thirty-five foot high corked bottle, made out of words cut from Teeside sheet steel. It is in the civic plaza in, of all unlikely places, Middlesborough. Pop Art lives on.

He is joined by Roy Lichtenstein, the lightest, most ironic of Pop artists who forced into the ivory tower spaces of museums the cheap illustrations of the comic strip. Much space is given to Andy Warhol, who by isolating the Heinz soup can turned it into an icon. Having begun

to explore comic strip imagery at the same time as Lichtenstein he turned to photography and the silkscreen print. Here are yet again his 'Single Elvis' the 'Big Electric Chair' and 'Ambulance Disaster'.

Nowadays Frank Stella makes the most exuberant coloured three-dimensional arrangements, but in the 1960s he was the most perfectly controlled minimalist. 'Tuxedo Park Junction' is black with elegantly placed lines making a diamond pattern. He was then only 23 years old.

As befits an artist with degrees in both philosophy and history of art, Donald Judd is the minimalist sculptors' sculptor. At the end of a too crowded gallery is one of his 'stacks', a vertical arrangement of ten identical rectangular copper boxes cantilevered from the wall. Mathematically calculated, they appear untouched by the artist, and that indeed is his intention. All his works are machine made so that they achieve a static clarity.

Carl André, he of 'the bricks' at the Tate, here contributes one hundred hot-rolled steel plates arranged as a rectangle.

At the Saatchi Gallery is the over-praised Julian Schnabel with his confection of broken plates, saucers, shells, etc. as irrelevant as ever.

Jeff Koons is the hugely successful, controversial former Wall Street commodity broker who turned to art. He has conducted a publicity campaign on himself unmatched in the history of art. His work celebrates the banal. His basketball suspended in water in a plexiglass cabinet is mounted on a pedestal. He shows five new model Hoovers solemnly displayed under fluorescent lights. But it was the gleaming model train in stainless steel — no doubt industrially crafted, but who cares — that confirms Mr. Koon for me as the king of kitsch. At one time he said 'The trick is to be outrageous but not offensive'. I understand he is now into hardcore porn. Only in America.

I admit to a sneaking admiration for James Lee Byars 'The Book of 100 Perfects', 1985. Four chaise longues covered in smokey blue velvet surround the velvet-covered book. It is discreetly low lit, positively irresistible to the fatigued exhibition visitor.

Even if this show does not create lasting appreciation of American Art in the great British public, they must surely admire the galaxy of highly original and talented artists whose work is displayed. Whatever, one wonders, will they dare to do next?

The vast catalogue contains twenty-five introductory essays. The exhibition continues at both venues until 12th December, 1993.

Literary Supplement

A 'SETTLED' PRINCE

Witness of a Century — The Life and Times of Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught 1850-1942. Dr. Noble Frankland. Shepheard-Walwyn. £22.95. 0-85683-136-0.

The fascinating thing about this biography is that Prince Arthur, Queen Victoria's third son, was such an ordinary man. As such one might wonder why he deserves a biography: the answer is a timely one. Because Prince Arthur, later created Duke of Connaught, was an ordinary man in an extra-ordinary position. He shaped his life to meet the place he occupied. His was a life of self-restraint devoted to duty, to hard work and to decency. It is hardly surprising to learn that he felt especially close to his nephew, King George V. Queen Victoria's sons were not altogether her greatest achievement and she arguably did better with her daughters. She had often warned that princes in an increasingly democratic Britain could not simply rest on their position: they had to justify the respect they were given. Prince Arthur fulfilled her hopes better than any other son.

The author is best known as the Director of the Imperial War Museum from 1960 to 1982 but he is also a writer and this is his third biography. For its writing he was granted access to the Royal Archives and he has based his story on a thorough mastery of the enormous number of manuscripts placed at his disposal. The discussion of the various aspects of the Duke's life gives one valuable insights into the late-Victorian and early twentieth century Empire. His time in India and in Egypt is well told. When discussing his work in the army the author gives a much-needed corrective to the normally flattering accounts of the work of Knollys and Esher. The story of the Duke's search for a royal bride is a great treat for anyone knowledgeable about Queen Victoria's work to 'settle' her sons. Perhaps the best part of this book deals with the Duke's time as Governor-General of Canada from 1911-1916. This sets a lot of records straight and shows constitutional monarchy at its best.

When discussing the controversy between the Duke and the Canadian politician, Sam Hughes, Dr. Frankland stops to expose that much-over-rated historian, A. J. P. Taylor, known to many as an historical 'poseur' of the first order. Taylor's link to Beaverbrook and Beaverbrook's link to Hughes are the keys to Taylor's downright distortion of Prince Arthur's part in the Hughes scandal. It is good to have records set straght and injustices exposed, even if one has to wait decades for the task to be done. It may be that men get the biographers they deserve: if so, Beaverbrook got his and now, at long last, so has Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught.

JAMES MUNSON

MUCH MORE THAN MISHIMA

Modern Japanese Novelists: A Biographical Dictionary. John Lewell. Kodansha International. 1993. 497pp. £45.00. 4-7700-1649-2.

This is a slightly curious but nonetheless most welcome guide to one of the most fertile traditions of modern world literature. For Japan, since the Meiji Restoration in 1868, has produced a succession of great novelists and other writers: a succession that continues to this day in the shape of such luminaries as Oe Kenzaburo (already a Nobel nominee for several years running) and

Endo Shusaku. Yet little notice has been taken of this tremendous heritage in the West — aside from the campy prima donna Mishima — and this dictionary is one more effort to remedy the situation.

I say 'curious' because the author of this volume cannot read much Japanese. He comes clean about this in the introduction, stating 'I have neither the patience nor the inclination to make a systematic study of the Japanese language. I do not consider this to be a disadvantage. My subject is Japanese literature *in translation*'. This is a surprisingly common state of affairs in the world of Japan studies: Anthony Thwaite, for instance, co-translated *The Penguin Book of Japanese Verse* without a reading knowledge of the language. In this case, however, the fault is mostly forgivable, as John Lewell has evidently read all the sources and critical literature available in English, and has checked his judgements carefully. And of course, most readers of this dictionary will be seeking guidance to works in English translation, rather than keys to the originals. Certainly Kodansha, a house of considerable repute, were happy enough with the arrangement, and several academic authorities add their plaudits on the back jacket.

Modern Japanese Novelists contains substantial biographical and critical articles on fifty-seven writers, as well as an introduction and a glossary. Each article is topped by a portrait photograph, and tailed with a list of recommended reading, works available in translation and critical studies. Personal names are given Japanese style — as in this article — with the surname first. The coverage is commendably thorough and up-to-date: Abe Kobo, who died just a few months ago, has his date of death given. Works cited range from the first fruits of the Meiji era to the present, and certainly some of the writers included were unfamiliar to me.

In general, John Lewell's book succeeds very well. The author evidently has a sound grasp of the issues involved — the early struggle to develop a modern literary vernacular, the tension between European influences and native tradition, the rise of the autobiographical 'I-novel', the system of magazine serialization — and quotes from the right authorities where his own knowledge gives out. Difficulties over such areas as literary style are smoothed over in this manner: translators and critics are brought forth to rule on such matters, which in any case are of nominal value for the reader of translated literature.

Occasionally there are glitches. For instance, Lewell clearly found it hard to respond to perhaps the greatest masterpiece of the post-war period, Oe Kenzaburo's *Man'en gannen no futtoboru* (published here by Serpent's Tail as *The Silent Cry*). He declares that 'the novel's basic unpleasantness is apparent on every page' and that 'more than any other book it reveals Oe's weaknesses as a novelist... Trading as he does in the grotesque, the bizarre and the obscene'. Certainly, there are many unpleasant events in the novel, but Lewell's dismissal of it as 'a confusing melée', his failure to comprehend the novel's design, makes one wonder if he has actually grasped the issues involved. *Man'en gannen* is carefully constructed in depth — perhaps even overcontrived — and its contrivances are mostly either borrowed from Western sources, such as Mircea Eliade's typologies of myths of regeneration, or readily comprehensible, such as the overwhelming of village shops by supermarket chains in the 1950s and 60s. The intermittent doses of grotesquerie, bizarrerie and obscenity are no worse than in Mishima, and are at least presented without the nauseating sugar coat of homoerotic kitsch which Lewell finds palatable in Mishima's case. The novel's most active character, Takashi, is hardly the arbitrary psychopath that Lewell takes him for: rather, he is an uncannily

accurate portrait of the 1960s student radical persona. When I read the novel for the first time, the sensation was exactly like riding a roller-coaster, and, like a roller-coaster, the tolerances and safety margins of that wild ride have been minutely calculated. It would be a shame to forego such exhilaration out of mere prejudiced anxiety.

Happily, such blind spots are rare. Lewell does handsome justice to writers like Tanizaki and Soseki, whose achievements are in any case beyond cavil. If not as inspirational as J. Thomas Rimer's *A Reader's Guide to Japanese Literature* (Kodansha, 1988), which is enough to make anyone overturn their reading lists, this book is certainly both comprehensive and perceptive. The most successful non-Western literature of the post-colonial age is a cultural phenomenon of immense interest, and ignorance of it is barely excusable. But thanks to sound publications like this, such ignorance is diminishing by the day.

PAUL ST. JOHN MACKINTOSH

APOLLO IN BIRMINGHAM

Physic Meet and Metaphisic: a celebration on Edward Lowbury's 80th birthday. Ed. Yann Lovelock. University of Salzburg. 157pp. £12.45. 3 7052 0805 5.
Collected Poems 1934-1992. Edward Lowbury. xlvi + 298pp. University of Salzburg. £14.95. 3-7-52-0616-8. (Both books distributed by UK publisher Hippopotamus Press, 22 Whitewell Road, Frome, Somerset BA11 4EL.)

A man who is an accomplished poet, active in the musical life of an important cultural centre, and who is also an eminent socientist, deserves a special accolade to complement the honours he has earned for his separate achievements in the arts and sciences. This thought no doubt prompted friends of Edward Lowbury to compile a tribute to him on his eightieth birthday.

The opening section, entitled Documentary, records Dr. Lowbury's career and publications and includes reminiscences of some of those who worked with him, as well as a discussion with the chairman of a reading of works by Dr. Lowbury at a meeting of the Poetry Society in London in 1990. The rest of the book is divided into three parts representing his main interests — poetry, music and medicine.

The poetry section begins with a lecture by Dr. Lowbury himself on the poet Andrew Young, his father-in-law. There follow two articles on the qualities of Dr. Lowbury's own poetry. Then come a number of poems by well-known fellow poets, some of them addressed to him or recalling experiences shared with him.

The music section is understandably concerned mainly with the relations between music and poetry. There is an essay by John Joubert, who has set several texts by Dr. Lowbury. Dr. Lowbury himself contributes a lecture on 'Words for Music', concentrating on the poet-composer Thomas Campion, the subject of a book some twenty years ago by Dr. Lowbury and his wife, a professional musician. Another poet who was also a composer, Ivor Gurney, is discussed in an interesting essay by Wilfred Mellers. The section concludes with a number of poems, two of them by Dr. Lowbury on musical experiences.

In the medical section a colleague describes Dr. Lowbury's important work in microbiology. The book concludes with a survey of disciples of Apollo in two of the arts of which he is god, poetry and medicine. A few years ago Dr. Lowbury edited an anthology of poems by medical practitioners. Yann Lovelock now gives information about a host of candidates, writing in twelve languages, who might have qualified for inclusion in such an anthology.

The contributions to the volume are all intrinsically interesting, and together they form a fitting tribute to a man well worthy of it. The only surprise is that the publisher is not in this country, but is the University of Salzburg.

From the same publisher comes an even more welcome volume of *Collected Poems, 1934-1992*. There is an introduction by John Press, whom Dr. Lowbury thanks 'for valuable criticism through many years'. The introduction relates the separate publications from which the present volume has been drawn to Dr. Lowbury's life and explains many of their references. A good deal has been inspired by his family and travels, and there are series of poems on Birmingham, where he has lived for over forty years, and Aldeburgh, where he used to attend the festival in Benjamin Britten's time. But most of the poems record vivid impressions and reflections with which any contemporary reader can identify. Seeing the work of a lifetime all set out, one's first reaction is to the great range and variety of it — in scale, from epigrams to fairly lengthy 'apochryphal letters', 'a kind of dramatic monologue similar to the form Michael Drayton used in *England's Heroical Epistles (1597)*' — but, much more importantly, in content, tone and style. Dr. Lowbury is exceptional among contemporary poets for his use of many traditional forms, and he handles them all with great technical skill, making them serve his purposes rather than constraining the expression of what he wants to suggest. For his silver wedding he wrote a fine sequence of love sonnets entitled *The Ring* and to exemplify the title 'the last sonnet is the same as the first but with the lines in reversed order'. However, this is not just a clever trick, as Mr. Press points out. 'By slightly varying the punctuation of the opening sonnet, Lowbury has introduced new shades of meaning into the closing sonnet. *The Ring* is a proof that in a poem ingenuity and passion can co-exist' (p.xxvii). Dr. Lowbury himself explains his treatment of traditional forms by an analogy from the other art which has played such a part in his life. 'When I wrote a poem in *terza rima* I was doing something like what a composer was doing when he wrote a fugue — making a complex form seem like the most natural and inevitable way of saying what had to be said' (p.xxvi).

Happily Dr. Lowbury is still writing, and his recent work shows no sign of failing power. At the end of the volume he includes some poems from the 1990s, and it is particularly good that the general public has access to the delightful *Garland for Margot Fonteyn*, recited by Anthony Twiner, conductor of the Royal Ballet Orchestra, at a concert in the new Symphony Hall in Birmingham in 1992. We may still expect more from him. Meanwhile this volume will be gratefully received by all who enjoy poetry.

BRUCE PATTISON

ONE MORE CHALLENGE

Culture & Imperialism. Edward W. Said. Chatto & Windus. 444pp. 0 7011 3808 4.

With the PLO-Israel attempted understanding in progress and retreat the attempt of a leading Arab writer — in English — to analyse the cultural relations between the former imperial powers and their former possessions is timely. Especially since the author, a Palestinian professor in New York, Edward Said, served as an adviser to Yasser Arafat for years but has distanced himself recently. For years he has been writing and lecturing for the Arab cause in many countries, whilst becoming an authority on comparative literature.

His main thesis, forcefully set out, is that anti-imperialism is well sustained

intellectually and any suggestion that the end of empire was harmful is unacceptable. Imperial rule is, in essence, harmful to the masses despite some facts and developments which we all know. He writes in the stressed language of the American East Coast University elite. His range is world wide but he concentrates on Britain, France and the US. Ireland is included in the list of countries that suffered colonial rule. He indulges in lengthy examinations of some of the works of writers like Dickens and Conrad to show that imperialist attitudes of superiority are evident. It is often amusing to read. He even wades into Verdi's opera 'Aida' to show that the Egyptians were treated badly in it. Egypt's past, even before it became an Arab country, must be defended.

He attempts to deal with the embarrassingly essential problem of the anti-imperialist writers that they have to address imperialism in the language and terms of the ruling powers, English and French in the first place. He quotes C. James, a Caribbean writer as saying 'we people whose literary and aesthetic past is rooted in Western European civilization'. It should be mentioned that writers in the former French colonies in Africa confess now that it is a problem for them that the need to write in French rather than their native language, often tribal, is essential for their new national identity.

He sees the British as the more prominent in seeing the world in their novels as subordinated and dominated by the British presence. Kipling, of course, is the most guilty and Said devotes a whole section to Jane Austen's 'Empire'. He has dug up Thomas Carlyle's mention of 'The Nigger Question'.

As a Palestinian Arab, he focusses eloquently on Arab-Islamic relations with the West. Throughout the book he showers the reader with names of authors ranging from the well-known to names hardly anybody can be expected to have heard of, let alone read, and this especially when dealing with the Arab issue. He is a secular Arab, but says that there is 'western imperial impingement on Islam'. There has been a strenuous development of Arab-Islamic identity after American missionaries, according to the first Arab nationalist writer Antonius, last century, revived the Arab language leading to a breakthrough. There is now 'cultural autonomy in anxious partnership with the West'. On the Israel situation he supports Antonius in the charge that the West 'betrayed' the Arabs after World War I. The existence of Israel is an emotional challenge and the authors he mentions are listed as hostile to the Arab's 'collective aspiration to break out of the historical determinism developed in colonial perspectives' and those of 'the cultural coalition now being built between anti-imperialist resistance in the peripheries and oppositional culture of Europe and the United States'. There we are. His whole argument is a detailed examination of the thesis first adumbrated in English by George Steiner, that a hidden part of colonial weaponry is to be found in language and in the prestige of the literature of the victorious nations who have subdued eastern peoples.

LEO MURAY

THE PILGRIM FATHER

William Brewster: the Father of New England, his life and times — 1567-1644. The Reverend Dr. Harold Kirk-Smith. Richard Kay. Boston. 1992.

The Reverend Harold Kirk-Smith is a dedicated and a modest man. He believes that he is a lineal descendant of William Brewster of Scrooby, who led the Pilgrim Fathers to Boston, fifty-miles away, then to Leyden in Holland, and in the end in 1620 to Cape Cod, to found a church — and in so doing to found a colony of Separatists that became a state. Not the least interesting chapter here is that on 'The Voyage Over the Atlantic'. Kirk-Smith does not

mention that a similar claim to be descendants of the first Pilgrim Father was made by Longfellow and by President Ulysses Grant.

This is a piece of careful scholarship as well as of *pietas*. There is a vivid telling of Brewster's involvement with Scrooby, as bailiff of the estate, as postmaster and as church-warden. As such he was responsible for the hiring of the curates and preachers who were the real keepers of the faith in late Tudor and early Stuart times — for many ministers inherited or acquired their posts as pieces of patronage, and were — too many of them — merely Vicars of Bray. There is an equally vivid description of Brewster's days as a student at Peterhouse, Cambridge, where many dons and students were Puritan in their sympathies. In Scrooby, in their prison in Boston, in Leyden, and on the journey to Plymouth, Massachusetts, Brewster was the ruling elder true to the Calvinist code. This has been a life-long study, and is a piece of original research. It is worth a place alongside Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*, the Bible of American Puritan origins. And Bradford, who became the leader of the Pilgrim Fathers and Governor of Plymouth Colony was himself a protégé of Brewster, and was brought up at Scrooby by him after his parents died. This is a splendid and a beautifully written piece of work.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SAUNDERS LEWIS BY STAGES

Saunders Lewis. Bruce Griffiths. University of Wales Press. Cardiff, 1989. pp.94. Paperback, £5.95.

Presenting Saunders Lewis. Edited by Alun R. Jones and Gwyn Thomas. University of Wales Press. Cardiff, 1991. pp.361. Paperback, £8.95.

Saunders Lewis: Selected Poems. Trans. Joseph P. Clancy. University of Wales Press. Cardiff, 1993. pp.58. Hardback, £7.95.

A century ago the Welsh Nationalist, Saunders Lewis (1893-1985) was born at 61 Falklands Road, Wallasey, of a devotedly Welsh family. From 1901 to 1911, he attended the Liscard High School for Boys, just across the Mersey from Liverpool. His links with Liverpool are curious and significant. That 'great cosmopolitan city' has since 1800 collected large numbers of Welsh-speaking folk. By 1855, Liverpool contained about 20,0000 people of Welsh descent. Their cultural influence centred on music and song; their religious influence centred on the Nonconformist Chapels. Everton was one of the districts of Liverpool where Welsh folk tended to settle, perhaps because of its proximity to the docks. It is on record that one such Welsh family, settled in Everton, played a large and profitable part in the wholesale tea trade, using forty strong horses to convey their imports of tea from India and China, between Liverpool and London.

Saunders Lewis, of course, was of a later generation. Welsh folk in Victorian Liverpool distinguished themselves in the promotion of culture as well as trade. It was a period of what has been described in the local history as the 'Celtic Elysium'. Perhaps it has rarely been acknowledged that, while in Wales itself the structure of its 'Federal University' was being gradually assembled — its constituent Colleges being at Aberystwyth (1872), Cardiff (1883), and Bangor (1884), with that of Swansea to follow, as late as 1920 — there was the very comparable movement in Liverpool for the establishment of its 'University College' (1882). Early in the twentieth century, this was fully-fledged as the University of Liverpool. That was important for Saunders Lewis, because his first literary interests were in English, not in Welsh. He attended University in Liverpool, between 1911 and the outbreak of war in 1914. During the war

of 1914-18, he served in France as a lieutenant in the South Wales Borderers. It was for him a hallowing and impressionable experience. 'I still do not know whether the earth is friendly or hostile, and it never reveals itself'. In 1917, he fought — for the British — in the Battle of the Somme. He complained in his letters that he could not get the 'dry, caked mud' of the Somme out of his too luxuriant hair. Demobilized at last, he returned to University in Liverpool, to continue his studies in English literature under the famous Oliver Elton. He graduated with first-class Honours in English. Even in Liverpool, he was prominent in its Welsh Society. He lectured in Welsh at University College, Swansea, from 1922 to 1936. One of the founders of *Plaid Cymru* in 1926, he was jailed in 1936 for his symbolic 'arson' of an RAF bombing range in North Wales.

By then, therefore, Saunders Lewis was set on his course as a fervent Welsh Nationalist, working for both the revival of the Welsh language and culture, and some sort of political self-government for Wales. *Plaid Cymru* tended to focus on the political objectives, by a process of gradualism. Saunders Lewis moved away from them subsequently, joining the more militant Welsh Language Society in 1962. He wanted, above all, cultural revival, even before political emancipation (after all, the former would presuppose the latter). He ended his long and demonstrative life, therefore, even more enthusiastic than ever he had been in his youth: for the revival of the Welsh language and literature.

He is certainly the major Welsh-language writer of the twentieth century. The connection between literature and politics in his life and work is intricate and ultimately inseparable. Nevertheless, he was primarily a man of Welsh letters, and as such he must go down in history. His widespread and lasting influence accounts for a lot of the present-day vitality and originality of the Welsh language and literature: as around Lampeter and Llandyssul, Bangor and Caernarvon. But it is interesting here to observe that even Saunders Lewis derived the artistic sensibilities of his youth from English rather than Welsh literature, and in Liverpool rather than in Wales itself. The gulf between the two cultures, seen in such literary contexts, is by no means huge or unbridgeable.

Saunders Lewis first emerged as a creative poet confronting the grim realities of the War of 1914-18 in France. His vision then of the stricken earth was humanistic, rather than specifically Welsh (although after 1918 it was so firmly based on his own Welsh patriotism). Writing thereafter almost exclusively in Welsh, it was inevitable that up to his death in 1985 his English associations and validities should have been greatly neglected. Yet, perhaps, his whole story needs always to be seen as a balancing act, between Welsh and English; and it should be kept in the perspectives of both his Merseyside youth and his abiding concern for literary values in general; English as well as Welsh.

The University Press of Wales, therefore, is to be congratulated for gradually making available to English readers, who have no Welsh, these thorough and reliable studies of Saunders Lewis: life and work. Previously, about the only study of him in English was that by Ned Thomas, published in 1971 under the title of *The Welsh Extremist — A Culture in Crisis*. Today, however, we must make a more detached and conclusive verdict. Bruce Griffiths supplies a short but lucid study of the diversity of Saunders Lewis: in theatre, poetry and literary criticism, as well as in politics. The composite volume, *Presenting Saunders Lewis*, contains (in English) some of his best essays and poems, as well as scholarly studies of his work. Joseph P. Clancy — an American Pro-

fessor of English — has translated, faithfully and evocatively, more of the poetry of Saunders Lewis, thus rendering it open to English scrutiny. It is altogether earthy, honest, forthright and memorable for students of English, as well as of Welsh.

To my mind, the beginnings of Saunders Lewis, as a poet in any language, go back to his horrendous experiences as a soldier in France (1914-18). Copies of some of his letters then have percolated even into the Liverpool Local History Library. These indicate his passion for the resilient earth; as well as his affection for his girlfriend of that period, Margaret Gilcriest, who came from Co. Wicklow in Ireland and who had been a fellow-student at Liverpool University. They were married in 1924. It is an immense service to scholarship about Saunders Lewis that the University Press of Wales should be publishing, later in 1993, a complete edition (in English) of his letters to Margaret Gilcriest, edited by Mair Saunders Jones, Ned Thomas and Harri Pritchard Jones. Only discovered after his death in 1985, these letters will further reveal all aspects of Saunders Lewis: as literary critic, poet, and politician — and provide us, at last, with a fully-rounded picture of his literary as well as his political importance, in the history of the Anglo-Welsh relations of the twentieth century.

ERIC GLASGOW

THE RAJ AT TABLE

A Culinary History of the British in India. David Burton. Faber. 1993. £14.99. 0 571 14389 X.

The Raj at Table presents an alarming collection of some 60 recipes, eaten at the oddest times in tune with the changing fashions of 19th century England rather than the climate. Given the speed of food decay, one can only be thankful that tinned foods had arrived in time for tiffin in the 1830s.

Memsahibs continue to get a bad press despite the high efforts of writer Flora Steele in the 1860s. Apart from running a family, designing public buildings and local education, she was rightly called the Mrs. Beeton of India. But many were blamed for rejecting local foods in favour of a curious cuisine of impossible combinations complicated by caste cooking. (Food is bad enough as a cultural divide, but politically at least it had only the Mutiny to be blamed for.) Hindu revulsion against eating cow, was at least more religious than ours against Korean dog eater, French predilection for horse meat, and African dislike of egg eaters.

Anglo-Indian cooking at best did achieve a cultural balance and resulted in the classical dishes of curry-Tamil-kari meaning sauce; mulligatawny, Tamil-milagu and tunni-pepper water; kedgeree and oddly, worcester sauce, despite its name, Indian. Mr. Burton, a veteran in international cuisine, points out that English stomachs were not so strange to hot spices, and maybe took some of these spices to India. Elizabethan diet rich in peppers supported the new East India Company in 1599 in its search for spies. For it had hardly emerged from mediaeval cookery and the need to disguise rotting meat with spice.

While the *Raj at Table* has not quite the charm of Jennifer Brennans *Curries and Bugles*, a first hand account of Raj life, it is a sensible and readable supplement with enough menus to whet, or wreck, the appetite.

MOLLY MORTIMER

052/008

SHORTER REVIEWS

William Safire, himself a former speech-writer and gifted 'wordsmith', collects in **Lend Me Your Ears — Great Speeches in History** (Wiley, £25.00. ISBN 0 393 03368 6) some two hundred examples of oratory, from Demosthenes to Lincoln at Gettysburg, from Winston Churchill rallying the country in May 1940 to Salman Rushdie's plea for the necessity of free speech. The book is a treasure house set out by theme and occasion: memorials and patriotic speeches, tributes and eulogies, debate and argument, media speeches and political addresses. The collection is catholic and instructive, discriminating and wise. It is good to be reminded of Disraeli's negative view of Conservatism, of Bryan's 'Cross of Gold' speech, of Jack Kemp's salute to Churchill, and of Clare Boothe Luce's views of the American press. Each extract is explained and put in its setting.

Max Beloff ranges widely in **An Historian in the Twentieth Century** (Yale University Press, 1992. £18.95. ISBN 0 300 05743 1) but affords only glimpses into his autobiography: Russian-Jewish origins, and education at St. Paul's School and Oxford, and a year of military service. For the rest it is a history don's life-story, with reflections on his teaching of British, European, Russian and Israeli history. He claims no expertise in American history after the Revolutionary period, but confesses a preference for Teddy Roosevelt over Jefferson. His final chapter is a moving lament for the decline of Empires. The reasons for his involvement in founding a new university and any assessment of its success go unmentioned. He is a Conservative life-peer, but in his earlier days confesses to being by turns a Socialist and a Liberal. He is not forthcoming about what he might write next; but apparently this is all we will have of a confessional.

Derek Wilson has used private papers, including those relating to the Profumo Affair of 1963, for his portraits of **The Astors, The Life and Times of the Astor Dynasty 1763-1992** (Weidenfeld and Nicholson. £20. 0 297 81261 0). It is a compelling story of a great family, from John Jacob Astor I, who arrived in America as a poor immigrant but became the new republic's richest citizen and the owner of much of New York, to his descendants, who included an English viscount, and the viscount's daughter-in-law Nancy who became Britain's first woman M.P. It is a tale rich in glamour, triumph and tragedy, a fascinating personal comment on Anglo-American relations.

The Oxford Historical Monographs series has for many years published theses submitted for the Doctorate of Philosophy in the University of Oxford. Andrew Adonis's **Making Aristocracy Work: The Peerage and the Political System in Britain 1884-1914** (Clarendon Press, £35, 019 820389 6) is a welcome addition to this collection. The book traces the role of the landed aristocracy in governing Britain in the thirty years after 1884 (the third Reform Act). Between 1885 and 1914 Prime Ministers were peers for half the time. The advance of one man-one vote democracy progressed in a political system in which the aristocracy continued to play a vital role. Dr. Adonis concludes his scholarly and thorough study by quoting Mr. Gladstone. The Grand Old Man argued that the aristocracy remained vital to government because the growing democracy wanted it to do so.

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